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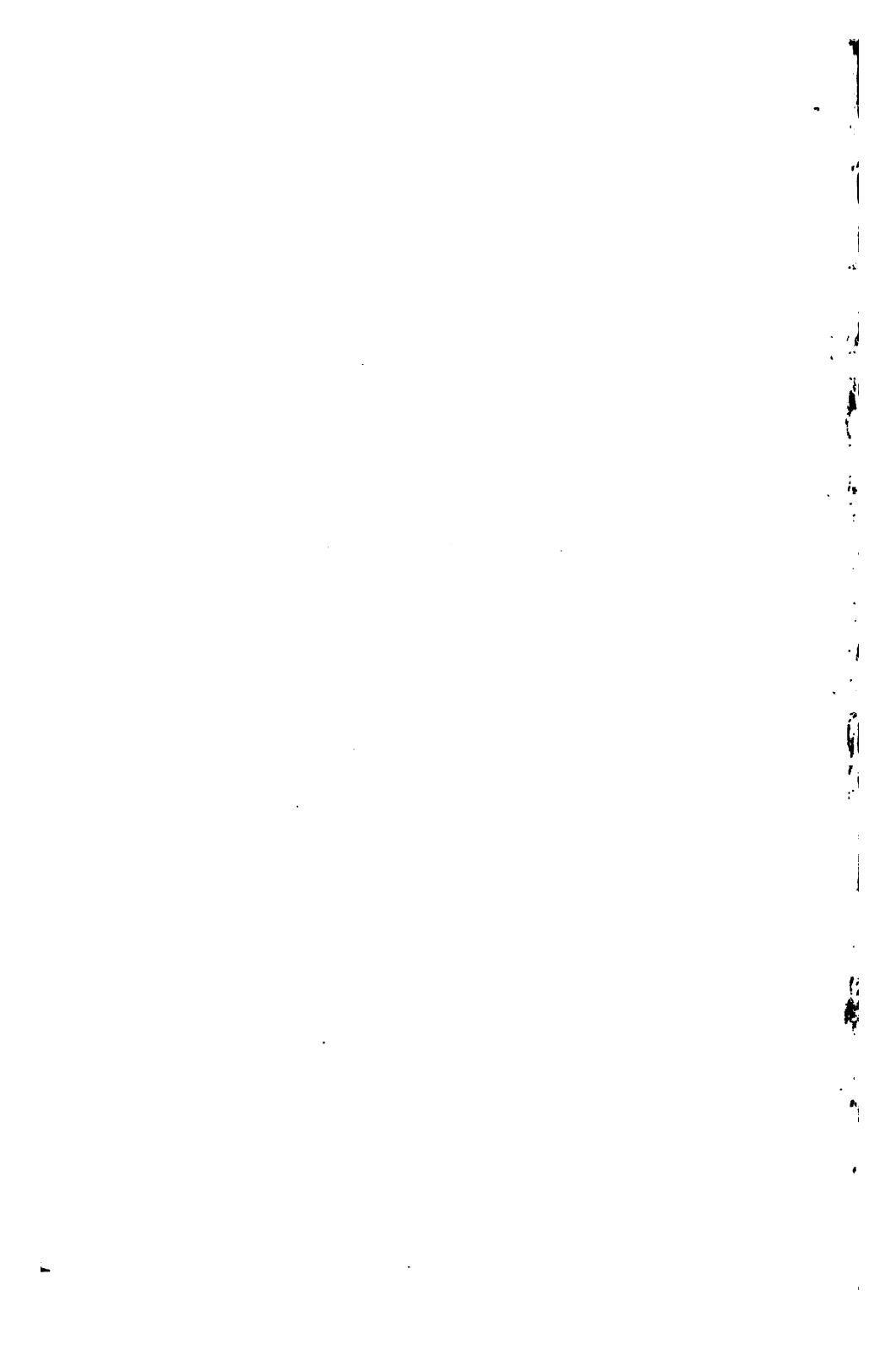
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Presented by
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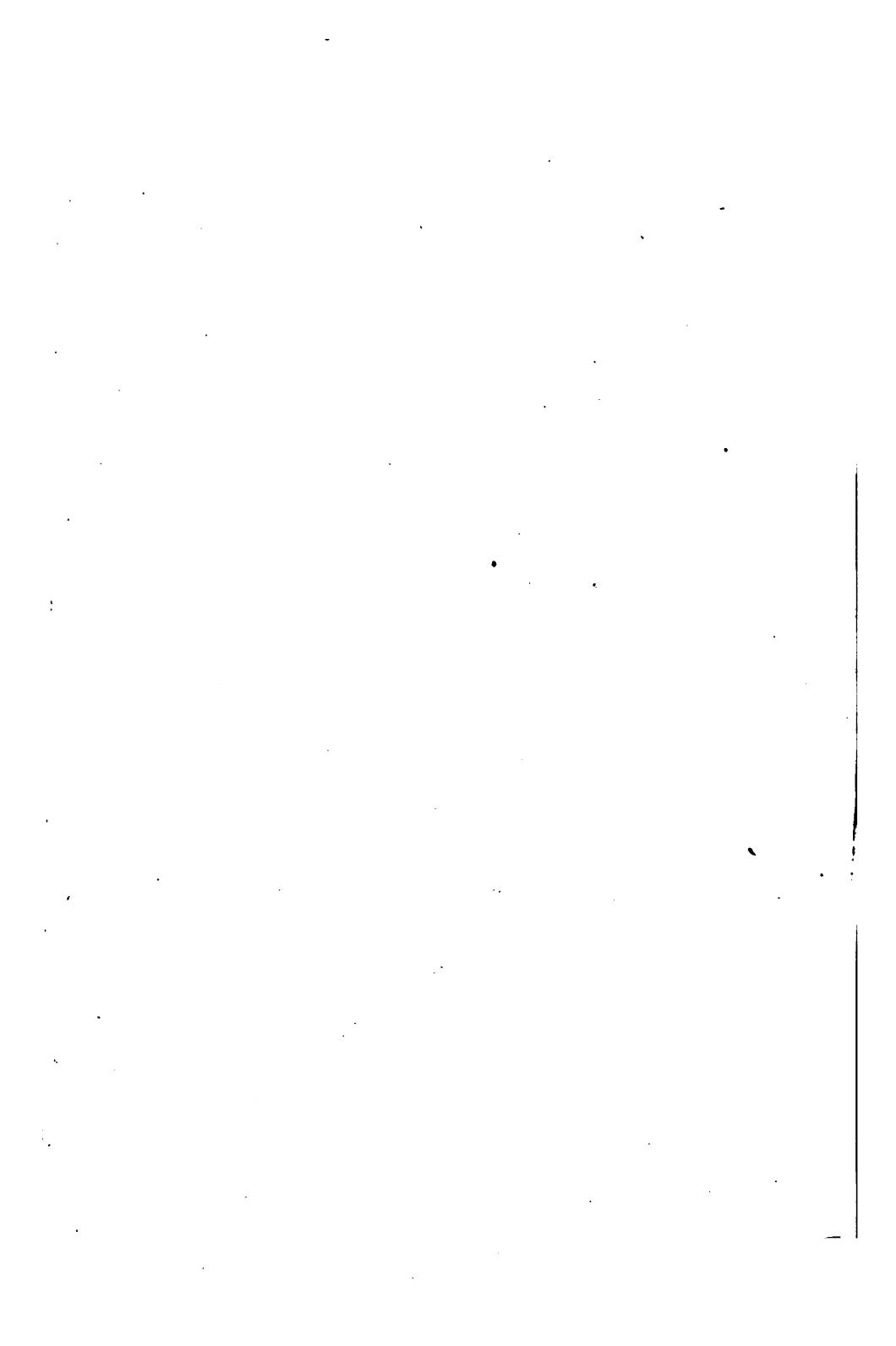
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With very kind regards from
Gavin Dalt.

January 1878.

Gavin







S. H. T. A.

THE S. H. T. A. IN THE U.S.A.

THE S. H. T. A. IN THE U.S.A. IN BOSTON,

THE S. H. T. A.

THE S. H. T. A. IN THE U.S.A.

1878.



A
SHEAF
GLEANED
IN
FRENCH FIELDS
BY
TORU DUTT.
A NEW EDITION.

BHOWANIPORE.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY B. M. BOSE,
AT THE
SAPTAHIK SAMBAD PRESS.

1878.

Ich bringe Blumen mit und Früchte,
Gereift auf einer andern Flur,
In einem andern Sonnenlichte,
In einer glücklicheren Natur.

Schiller.

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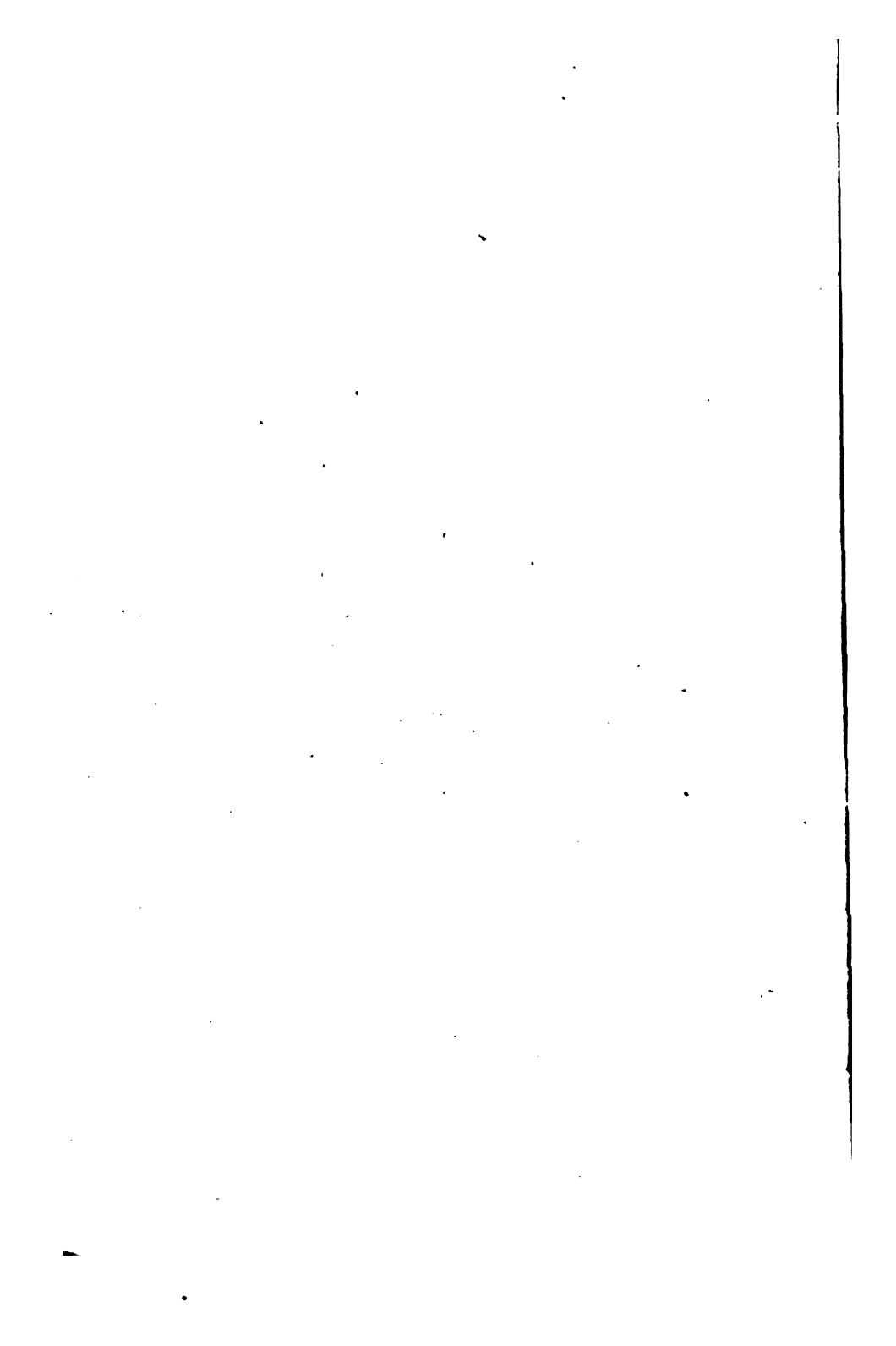
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PREFATORY MEMOIR.

Toru Dutt was the youngest of my three children. All the three were of great promise, and all the three were taken away from me early, in the very bloom of youth. I note the dates in which they were born, and the dates in which it pleased the Lord to remove them hence.

Abju C. Dutt. Born 18th October 1851. Died 9th July 1865.
Aru Dutt. Born 13th Septr. 1854. Died 23rd July 1874.
Toru Dutt. Born 4th March 1856. Died 30th Aug. 1877.

All my children accompanied me in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers to Bombay in the year 1863, and after one year's stay there returned with me to Calcutta. Two only accompanied me to Europe in November 1869, and returned home with me in November 1873.

Excepting for a few months in France, Aru and Toru were never put to school, but they sedulously attended the lectures for women in Cambridge, during our stay in England.

Both the sisters kept diaries of their travels in Europe, which I still possess.

In the performance of all domestic duties, Aru and Toru were exemplary. No work was too mean for them. Excellent players on the piano were they both, and sweet singers with clear contralto voices, which I still fancy I hear at times. Toru had read more, probably also, thought more, and the elder sister generally appeared to follow the lead of the younger; so that I have often been asked by strangers which of the two is Miss Dutt? And yet there was no assumption of superiority on the part of Toru. It seemed perfectly natural to Aru to fall in the background in the presence of her sister. The love between them was always perfect.

Let me recount two scraps of conversation out of a hundred

that come crowding into my memory. The scene is in London, and not very long after our arrival there.

G. C. Dutt. I say Aru, you wanted much to see Lord L. when in Calcutta. Here is Lord L. as our visitor. *Lord L.* Did you want to see me,—well! and what do you see? (*rather pathetically*) an old, broken, weary man.—What book is that you have in hand. *Aru.* One of Miss Muloch's novels, John Halifax. *Lord L.* Ah! you should not read novels too much, you should read histories. *No answer from Aru, Toru answering for her sister.* We like to read novels Lord L. *Lord L.* Why? *Toru* (*smiling*). Because novels are true, and histories are false.

Aru. I often wish Sir Edward, we had made your acquaintance some years ago. *Sir Edward R.* why? *Aru* (*hesitating*) well! *Toru* (*taking up the word.*) Because then you could have introduced us, that is Aru's thought I am sure, to Mr. Justice Talfourd, the author of Ion. *Sir Edward R.* Ah yes! I should have been so happy; Ion was played at his house, and there was such a literary company. Every body of any note in London. But how do you know I was a friend of Talfourd. *Toru.* He mentions you in Ion, in the preface, and speaks of your walks together, when life was young, between Ross and Monmouth, or in the deep winding valleys indenting the table land above Church Stretton, 'or haply by moonlight' those are his words I think, 'in the church yard of Ross.' *Sir Edward R.* Ah, yes, yes. *Toru.* And he mentions you again in his Vacation Rambles, when he met you on the continent quite by chance. *Sir Edward R.* Ah yes, (*looking pleased*) yes. You seem to have read a great deal.

It was ever thus. Aru walked under Toru's protection and guidance. The fostering wing of the younger was stretched forth from earliest childhood to protect the more gentle elder sister.

Not the least remarkable trait of Toru's mind was her wonderful memory. She could repeat almost every piece, she translated by heart, and wherever there was a hitch, it was

only necessary to repeat a line of the translation to put an end to it, and draw out of her lips the whole original poem in its entirety. I have already said, she read much; she read rapidly too; but she never slurred over a difficulty when she was reading. Dictionaries, lexicons, and encyclopedias of all kinds were consulted until it was solved, and a note taken afterwards; the consequence was that explanations of hard words and phrases imprinted themselves, as it were, in her brain, and whenever we had a dispute about the signification of any expression or sentence in Sanscrit, or French, or German, in seven or eight cases out of ten, she would prove to be right. Sometimes I was so sure of my ground, that I would say,— “Well, let us lay a wager.” The wager was ordinarily a rupee. But when the authorities were consulted, she was almost always the winner. It was curious and very pleasant for me to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile, then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek, then perhaps some quotation from Mrs. Barrett-Browning her favorite poetess like this.

“Ah, my gossip, you are older, and more learned, and a man;” or some similar pleasantry.

The great ambition of the sisters was to publish a novel anonymously, which Toru should write, and Aru who was far more deft at the pencil should illustrate. Toru’s part of the contract has been faithfully fulfilled. I have before me her manuscript. It is in the form of a diary written in French by a young lady. The scene is laid in France, and the characters are all French men and women. I shall publish it probably hereafter. Aru did not live to complete her part of the undertaking.

After her return to India, Toru commenced the study of Sanscrit along with me. We laboured hard at it, for not quite a year; her failing health compelled me to order her to give it up. She made a few translations as we read together. As two of these pieces have been published I may as well reprint them here. The first appeared in the Calcutta Review; the second in the Bengal Magazine.

THE ROYAL ASCETIC AND THE HIND.

FROM THE VISHNU PURANA. B. II. C. XIII.

MAITREYA.

Of old thou gav'st a promise to relate
 The deeds of Bharat, that great hermit-king :
 Beloved Master, now the occasion suits,
 And I am all attention.

PARASARA.

Brahman, hear.

With a mind fixed intently on his gods
 Long reigned in Saligram of ancient fame,
 The mighty monarch of the wide, wide world.
 Chief of the virtuous, never in his life
 Harmed he, or strove to harm, his fellow-man,
 Or any creature sentient. But he left
 His kingdom in the forest-shades to dwell,
 And changed his sceptre for a hermit's staff,
 And with ascetic rites, privations rude,
 And constant prayers, endeavoured to attain
 Perfect dominion on his soul. At morn,
 Fuel, and flowers, and fruit, and holy grass,
 He gathered for oblations ; and he passed
 In stern devotions all his other hours ;
 Of the world heedless, and its myriad cares,
 And heedless too of wealth, and love, and fame.

Once on a time, while living thus, he went
 To bathe where through the wood the river flows :
 And his ablutions done, he sat him down
 Upon the shelving bank to muse and pray.
 Thither impelled by thirst a graceful hind,
 Big with its young, came fearlessly to drink.
 Sudden, while yet she drank, the lion's roar,
 Feared by all creatures, like a thunder-clap
 Burst in that solitude from a thicket nigh.
 Startled, the hind leapt up, and from her womb
 Her offspring tumbled in the rushing stream.
 Whelmed by the hissing waves and carried far

By the strong current swoln by recent rain,
 The tiny thing still struggled for its life,
 While its poor mother, in her fright and pain,
 Fell down upon the bank and breathed her last.
 Up rose the hermit-monarch at the sight
 Full of keen anguish ; with his pilgrim staff
 He drew the new-born creature from the wave ;
 'Twas panting fast, but life was in it still.
 Now, as he saw its luckless mother dead,
 He would not leave it in the woods alone,
 But with the tenderest pity brought it home.

There, in his leafy hut, he gave it food,
 And daily nourished it with patient care,
 Until it grew in stature and in strength,
 And to the forest skirts could venture forth
 In search of sustenance. At early morn
 Thenceforth it used to leave the hermitage
 And with the shades of evening come again,
 And in the little courtyard of the hut
 Lie down in peace, unless the tigers fierce,
 Prowling about, compelled it to return
 Earlier at noon. But whether near or far,
 Wandering abroad, or resting in its home,
 The monarch-hermit's heart was with it still,
 Bound by affection's ties ; nor could he think
 Of anything besides this little hind,
 His nursing. Though a kingdom he had left,
 And children, and a host of loving friends,
Almost without a tear, the fount of love
 Sprang out anew within his blighted heart,
 To greet this dumb, weak, helpless foster-child.

And so, whene'er it lingered in the wilds,
 Or at the 'customed hour could not return,
 His thoughts went with it ; " And alas ! " he cried,
 " Who knows, perhaps some lion, or some wolf,
 Or ravenous tiger with relentless jaws

Already hath devoured it,—timid thing !
 Lo, how the earth is dinted with its hoofs,
 And variegated. Surely for my joy
 It was created. When will it come back,
 And rub its budding antlers on my arms
 In token of its love and deep delight
 To see my face ? The shaven stalks of grass,
 Kusha and kasha, by its new teeth clipped,
 Remind me of it, as they stand in lines
 Like pious boys who chant the Samga Veds
 Shorn by their vows of all their wealth of hair.”
 Thus passed the monarch-hermit’s time ; in joy,
 With smiles upon his lips, whenever near
 His little favourite ; in bitter grief
 And fear, and trouble, when it wandered far.
 And he who had abandoned ease and wealth,
 And friends and dearest ties, and kingly power,
 Found his devotions broken by the love
 He had bestowed upon a little hind
 Thrown is his way by chance. Years glided on.
 And Death, who spareth none, approached at last
 The hermit-king to summon him away ;
 The hind was at his side with tearful eyes
 Watching his last sad moments, like a child
 Beside a father. He too, watched and watched
 His favorite through a blinding film of tears,
 And could not think of the Beyond at hand,
 So keen he felt the parting, such deep grief
 O’erwhelmed him for the creature he had reared.
 To it devoted was his last, last thought,
 Reckless of present and of future, both !

Thus far the pious chronicle, writ of old
 By Brahman sage ; but we, who happier, live
 Under the holiest dispensation, know
 That God is Love, and not to be adored
 By a devotion born of stoic pride,

Or with ascetic rites, or penance hard,
 But with a love, in character, akin
 To His unselfish all-including love.
 And therefore little can we sympathise
 With what the Brahman sage would fain imply
 As the concluding moral of his tale,
 That for the hermit-king it was a sin
 To love his nursling. What ! A sin to love !
 A sin to pity ! Rather should we deem
 Whatever Brahmans wise, or monks may hold,
 That he had sinned in *casting off* all love
 By his retirement to the forest-shades ;
 For that was to abandon duties high,
 And, like a recreant soldier, leave the post
 Where God had placed him as a sentinel.

This little hind brought strangely on his path,
 This love engendered in his withered heart,
 This hindrance to his rituals,—might these not
 Have been ordained to teach him ? Call him back
 To ways marked out for him by Love divine ?
 And with a mind less self-willed to adore ?

Not in seclusion, not apart from all,
 Not in a place elected for its peace,
 But in the heat and bustle of the world,
 'Mid sorrow, sickness, suffering and sin,
 Must he still labour with a loving soul
 Who strives to enter through the narrow gate.

THE LEGEND OF DHRUVA.

Vishnu Purana. Book I. Chapter XI.

Sprung from great Brahma Manu had two sons,
 Heroic and devout, as I have said,
 Pryavrata and Uttanapado,—names

Known in legends ; and of these the last
 Married two wives, Suruchee, his adored,
 The mother of a hansome petted boy
 Uttama, and Suneetee, less beloved,
 The mother of another son whose name
 Was Dhruva. Seated on his throne the king
 Uttanapado, on his knee one day
 Had placed Uttama ; Dhruva, who beheld
 His brother in that place of honor, longed
 To clamber up and by his playmate sit ;
 Led on by Love he came, but found, alas !
 Scant welcome and encouragement; the king
 Saw fair Suruchee sweep into the hall
 With stately step,—aye, every inch a queen,
 And dared not smile upon her co-wife's son.
 Observing him,—her rival's boy,—intent
 To mount ambitious to his father's knee,
 Where sat her own, thus fair Suruchee spake :
 “ Why hast thou, child, formed such a vain design ?
 Why harboured such an aspiration proud
 Born from another's womb and not from mine ?
 Oh thoughtless ! To desire the loftiest place,
 The throne of thrones, a royal fathers' lap !
 It is an honor to the destined given
 And not within thy reach. What though thou art
 Born of the king ; those sleek and tender limbs
 Hold of my blood no portion ; I am queen.
 To be the equal of mine only son
 Were in thee vain ambition. Know'st thou not,
 Fair prattler, thou art sprung,—not, not from mine,
 But from Suneetee's bowels ? Learn thy place.”

Repulsed in silence from his father's lap,
 Indignant, furious, at the words that fell
 From his step-mother's lips, poor Dhruva ran
 To his own mother's chambers where he stood
 Beside her with his pale, thin, trembling lips,

(Trembling with an emotion ill-suppressed)
 And hair in wild disorder, till she took
 And raised him to her lap, and gently said :
 "Oh child, what means this ? What can be the cause
 Of this great anger ? Who hath given thee pain ?
 He that hath vexed thee, hath despised thy sire,
 For in these veins thou hast the royal blood."

Thus conjured, Dhruva with a swelling heart
 Repeated to his mother every word
 That proud Suruchee spake, from first to last,
 Even in the very presence of the king.

His speech oft broken by his tears and sobs,
 Helpless Suneetee, languid-eyed from care,
 Heard sighing deeply, and then soft replied :
 "O son, to lowly fortune thou wert born,
 And what my ex-wife said to thee is truth ;
 No enemy to Heaven's favored ones may say
 Such words as thy step-mother said to thee.
 Yet son, it is not meet that thou shouldst grieve
 Or vex thy soul. The deeds that thou hast done,
 The evil, haply, in some former life,
 Long, long ago, who may alas ! annul,
 Or who the good works not done, supplement !
 The sins of previous lives must bear their fruit,
 The ivory throne, the umbrella of gold,
 The best steed, and the royal elephant
 Rich caparisoned, must be his by right
 Who has deserved them by his virtuous acts
 In times long past. Oh think on this, my son,
 And be content. For glorious actions done
 Not in this life, but in some previous birth,
 Suruchee by the monarch is beloved.
 Women, unfortunate like myself, who bear
 Only the name of wife without the powers,
 But pine and suffer for our ancient sins.

Suruchee raised her virtues pile on pile,
Hence Uttama her son, the fortunate !
Suneetee heaped but evil,—hence her son
Dhruva the luckless ? But for all this, child,
It is not meet that thou shouldst ever grieve.
As I have said. That man is truly wise
Who is content with what he has, and seeks
Nothing beyond, but in whatever sphere
Lowly or great, God placed him, works in faith ;
My son, my son, though proud Suruchee spake
Harsh words indeed, and hurt thee to the quick,
Yet to thine eyes thy duty should be plain.
Collect a large sum of the virtues ; thence
A godly harvest must to thee arise.
Be meek, devout, and friendly, full of love,
Intent to do good to the human race
And to all creatures sentient made of God ;
And oh be humble, for on modest worth
Descends prosperity, even as water flows
Down to low grounds.”

She finished, and her son,
Who patiently had listened, thus replied.

“Mother, thy words of consolation find
Nor resting-place, nor echo in this heart
Broken by words severe, repulsing Love
That timidly approached to worship. Hear
My resolve unchangeable. I shall try
The highest good, the loftiest place to win,
Which the whole world deems priceless and desires.
There is a crown above my father’s crown,
I shall obtain it, and at any cost
Of toil, or penance, or unceasing prayer.
Not born of proud Suruchee whom the king
Favours and loves, but grown up from a germ
In thee, oh mother, humble as thou art,

I yet shall show thee what is in my power.
 Thou shalt behold my glory and rejoice.
 Let Uttama my brother,—not thy son,—
 Receive the throne and royal titles,—all
 My father pleases to confer on him.
 I grudge them not. Not with another's gifts
 Desire I, dearest mother, to be rich,
 But with my own work would acquire a name.
 And I shall strive unceasing for a place
 Such as my father hath not won,—a place
 That would not know him even,—aye a place
 Far, far above the highest of this earth."

He said and from his mother's chambers past,
 And went into the wood where hermits live,
 And never to his father's house returned.

Well kept the boy his promise made that day !
 By prayer and penance Dhruva gained at last
 The highest heavens, and there he shines a star !
 Nightly men see him in the firmament.

Mademoiselle Clarisse Bader's charming work entitled "La Femme dans l'Inde Antique" which had been honored with the approbation of the French Academy, having attracted Toru's attention in an advertisement, I got it out for her, and when she had read it, she admired it so much that she proposed to translate it. I offered no objection, but advised her to obtain the consent of the authoress, as otherwise she might not be allowed when her work was complete to publish it. Hereupon she wrote to Mlle Bader. I have no copy of her first letter, but it commenced thus if I remember aright. "Une femme de l'Inde moderne" who has read with admiration your book entitled "La Femme dans l'Inde Antique" desires to translate it. Mlle Bader's reply, and the subsequent correspondence are sufficiently interesting and characteristic to be printed here.

M^{LE} CLARISSE BADER, PARIS, À M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA.

Paris ce 16 Fevrier 1877.

Rue de Babylone, 62.

Chère Mademoiselle,

Eh quoi ! C'est une descendante de mes chères héroïnes indiennes, qui desire traduire l'œuvre que j'ai consacrée aux antiques Aryennes de la presqu'île gangétique ! Un semblable vœu, emanant d'une telle source, me touche trop profondément pour que je ne l'exauche pas. Traduisez donc '*La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*', mademoiselle, je vous y autorise de tout mon cœur ; et j'appelle de tous mes vœux sympathiques le succès de votre entreprise.

Je montrai hier soir votre lettre et votre charmant recueil à un illustre indianiste dont la réputation doit vous être connue, M. Garcin de Tassy, Membre de l'Institut. C'est un ami de votre savant voisin, Radjendralala Mitra. M. Garcin de Tassy fut, si émerveillé de votre généreux courage, qu'il prit votre adresse pour vous envoyer, aujourd'hui même l'un de ses ouvrages.

Vous êtes Chrétienne, mademoiselle : votre livre me le dit. Et, en vérité, votre rôle nous permet de bénir une fois de plus la divine religion qui a permis à une Indienne de développer et de manifester cette valeur *individuelle*, que le brahmanisme enchaîna trop souvent chez la femme.

Si, comme historienne, de la femme, je suis charmée de féliciter en vous une émule, je ne suis pas moins touchée comme Française, d'avoir à remercier en vous l'élégante traductrice des poètes, mes compatriotes. Votre beau livre m'apprend que vous aviez une sœur qui, elle aussi, partageait vos goûts poétiques. Le Seigneur a rappelé auprès de lui l'âme qui avait si fidèlement interprété le chant de *La Jeune Captive*, et qui cependant parvenue à l'heure suprême, n'a plus redit :

The world has delights, the Muses have songs,
I wish not to perish too soon.

Lorsque vous aurez publié dans l'Inde votre traduction de *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, je vous serai reconnaissante de vouloir bien m'envoyer deux exemplaires imprimés de votre

version. Je serais aussi très-heureuse de recevoir votre photographie si toutefois vous la possédez déjà.

Laissez moi vous redire, en terminant, combien la sympathie d'une enfant de l'Inde m'est précieuse. Depuis les heures delicieuses que m'avaient fait passer vos ancêtres, j'ai suivi la femme, chez les Hébreux, chez les Grecs, chez les Romains. Quatre volumes ont ainsi succédé à *La Femme dans l' Inde* et cependant il y a peu de jours encore, comme mon second père, le grand Eveque d'Orléans me demandait chez quelles femmes j'avais trouvé le plus de beauté morale, je répondais ; "Si j'en excepte les femmes bibliques, c'est chez les Indiennes que j'ai trouvé le plus de pureté et de dévouement."

Croyez, mademoiselle, à mes cordiales sympathies
Clarisse Bader

Chez son père, officier supérieur en retraite, officier de la légion d'honneur, attaché au Ministère de la Guerre—rue de Babylone 62 à Paris.

P. S. Ainsi que vous me l'écrivez, mademoiselle, c'est dans l'Inde que sera publiée votre traduction anglaise. Ce ne serait que dans le cas où cette version serait publiée en Angleterre que l'intervention de mon éditeur serait nécessaire. Mais, comme il me l'a dit lui-même, il ne voit aucun inconvénient à ce que votre traduction paraisse dans une région aussi lointaine que l'Inde.

M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA, À M^{LE} CLARISSE BADER, PARIS.
Calcutta ce 18 Mars 1877.

Chère Mademoiselle

Je vous remercie bien sincèrement de votre bienveillante autorisation de traduire "La Femme dans l'Inde Antique," et aussi de votre bonne et sympathique lettre qui m'a causé le plus vif plaisir.

Je suis désolée de n'avoir pu commencer la traduction encore ; mais ma constitution n'est pas très forte ; j'ai contracté une toux opiniâtre, il y a plus de deux ans, qui ne me quitte point. Cependant j'espère mettre la main à l'œuvre bientôt.

Je ne peux dire, mademoiselle, combien votre affection, car

vous les aimez, votre livre et votre lettre en temoignent assez, pour mes compatriotes et mon pays me touche ; et je suis fière de pouvoir le dire que les heroïnes de nos grandes epopées sont dignes de tout honneur et de tout amour. Y a-t-il d'heroïne plus touchante, plus aimable que Sita ? Je ne le crois pas. Quand j'entends ma mère chanter, le soir, les vieux chants de notre pays, je pleure presque toujours. La plainte de Sita, quand bannie pour la seconde fois, elle erre dans la vaste forêt, seule, le desespoir, et l'effroi dans l'âme, est si pathétique qu'il n'y a personne, je crois, qui puisse l'entendre sans verser des larmes. Je vous envois sous ce pli deux petites traductions du Sanscrit, cette belle langue antique. Malheureusement j'ai été obligée de faire cesser mes traductions de Sanscrit, il y a six mois. Ma santé ne me permet pas de les continuer. Je vous envois aussi mon portrait et celui de ma sœur. Dans la photographie elle est représentée assise. Elle était si douce et si bonne ! La photographie date de quatre ans quand j'avais dix-sept ans et elle dix-neuf ans à peine. Moi, aussi, mademoiselle, je vous serai reconnaissante de vouloir bien m'envoyer votre photographie. Je la garderai comme un de mes plus grands trésors.

Il faut que je m'arrête ici, je ne veux plus empiéter sur votre temps. Comme M. Lefèvre-Deumier il faut que je dise
“ Adieu donc, mon amie, que je n'ai pas connue,”

Car, mademoiselle, je vous compte parmi mes amies, et parmi les meilleures, quoique je ne vous aie pas vue.

Croyez, mademoiselle, à la nouvelle assurance de mon amitié.

Toru Dutt.

Chez son père M. Govin. C. Dutt

Honorary Magistrate and Justice of the Peace Calcutta.

P. S. J'ai retardé jusqu'à ici de faire remettre ma lettre à la poste ; j'espérais recevoir le livre que M. Garcin de Tassy voulait bien m'envoyer. Mais je ne l'ai pas encore reçu, et la poste part demain. Je crois que peut-être j'aurai bientôt le bonheur de vous serrer la main. Nous espérons quitter l'Inde le prochain mois. Mon père veut absolument partir pour l'Europe. Il dit qu'il y a en France et en Angleterre des

medecins plus savants que ceux de Calcutta ; et de plus, nos medecins nous conseillent de changer de climat ; cela disent-ils, me fera plus de bien que toutes les drogues d'une pharmacie. Ce changement de nos projets m'oblige de vous prier de ne m'écrire qu'après avoir reçu encore de mes nouvelles.

M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA, À M^{LE} CLARISS^E BADER, PARIS,
12 MANIKTOALAH STREET,
Ce 13 Avril 1877.

Ma chère Mademoiselle

Ecrivez-moi je vous prie à l'adresse que je vous ai donné dans ma lettre précédente. Je suis très-malade au lit depuis une quinzaine ; votre lettre et votre portrait me feront du bien. Tous nos plans sont changés ; nous ne pourrons pas aller en Europe en Avril. L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.

Voulez-vous bien avoir la bonté mademoiselle, de remercier M. Garcin de Tassy de ma part pour sa Revue, elle est très-interessante. Je lui écrirai quand je serai plus forte.

Croyez mademoiselle, à la nouvelle assurance de mon dévouement et de mon amitié très-sincères

TORU DUTT.

M^{LE} CLARISS^E BADER, PARIS, À M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA.
Paris, ce 11 Mai 1877.

Chère Mademoiselle et gracieuse amie,

Quelle déception m'apporte votre dernière lettre ! Je m'étais fait une véritable fête de vous voir, et de vous offrir verbalement l'expression de la vive sympathie que m'inspirent non seulement vos œuvres si remarquables, mais vos lettres, qui révèlent une âme delicate et charmante, et aussi votre portrait si vivant et si expressif ! Je prie Dieu qu'il vous guérisse bien vite, et croyez que dans ce vœu il y a aussi une part d'égocisme, puisque c'est de votre rétablissement que dépendent vos projets de voyage. Vous êtes jeune, et la jeunesse est si puissante en ressources surtout quand elle est doublée de la belle constitution que révèle votre charmant portrait ! Savez-vous,

chère mademoiselle, que ce portrait et vos lettres font des conquêtes dans mon entourage, à commencer par mon père et par ma mère ? Ma famille et mes amis partageaient mon vif désir de vous voir, et aujourd'hui, hélas, ils prennent grandement part à ma déception !

S'il m'avait été possible de me faire photographier en ce moment, j'eusse recommencé à votre intention de tenter une épreuve qui ne m'a jamais réussi. Il paraît que la mobilité de mes traits fait le désespoir des photographes. Mes portraits sont tous plus laids les uns que les autres, et si j'étais coquette, je ne les donnerais jamais, surtout à ceux qui ne me connaissent pas. Mais je ne suis pas coquette. Je vous envoie donc sous ce pli deux photographies qui remontent à 1872. C'était peu de mois après les terribles épreuves patriotiques que nous avions subies pendant les deux sièges de Paris, et j'avais encore les traits fatigués par de cruelles émotions. Ces portraits ont été faits à la campagne par un amateur, un officier supérieur de nos amis. Mon père est auprès de moi dans l'une de ces photographies. Lui aussi a été singulièrement vieilli par cette épreuve.

Quand je poserai de nouveau je vous enverrai le résultat de cette tentation si celle-ci est couronnée de succès. Je ferai mon possible pour seconder le photographe par ma tranquillité.

Je suis bien touchée d'avoir la douce image de votre regrettée sœur qui partageait vos savantes et poétiques occupations. Je vous remercie de tout cœur, de m'avoir envoyé ce pieux souvenir de famille.

Quand je verrai M. Garcin de Tassy, je m'acquitterai de la mission que vous me confiez auprès de lui.

Je vous écrits dans le petit oratoire qui est aussi mon cabinet de travail, et où je prie le bon Dieu de vous rendre force et santé. Je confie cette prière à la sainte Vierge.

Croyez, chère mademoiselle, que vous avez en France une amie qui serait bien heureuse de presser votre main.

Toute à vous

CLARISSE BADER.

M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA, À M^{LE} CLARISS^E BADER, PARIS.
Ce 30 Juillet 1877.

Chère et très-aimable amie,

Voilà bien quatre mois que je souffre de la 'fièvre'; cela m'a empêchée de vous écrire et de vous exprimer plus tôt, le grand plaisir que votre lettre et les portraits m'ont causé.

Cette bonne et sympathique lettre, arrivée dans un temps où je souffrais beaucoup, m'a fait plus de bien que tous les remèdes du médecin.

Je vous prie, chère mademoiselle, de vouloir bien m'excuser la brièveté de cette lettre; je ne suis pas tout à fait rétablie encore; et je ne puis aller de ma chambre à la chambre voisine sans sentir de la fatigue.

J'ai été bien malade, chère mademoiselle, mais le bon Dieu a exaucé les prières de mes parens; et je me rétablis peu à peu.

J'espère vous écrire plus longuement avant peu.

Toute à vous

TORU DUTT.

M^{LE} CLARISS^E BADER, PARIS, À M^{LE} TORU DUTT, CALCUTTA.

Paris, ce 11 Septembre 1877. 62, rue de Babylone.

Chère et charmante amie de l'Inde,

J'ai manqué le dernier courrier de Brindisi, et je regrette d'autant plus ce retard involontaire que votre bonne et affectueuse lettre m'apprend que vous avez été malade et que vous étiez encore convalescente au moment où vous m'avez écrit. Eh quoi! la maladie a pu atteindre cette vive organisation que révèle votre portrait? Ces beaux yeux pleins de feu ont pu s'alanguir? Oh! mais alors, cela n'a pu être qu'un choc accidentel? Vous êtes tout à fait rétablie, n'est ce pas, à l'heure actuelle? Et, à l'époque de l'exposition, vous viendrez dans notre doux pays de France dont les tièdes brises vous feront du bien, vous qui avez souffert de votre ardent climat. Des coeurs amis vous attendent avec une joyeuse espérance. Mes parents et moi nous vous aimons beaucoup—sans vous avoir jamais vue; mais vos lettres et vos œuvres nous ont révélé la bonté de votre cœur, la candeur de votre âme. Venez donc,

mon aimable amie, sceller de votre présence une affection qui vous est déjà acquise.

Un véritable torrent d'occupations ne me permet pas de prolonger cette lettre écrite d'ailleurs sous l'impression d'une extrême fatigue nerveuse. Je me ressens encore d'une indisposition qui n'a assurément rien de grave, mais qui vient d'ébranler ma forte santé. Cette indisposition m'a été amenée par un surcroit de travail que je me suis récemment imposé pour continuer à défendre la grande cause religieuse qui malheureusement est toujours attaquée dans mon cher pays, mais qui, grâce en soient rendues à Dieu, trouvera toujours des défenseurs parmi nous. Qu'importe si, dans ces luttes où nos seules armes sont la foi et la charité, nous ressentons quelquefois l'atteinte de la fatigue et de la souffrance physiques ! Ce sont là les blessures du combat, et ces blessures nous sont chéris.

Dites à vos dignes parents combien nous les félicitons de votre retour à la santé. Mon père et ma mère ont été particulièrement émus de cette phrase si simple et si touchante qui termine votre lettre : "J'ai été bien malade, mais le bon Dieu a exaucé les prières de mes parents, et je me rétablis peu à peu."

Et moi aussi, chère et intéressante amie, je demande au Seigneur de vous conserver la bonne santé qu'il vous a sans doute déjà rendue, et, en faisant ce vœu, je vous embrasse avec effusion.

CLARISSE BADER.

P. S. — Je dépose sous ce pli une fleurette de mon pays. C'est ma plante favorite. On l'appelle rodante. Cette jolie fleur rit toujours, même desséchée. Je trouve que par cela même, c'est un vrai emblème de l'affection. La fleur que je vous envoie provient de ma petite chapelle domestique. Puisse-t-elle vous apporter une douce bénédiction du Seigneur en même temps que mon fidèle souvenir !

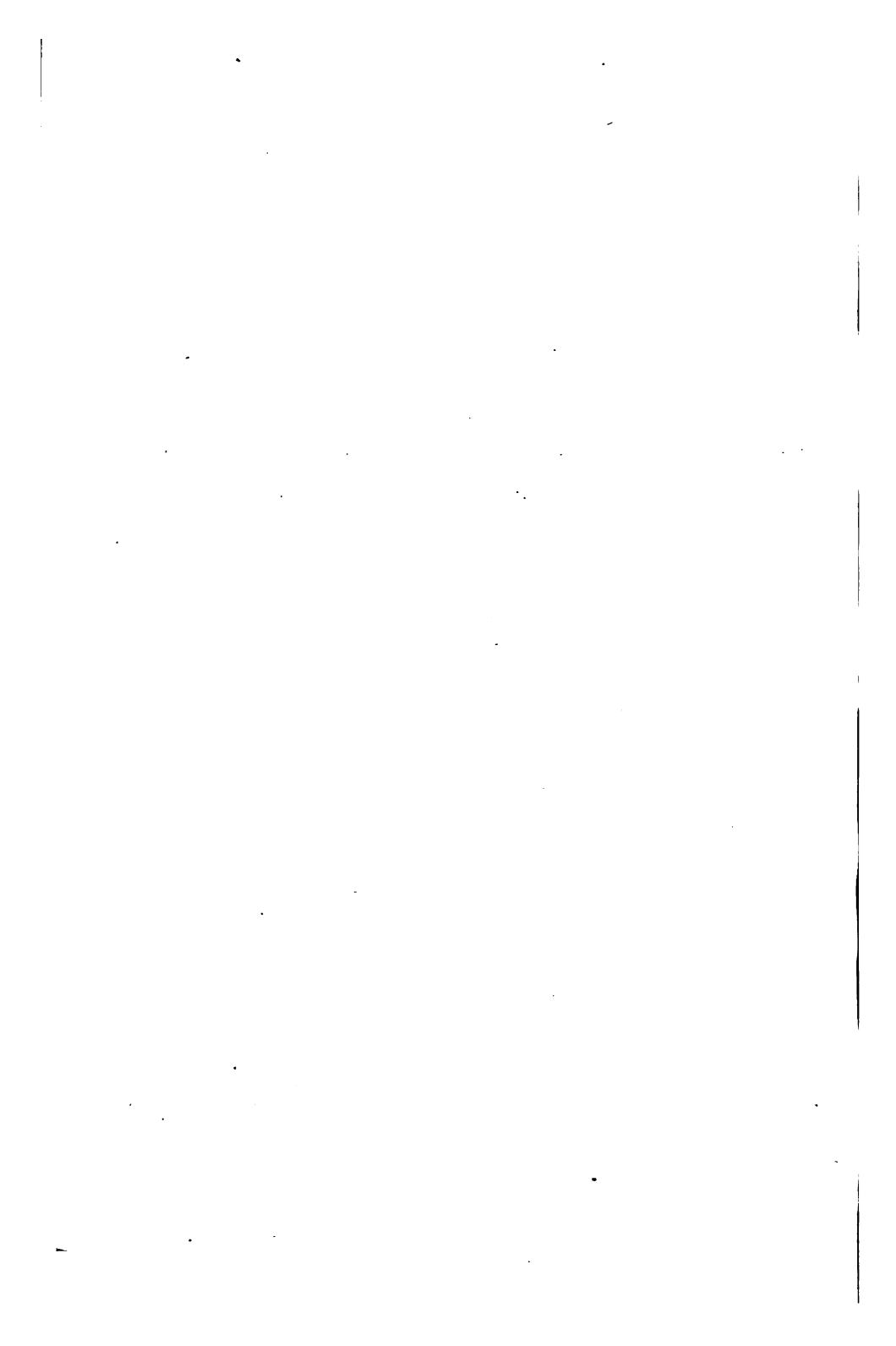
Soon after the commencement of this translation Toru fell seriously unwell, and all the skill, kindness and unremitting attention of Dr. Thos. Edmonston Charles, to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude, availed nothing. She passed away

from the earth, firmly relying on her Saviour Jesus Christ, and in perfect peace.

Why should these three young lives so full of hope and work be cut short, while I old and almost infirm, linger on ? I think, I can dimly see that there is a fitness, a preparation required for the life beyond which they had, and I have not. One day I shall see it all clearly. Blessed be the Lord. His will be done.

BAUGMAREE GARDEN-HOUSE. }
19th October 1877.

GOVIN CHUNDER DUTT.



DÉDICACE.

A

MADAME GOVIN. C. DUTT.

Le fond du lac n'est pas toujours limpide ;
Qu'un voyageur, qu'un téméraire enfant
Jette une pierre en son cristal humide,
Un noir limon s'en élève à l'instant.
Mais, par degrés plus tranquille et plus claire,
On voit bientôt la vague s'aplanir,
Et, tout brillant de sa splendeur première,
L'azur du ciel revient s'y réfléchir.

Souvent ainsi le tourbillon du monde,
De mes pensers troublant la douce paix,
Vient y mêler comme une fange immonde,
Qui dans mon sein voile un moment tes traits.
Mais lorsqu'a fui la foule murmurante,
Lorsque le calme en mes sens est rentré,
Le voile tombe et ta forme charmante
Se peint encore sur mon cœur épuré !

X. Labenski. (*Polonius.*)

The lake's fair surface is not always clear,
If but a traveller, or a rash child near,
At random throw a stone upon its glass,
A dark ooze rises in a vapoury mass,
But by degrees more tranquil and serene,
The wave disturbed gets smooth, as it had been.
And pure, austere, resplendent as before
The blue, blue sky reflects itself once more.

Thus oft alas ! the discords of the earth
Troubling the sweet peace of my thoughts, give birth
To unclean slime, that in dense spirals roll
To mar thy gracious image in my soul.
But when the murmuring crowd away has fled,
And the calm enters in my sense instead,
The veil is gone ; thy loving face again
Gleams in my heart, as sunlight after rain.

T. D.

I.

THE SLEEP OF THE CONDOR.

Leconte de Lisle.

Beyond the steep ramparts of the high Cordillières,
Beyond the dun fogs where the black eagle's eyrie 's,
Higher, far higher than the bold craters, like funnels,
Whence springs out the lava from its deep boiling tunnels,
With wings that hang down, jagged, red, in some places,
The condor looks silent o'er limitless spaces,
Across the New World, to the sun that no longer
Blazes bright in his eyes. The shadows grow stronger.
Night rolls from the east, against mountains in stories,
At whose feet the wild pampas display all their glories,
She darkens o'er Chili,—its towns, and the ocean
Which slumbers profound without ripple or motion ;
On the continent silent, her banner is planted,
From the sands to the boulders, up gorges high-slanted
From crest unto crest, swell, advance her proud surges,
A high-tide of darkness, some power upward urges.
On the peak which is topmost where still a red lustre
Stains with a blood-streak the glaciers that shimmer
He awaits with a courage he knows how to muster
Alone, like a spectre, growing dimmer, and dimmer
The blackness that threatens like a sea to surround him :
It comes,—it is near,—at last, it has bound him.
In the depths of the heavens, on a sudden there lightens
The Cross of the South—a pale beacon that brightens !
There's a rattle of pleasure,—his neck is erect
Bare, muscular ;—he peers his flight to direct.
He stirs,—whipping up,—the sharp snow of the Andes,
He mounts the blue ether with a hoarse cry that grand is,
Far, far from this globe by night's banner defended,
Far, far from its noise,—its strife,—its endeavour,
A speck—but a speck,—and as frozen for ever
He sleeps in the air, with his wings wide-extended.

II.

SONNET.

Le Comte F. de Gramont.

All men for pleasant places are not born,
 The world for each is open every way,
 There are, who in the wild prefer to stay,
 Love its free air, and solitudes forlorn ;
 Like the wild horse they hold the towns in scorn ;
 The torrents slake their thirst ; the woods display
 Fit provender ; their roof skies blue or gray ;
 No yoke or manger for the unicorn !
 On some hill-top they ruminare in peace
 Their fierce strange thoughts,—a melancholy train,—
 When men enquire about them, God says,—Cease !
 Oh harm them not,—or woe ! From bit and rein
 I—I have given their stubborn mouths release,
 Of me their exile—rich in fruit or vain !

III.

THE PEASANT'S DILEMMA.

G. Lemoine.

I mean to wed the miller-maid,
 His girl whose mill you see down there,
 But here's the rub,—I love, and prayed
 A shepherdess to be my fair.
 My Fanchette is as bright as spring,
 But poor, as winter, is her lot,
 If one must do a foolish thing,
 Why should it be, in sooth, for nought ?
 Bah ! I shall wed the miller-maid
 Who always makes sweet eyes at me,
 Those eyes that ask in sun and shade—
 Our marriage,—when is it to be ?
 One instant, not so fast,—reflect !
 Am I quite sure of happiness

With the rich mistress I elect ?
 I love her not, or love far less.
 Marriage, alas ! is not I own
 A tie for one day or a year,
 But then consider,—Love alone
 If he keep house, gives meagre cheer.
 Bah ! I shall wed the miller-maid
 Who always makes sweet eyes at me,
 Those eyes that ask in sun and shade—
 Our marriage,—when is it to be ?

And yet my mind is far from gay,
 And asks—is this the better part,
 Thus my poor Fanchette to betray
 To whom I plighted hand and heart ?
 How loving is she—oh the pearl !
 How she must suffer, sob and sigh,
 Alas ! If I forsake the girl,
 I think, I almost think, she'll die.
 Bah ! By my faith ! O Money-bags,
 When next thine eyes enquire of me,
 Mine shall reply,—a crust and rags
 With her, than all the world with thee !

IV.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.

André Chénier.

The budding shoot ripens unharmed by the scythe,
 Without fear of the press, on vine-branches lithe,
 Through spring-tide the green clusters bloom.
 Is't strange, then, that I in my life's morning hour,
 Though troubles like clouds on the dark present lower,
 Half-frighted shrink back from my doom ?

Let the stern-hearted stoic run boldly on death !
 I—I weep and I hope ; to the north wind's chill breath
 I bend,—then erect is my form !

If days there are bitter, there are days also sweet,
 Enjoyment unmixed where on earth may we meet ?
 What ocean has never a storm ?

Illusions the fairest assuage half my pain,
 The walls of a prison enclose me in vain,
 The strong wings of hope bear me far ;
 So escapes from the net of the fowler the bird,
 So darts he through ether, while his music is heard
 Like showers of sweet sound from a star.

Comes Death unto me ? I sleep tranquil and calm,
 And Peace when I wake stands by with her balm,
 Remorse is the offspring of crimes ;
 My welcome each morning smiles forth in all eyes,
 My presence is here to sad brows, a surprise
 Which kindles to pleasure at times.

The end of my journey seemed so far to my view ;
 Of the elm-trees which border the long avenue,
 The nearest are only past by ;
 At the banquet of life I have barely sat down,
 My lips have but pressed the bright foaming crown
 Of the wine in my cup bubbling high.

I am only in spring,—the harvest I'd see,
 From season to season like the sun I would be
 Intent on completing my round ;
 Shining bright in the garden,—its honor and queen ;
 As yet but the beams of the morning I've seen,
 I wait for eve's stillness profound.

Oh Death, thou canst wait ; leave, leave me to dream,
 And strike at the hearts wheré Despair is supreme,
 And Shame hails thy dart as a boon !
 For me, Pales has arbours unknown to the throngs,
 The world has delights, the Muses have songs,
 I wish not to perish too soon.

A prisoner myself broken-hearted and crushed,
 From my heart to my lips all my sympathies rushed,
 And my lyre from its slumbers awoke ;
 At these sorrows, these wishes, of a captive, I heard,
 And to rhyme and to measure I married each word
 As softly and simply she spoke.

Should this song of my prison hereafter inspire
 Some student with leisure her name to enquire,
 This answer at least may be given,—
 That grace marked her figure, her action, her speech,
 And such as lived near her, blameless might teach
 That life is the best gift of heaven.

A.

V.

SONNET.

Felix Arvers

My soul has a secret that no mortal must hear,
 A love, by its object, not guessed and not known,
 A love, which as hopeless I never may own,
 A love born to be buried with me in my bier.
 Alas ! That unnoticed I must ever be near !
 Always, always beside her, yet always alone ;
 To the end of my journey as dumb as a stone,
 Not daring to ask e'en for compassion a tear.
 As to her, though God made her gentle and tender,
 She holds on her path, meek, abstracted and calm,
 Her life the rich music low-breathed of a psalm,
 Nor dreams of the homage one's heart yearns to render.
 And if haply O verse ! thou should'st fall in her way
 “ Ah me ! who is this lady ? ” is all she would say.

APRÈS LE COUP D'ÉTAT.

VI.

Victor Hugo.

Before foul treachery, and heads bent down,
 I'll cross mine arms, indignant but serene,
 Oh faith in fallen things,—be thou my crown,
 My force, my joy, the prop on which I lean.

Yes, whilst *he's* there, or struggle some, or fall,
 O France, dear France, for whom I weep in vain,
 Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves,—my all,
 I ne'er shall see thee, with these eyes again.

I shall not see thy sad, sad, sounding shore,
 France, save my duty, I shall all forget ;
 Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug mine oar,
 And rest proscribed to spurn the fawning set.

O bitter exile, hard, without a term,
 Thee I accept, nor seek, nor care to know
 Who have down-truckled ' mid the men deemed firm,
 And who have fled, that should have fought the foe.

If true a thousand stand, with them I stand,
 A hundred ? 'Tis enough : we'll Sylla brave,
 Ten ? Put my name down foremost in the band,
 One ? Well, alone,—until I find my grave.

VII.

LINES.

Victor Hugo.

Since every soul is weak, and set
 On selfish aims, since men forget
 The true, the pure, the great, the bright,
 Instincts, at wrong, that chafe and swell,
 Honour and glory, law and right,
 And those who in the contest fell ;

I love thee Exile, with thy frown !
 Oh Care,—be thou my thorny crown !
 Welcome thrice haughty Indigence !
 All hail, thou door that rough winds beat !
 And thou, O Sorrow take thy seat
 Grave statue, at my hearth, from hence !

I love the anguish sent to try !
 For in its shadows draw more nigh
 Those that my heart delights to see,
 Faith, Virtue, Dignity, in turn,
 Freedom, the exile proud and stern,
 And Loyalty, the refugee !

I love this isle of rocks and caves ;
 Jersey, my Patmos,—o'er thee waves
 Free England's banner grand and old !
 I love the waters round that rise,—
 The ship that on its errand flies,
 And all that here mine eyes behold.

Ha ! There's the sea-gull. See it springs
 Pearls scattering from its tawny wings,
 Then plunges in the gulfs once more,—
 'Tis lost in caverns of the main !
 No ! No ! It upward soars again,
 As souls from trials upward soar.

But most I love this seat,—this rock,
 From whence I hear the thunder-shock
 Of waves eternally that moan,
 Ever-renewed, methinks Remorse
 Hath such a cry, and such a force—
 Wail mothers thus for children gone !

VIII.

SONNET.

THE TWO PROCESSIONS.

Joséphin Soulary.

Two processions met on consecrated sod,
 One was sad,—it followed the bier of a child,
 A woman was there, whose sobs bursting wild
 Attested a heart crushed under the rod ;
 The other was gay,—a mother who trod
 Triumphant, friends, and a babe undefiled
 (Who sucked at her breast, prattled nonsense, and smiled,)
 To be sealed with the seal that marks us of God.
 The service done, the gatherings crossed each other,
 And then prayer's mighty work was seen achieved,
 The women barely glanced at one another,
 But oh, the change!—in both the glad and grieved,
 One wept by the bier,—'twas the joyful young mother,
 And one smiled at the babe,—'twas the mother bereaved.

IX.

THE EMIGRATION OF PLEASURE.

Madame Viot.

Affrighted by the ills that war
 Had drawn upon unhappy France,
 Pleasure sought in regions far,
 Encouragement and countenance.
 Through Germany and Spain to pass
 Was weary work for miles and miles,
 The Spaniard never jokes, alas!
 And the German never smiles.

To Russia next. His hopes are vain,
 The killing climate in a week,
 Benumbed and sickened all his train,
 And robbed the colours from his cheek.

By Catherine he was begged to take
 The halls of snow that flashed like gold,
 But could he, even for her sake,
 Expose his life to death by cold ?

To England now. He wandered wild,—

And on the same fool's-errand bent ;
 The Lord Mayor, fat, grey and mild,
 Conducted him to Parliament.

Pleasure is courteous,—full of grace,
 But from the truth he never shrinks,

' I cannot stay i'this horrid place,
 Where everybody yawns and nobody thinks.'

Once more adrift,—on, on to Rome

Where burned the Muse's altar-fires !

Ah me ! it was only the home

Of a sick old man and some friars.

When he asked for Horace's verse,

Doggrel hymns were sung through the nose,
 He felt he'd fallen from bad to worse,

And tears in his eyes unbidden rose.

Poor Pleasure ! How get back to France ?

That was the question for him now,
 Without papers or money, small his chance !

A loan,—but who would a loan allow ?

Heaven-help, he reached the country dear,

And there at last saw Liberty ;

What has a pet spoilt-child to fear

Who falls with tears at his mother's knee ?

A.

Contemned from my birth
And rejected by all,
From my lips broke a cry,
Such as anguish may wring,
Sing,—said God in reply,
Chant poor little thing.

By Wealth's coach besmeared
With dirt in a shower,
Insulted and jeered
By the minions of power,
Where—oh where shall I fly ?
Who comfort will bring ?
Sing—said God in reply,
Chant poor little thing.

Life struck me with fright—
Full of chances and pain,
So I hugged with delight
The drudge's hard chain ;
One must eat,—yet I die,
Like a bird with clipped wing,
Sing—said God in reply,
Chant poor little thing.

Love cheered for a while
My morn with his ray,
But like a ripple or smile
My youth passed away.
Now near Beauty I sigh,
But fled is the spring !
Sing—said God in reply,
Chant poor little thing.

All men have a task,
And to sing is my lot—
No need from men I ask
But one kindly thought.

My vocation is high—
 'Mid the glasses that ring,
 Still—still comes that reply,
 Chant poor little thing.

XI. BERANGER TO THE ACADEMY.

Arsène Houssaye.

No, no, oh my friends, obtain no honours for me,
 For your Institute I feel I never was born,
 There are poets far better, that would grace it, you see,
 I,—I am no scholar, but a fiddler low-born.
 I know but to live,—to love,—to sing like the brook ;
 I'll tell you my want, I'd like to live through this season
 And read at my leisure ; dear Lisette is my book,
 And my house my Institute,—pray deem this not treason.

What, what should I do—'mid your discussion and strife ?
 I should have to write out, first of all, a discourse ;
 Nought ever saving songs have I writ in my life—
 And these welled without effort, nor was learning their source.
 Here, gentlemen,—the Muse is familiar and gay,
 Provided there be rhyme, none asks here for reason,
 Here Courier has commented on Molière by the day
 My house is my Institute—oh deem it not treason.

Ivy-covered,—you see it,—'tis decrepit with age,
 But its swallows are punctual at the advent of spring,
 What ! Ye deem me, birds vagrant, confined to my cage ?
 I skim through past ages, and the world, on my wing !
 After Noah,—well ! Aspasia the star-crowned, I met,
 And Socrates,—I tried to console him in prison,
 And Homer,—Dance oh my muse, and sing to the set !
 Lest my Larës accuse me too justly of treason.

Yesterday, while I stood on the step of my door,
 Sudden illuminated was the East,—red, red, to the pole !

And what heard I afar ? The wind of evening bore
 To my ears, the loved airs of Jéna and Arcole.
 They've left, the young stoics—won't they take me for bard ?
 God bless them—the peasants, and their flag and its blazon !
 Eighty-nine, thy proud memory, they know how to guard,
 I blessed them while passing,—let fools call it treason.

Your laurel too darkly on a sad forehead lowers,
 The laurels resemble cypress-leaves in their gloom,
 For me, I would die amid fragrance and flowers,
 Strew roses, fresh roses on my bier and my tomb !
 Bends my head,—'tis from age,—like a low whistling reed
 It pines for free air and the welkin with reason,
 Immortal !—I ?—Chut ! Nonsense ! Death went by indeed,—
 Pray point out my house,—'twill be friendship not treason.

XII. EPIGRAM—AGAINST LA BRUYÈRE.

Anonymous.

At La Bruyère's election—why
 Is there such a hue and cry ?
 He's ignorant you say,—well, ceded,
 In forty isn't a cypher needed.

XIII. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Mme. Ackermann.

Sleep for a hundred years held fast
 A princess in a lonely wood,
 Springs, summers, autumns, winters past
 Successive, o'er that solitude.
 Time flew : all nature slept around,
 The breeze, it seemed, had lost its wing,

And raised, nor in the leaves a sound,
 Nor ripple in the brook or spring.
 The wild birds had forgot to sing,
 And on its green and fragile stem
 The rosebud red, half opening
 Remained half open,—like a gem,
 Through long mysterious years, nor shed
 A single leaflet all the time—
 What broke this sleep, of magic bred ?
 You know the tale,—a prince was led
 By chance or destiny ;—he saw
 The Beauty in her sleep sublime,
 And then,—and then,—beneath the moon,
 Obedient to an unknown law,
 He kissed her lips, and broke her swoon.
 Blushing, confused, but with a smile
 The princess woke in strange surprise :—
 Oh strange illumined picture-scroll
 Born of some poet's idle mood !
 We see thee daily with our eyes,
 Nor deem we see thee all the while :
 Love is the wakening prince ; the Soul
 The Sleeping Beauty of the wood.

XIV.

SONNET.

Joachim du Bellay.

Happy is he, who, like the Ithacan sage
 Or the brave hero of the golden fleece,
 Having far travelled, finds his troubles cease,
 Amidst his own, in ripe-experienced age.
 When shall I turn again to life's first page ?
 From the world's tumult when obtain release ?
 And greet the village, and the home of Peace
 Where sweet affections quell each passion's rage ?

Dearer to me than home my grandsires built,
 Than Roman palaces with pillars brave,
 Dearer those roofs of slate than marble gilt,
 Dearer my Loire than Tiber's sacred wave,
 Dearer my Lyré than the Palatine,
 And oh how dear, thou climate Angevine !

XV. EPIGRAM—AGAINST MAUPOU.

Anonymous.

Louis wished to be like Titus,
 Maupou,—just the opposite,
 To jeer his failure, would delight us,
 But truth alas ! is requisite.
 He never had to mourn and say,—
 No evil have I done to-day.

XVI. SONNET.

Paul Scarron.

Sublime memorials of human pride,
 Pyramids and tombs, of which the structures vast,
 Witness that Art in glorious ages past
 With Nature for the mastery boldly vied ;
 Old ruined palaces where the Roman tried
 His utmost genius, that his work might last ;
 Coliséum where to lions men were cast
 And gladiators bravely fought and died ;
 Proud monuments all of every age and clime,
 Ye are demolished, or are crumbling down
 Under the look of the Destroyer, Time.
 Should I then murmur that beneath his frown

After two years, well measured, chime by chime,
Out at the elbows is my dressing gown ?

XVII. TO A CERTAIN MARCHIONESS.

Pierre Corneille.

Sweet Marchioness,—if on my face
Some wrinkles stamped by time appear,
Remember, he shall also trace
His marks on thine, ere long, and fear.

Ah me ! What malice years oppose
To lovely things ; they deck thee now,
But they shall wither all thy rose
As surely as they graved my brow !

The same smooth course the planets roll
That regulate my days and thine,
They saw me young in look and soul,
And they shall see thee, too, decline.

But yet a difference I claim !
I know the spells that conquer Time,
And these may onward bear a name
From age to age, and clime to clime.

Thou hast the beauty men adore,
But beauty is a fleeting dower,
It's reign of triumph soon is o'er,—
Not so this scorned but magic power.

Mild are those eyes ; I love their light ;
Is there no means to make them beam
A thousand years, as soft and bright ?
There is, or else I fondly dream.

Some credit, a new race must give
 To praises flowing from my pen,
 As I shall paint thee, thou shalt live
 For ages, in the eyes of men !

Think hereupon,—fair Marchioness,
 And though old age may scare the gay,
 Deem not kind words that cheer and bless
 Upon me wholly thrown away.

XVIII.

THE YOUNG GIRL.

Charles Nodier.

She was lovely indeed,—at the dawn of the day,
 When her plainness of dress set a foil to her grace,
 As her labyrinths of flowers and her bees to survey,
 She glided about in the old garden-place.

She was lovely, more lovely, at eve, in the ball,
 When the light joyed to rest on her forehead's expanse,
 As decked with blue sapphires, and roses, 'mid all,
 She whirled like a sylph in the maze of the dance.

She was lovelier yet ;—more lovely by far,
 When the night-wind filled out the folds of her veil,
 In the silence returning, by the beams of a star,
 What a rapture it was, such a vision to hail !

She was lovely indeed—and what was her crown ?
 A hope vague and soft that embellished each day ;
 Love to perfect her seemed loth to come down,—
 Peace !—There's her hearse passing by on its way.

XIX.

THE LOST PATH.

TO A. M. DAUBIGNY.

André Lemoyne.

I know a valley in the depth of woods,
 Where spreads the moss its velvet carpet green,
 The ringdoves murmur 'mid its solitudes,
 Drunk with perfume exhaled by flowers unseen.

High beeches form of leaves a lofty dome
 That intercepts the entrance of the sun,
 Beneath, the timid roebucks love to roam,
 Safe from the hunter in the twilight dun.

There, periwinkles in dark nooks delight,
 Blue myosotis bare their hearts of gold,
 And by a crystal pool, her roses white
 A nymphæa bends, their picture to behold.

Hushed are the echoes in a sleep profound,
 A footfall might awake them, Fancy fears,
 No deeper silence reigned where magic-bound
 The Sleeping Beauty dreamed a hundred years.

Once,—only once, I saw the happy place,
 'Twas in the glory of my twentieth May,
 Led by a fairy, full of love and grace ;
 Alone, since then, I have not found the way.

XX.

THE OXEN.

Pierre Dupont.

I've two great oxen in my stable,
 Two great white oxen marked with red,
 The plough is made of wood of maple,
 The goad of holly hard as lead.
 Thanks to my oxen ; see my plain
 In summer like a sea of gold !

More money in a week they gain,
 Than what they cost by twenty fold.
 Should I be forced to sell them out
 I'll hang myself, without a doubt ;
 I love my wife, and well my Jeanne I cherish,
 But let her die, before my favourites perish.

See the lovely pair together !
 How deep they plough, how straight they trace !
 Rain, and sleet, and stormy weather,
 Cold and heat, alike they face !
 When I make them halt to drink
 From their nostrils bursts a vapour !
 And sometimes small birds white and pink
 Settle on ebon horns that taper !
 Should I be forced to sell them out
 I'll hang myself, without a doubt ;
 I love my wife, and well my Jeanne I cherish,
 But let her die, before my favourites perish.

Strong they are as mills, or presses,
 Lamb-like gentle—free from vice,
 At markets—oh, what pats, caresses !
 And then the question—“ what's their price ? ”
 Men want to lead them to the King,
 I pledge His Majesty in wine,
 But sell them—that's a different thing !
 I will not sell them,—they are mine.
 Should I be forced to sell them out,
 I'll hang myself, without a doubt ;
 I love my wife, and well my Jeanne I cherish,
 But let her die, before my favourites perish.

When our daughter shall have grown,
 If the Prince desire her hand,
 I shall give him all I own,
 House and silver, goods and land ;
 But if for dowry he should pray
 The oxen white and red,—good lack !

My daughter throw that crown away,
 Lead, lead the cattle homeward back !
 Should I be forced to sell them out,
 I'll hang myself, without a doubt;
 I love my wife, and well my Jeanne I cherish,
 But let her die, before my favourites perish.

XXI.

COLINETTE.

Anonymous.

Colinette,—that was her name,—
 In a village lived obscure,
 Where in childhood's morning pure,
 Once, at harvest-time, I came ;
 A little girl and schoolboy met,
 That was all our history,
 She knew not then that death was nigh,
 Poor dear Colinette.

When we ran about together
 In the lanes and meadows green,
 A breathless joy lit up her mien,
 And mine was bright as sunny weather.
 A chaffinch on the trees,—our pet,
 First hailed our child-love with his strain,
 And bush and brake burst forth amain,
 Poor dear Colinette.

This mossy seat, whereon I sigh,
 Beheld my parting with the child,
 My soul that eve with grief was wild,
 I loved her without knowing why.
 With tears half-hid mine eyes were wet,
 I took her hand, and said, “ my dear,
 Adieu, until another year ; ”
 Poor dear Colinette.

A story common, old and stale !
 And yet such narratives unseal
 Fountains of pity, while we feel
 The anguish of creation's wail.
 For me, my sun of life is set.
 Beauties display their charms in vain,
 Coquettes with me but lose their pain,
 Poor dear Colinette.

XXII.

THE POET'S APOLOGY FOR
HIS SHORT POEMS.

Nicolas Martin.

Why Poet, so brief is your lay ?
 —Ask rather, as more opportune,
 Why love flies so swiftly away
 And wither the roses so soon !

You love a rich chain-work of gold
 Set with pearls, that flash on the view,
 I love—oh, much more, to behold
 A drop small and humble of dew.

Resplendent with stars are the skies,
 But their glory inspires me with fear,
 Far dearer to me are bright eyes
 In whose depths there trembles a tear.

XXIII.

YOUNG AND OLD.

Nicolas Martin.

Thou mountest joyous up in life,
 And I descend with forehead bent,
 Thou wheekest eager for the strife,
 And I retire with banner rent ;
 Thy future has an ample scope,

How fair the distance seems to thee !
 Not opulent am I in hope,
 But rich, most rich in memory.

Stoop down, young friend—behold a rose,
 Love is its name, ' tis thine by right ;
 There's nought for me—the shadows close,
 An open grave is in my sight.
 All things have turns. The night's dull gloom
 Morn's ruddy streak must chase away,
 One flower must shed its last perfume,
 And one must spring to hail the day.

XXIV.

THE GRAND PINT.

Auguste de Châtillon.

Round the Grand Pint when rough winds moan,
 And make the sign-board creak and groan
 In frosty weather,
 A huge log in the kitchen burns,
 And there the stranger's eye discerns
 Friends met together ;
 An old Dutch picture !—cheek by jowl
 Gosling and turkey, duck and fowl
 The turnspit garnish !
 And then perchance the sun darts in,
 To gild the pots and pans of tin,
 And add the varnish.

Good cheer and noise and merry song,
 Shorten the hour when hours are long,
 The wine flows steady,
 And if one ever asks mine host,
 Complaisant always at his post,
 Is dinner ready ?
 “Ready ?”—He cries, and low he bows,
 “We're always ready in this house,
 Though it be humble,

The best of all things at a word !
 And never, never have I heard
 A patron grumble."

I come, salute and mount ;—up springs
 A table laid as if for kings !
 The glasses glitter !

Where are my friends ?—The hard, hard frost
 Has bound the road in distance lost,—

 The cold is bitter ;—

Let me behold the hazy plains,—
 The curtains part ; the crystal panes
 Show Frost-king's traces,

Lo ! Mountains, lakes, and cypress-trees,
 And bending flowers !—but idly, these
 My hand effaces.

Ah ! Life is rude and hard to bear,
 We bend with weight of years and care,

 Whence comfort borrow ?

At the Grand Pint, all laugh at all,
 With merriment resounds the hall,

 Adieu to sorrow !

Adieu one instant ;—joy and hope
 Color in rose the prospect-scope,

 Its darkness brightening,

Awake to mirth ! The hour commands !
 It is by blowing on the brands
 Flames start like lightning.

Farewell Ennui,—and welcome Wit !
 As here with friends well pleased I sit
 How swift time passes !

When Friendship, Friendship, is the toast
 Brims up the best wine of mine host
 We drink full glasses.

Four friends ! And shall it aye be thus,
 Hand linked in hand,—one heart in us ?
 No ! Death may scatter.

But should one die,—we shall be three,
 Then two perchance,—then one,—Ah me !
 And then,—no matter.

XXV.

ROMANCE OF NINA.

Charles Guillaume Etienne.

When back the well-loved shall return
 To her who pines though once so dear,
 The Spring from its abundant urn
 Shall scatter blossoms far and near.
 I watch, I wait ;—in vain, in vain,
 The loved and lost comes not again.

Ye birds far sweeter shall ye sing
 When ye shall catch his tender tone ;
 Then haste the well-loved back to bring,
 He'll teach ye songs of love alone.
 I watch, I wait ;—in vain, in vain,
 The loved and lost comes not again.

O echo whose repose I mar
 With my regrets and mournful cries,
 He comes,—I hear his voice afar,
 Or is it thine that thus replies ?
 Peace ! hark he calls ! in vain, in vain,
 The loved and lost comes not again.

A.

XXVI.

DORMEZ, DORMEZ.

Amédée de Beauplan.

Here shall no cares molest,
 The place seems hallowed and blest,
 And invites thee awhile to rest ;
 May the voice of the waters be,

With Philomel's, thy lullaby :
 Sleep, my darling, sleep,
 I shall wake a watch to keep,—
 Sleep, oh sleep, I shall wake a watch to keep

In the midst of these forests vast,
 If the shadows the thick trees cast,
 Trouble thy peace with the past,
 Chase that funereal fear,
 Think that thy friend is near ;
 Sleep, my darling, sleep,
 I shall wake a watch to keep.

Softly thine eyelids close,
 More low,—more slow,—my music flows,
 Enjoy a sweet repose !
 Then waken from a charming dream,
 With morning's earliest gleam.
 Sleep, my darling, sleep,
 I shall wake a watch to keep.

XXVII.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Xavier De Maistre.

THOU dweller of the ethereal plain,
 Beloved and brilliant butterfly !
 How in this dungeon where I sigh,
 Could'st thou admittance gain ?
 Scarce ever on these frightful walls,
 Across the bars, one ray of light
 Steals to dispel the long, long night
 That in its cheerlessness appals.

2.

Hast thou from Nature, wise and great,
 Received a heart to friendship prone ?
 By pity hither art thou drawn
 To share the sorrows of my fate ?

Thy very presence charms my pain,
 No longer bleeds the wound that bled,
 The hope extinct, or all but dead,
 Is brought by thee to life again.

3.

Sweet ornament on Nature's sheen !
 Recall her loveliness to me,
 And speak, oh speak of liberty,
 Of waters, flowers, and foliage green ;
 Speak of the torrent's dreadful voice,
 Of lakes profound, of cooling shades,
 And of the murmur in the glades,
 When winds 'mid dripping leaves rejoice.

4.

Hast thou beheld the roses blow ?
 Hast thou amongst them lovers met ?
 Of spring the tidings let me get,
 And give me news of morns-a-glow.
 Tell me, if in the forest gloom,
 Thou heard'st thy friend the nightingale
 Repeat her joyous notes, or wail,
 To flowers that listen as they bloom.

5.

Along these sombre humid halls
 For forest flowers thou search'st in vain ;
 Here captives register their pain,
 And trace their sorrows on the walls ;
 A living grave, deep under ground,
 Unvisited by breeze or ray ;
 Here chains assert their ruthless sway,
 And groanings are the only sound.

6.

Gay darling of the meadows—go,
 My prison is no place for thee !
 Short-lived but freest of the free,
 Enjoy the blessings as they flow ;

Out of this place of endless sighs !
 Where life is one long torment still !
 And then, no chains may bind thy will,
 No walls enclose thee but the skies.

7.

Perchance some day while fluttering glad
 In some sequestered lone retreat,
 Thou shalt two playful children meet,
 Beside a mother pale and sad ;
 Ah then ! Console that mother meek,
 And tell her all, yes all I feel,—
 But how should'st thou my heart reveal,
 Alas ! I know thou canst not speak !

8.

Display thy richly gilded wings
 At least before the children's eyes,
 And in their pastimes them surprise,
 Wheeling around in glittering rings.
 Soon shall they follow thee in chase,
 With shouts—“ 'Tis here—'tis there—'tis gone !”
 From flower to flower allure them on,
 Until thou lead'st them to this place.

9.

Their mother then will surely come,
 Their sad companion while they play,
 Attract them with thy movements gay,
 And cheer them all the way from home.
 Ah me ! What hopes unconscious start !
 They come— they come—away my fears !
 Who knows but childhood's tender tears,
 May melt the gaoler's iron heart !

10.

Yes—to the faithful, faithful bride,
 The tender husband shall be given,
 The bars asunder shall be riven,
 The brazen gates stand open wide.

But ah, great Lord ! What do I say ?
 This clanking chain dispels my dream,
 The butterfly—was but a gleam,
 Behold,—it flutters far away !

G.

**XXVIII. ON THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM
 BELONGING TO HIS FRIEND**
AUGUSTE BRESSIER.

Emile Deschamps.

In this album,—bright and blank,
 You give the first page up to me,
 I accept the solemn rank ;
 Why not ? The drum and fife, I see,
 March ' fore the colonel every where ;
 Choir-boys and beadle's on the ways,
 Precede the priests with hoary hair ;
 Cheap wines are served on gala-days
 Before the costly wines of Spain,
 Guests drink,—nor of the rule complain ;
 And all museums take good care
 In entrance vestibules to place
 The daubs that give us stare for stare,
 While halls far in the Raphaels grace.
 Isn't this the law of Holy Writ,
 The first as last must choose to sit ?
 When worlds were made from unshaped clay,
 Was not this order followed too ?
 Who runs may read, is all I say :
 First minerals of every hue,
 Then flowers, the mirrors of the sun,
 Then animals that have no soul,
 Then man in God's own image bright,
 And then when all this work was done,

The crown and glory of the whole—
Fair woman in her robe of light.

And now, behold, I make an end,
With just this prelude on my lyre,
 You know the reason why, my friend,
I am the tuner,—to retire

 When Rossinis throng in, to play ;—
But if my spirit thus draw back

 For fear of a degrading fall
From this high tourney of the Muse,
 Beside the gate I stand for aye,—
Nor deem me in affection slack ;

 In friendship's race,—“ come one, come all, ”
No gauntlet thrown will I refuse.—

 My challenge here, is proud and high,
Who loves you more ? Dares none reply ?

XXIX. SONNET—THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

Josephin Soulary.

With every human child, an elf or fay
Is born, who plies the sexton's merry trade,
And digs beneath incessant, with a spade,
A grave where tumble must the man one day.
Know you your elf ? Dark, hideous, they say,
He is at times, one shivers at his shade ;
Mine own has looks so gentle, that I made
No terms with him, but gave him all his way.
A bright child, red and white, with lips so sweet !
On,—on he pushes me with his caresses,
Assassin more charming one rarely may meet !
Rogue, hast thou finished ? Despatch,—for time presses,—
A kiss at the last, when the earth-bed is deep !
And lay me on flowers, softly, softly to sleep.

XXX.

FANTASY.

Gérard de Nerval.

There is an air for which I'd freely change
 All Rossini's, Mozart's, and Weber's spells,
 An old, old air, that of some sorrow tells,
 Sad, fascinating, endless, weird and strange.

Each time I hear that air, my soul is borne
 Back through the vista of two hundred years,
 Reigns " Louis Treize,"—and in my sight appears
 A hill-side green, where fading sunbeams mourn.

Then suddenly, a noble castle towers,
 Brick, with stone fretwork, and red glass that glows,
 Girt by a park, through which a river flows,
 Bent over by innumerable ferns and flowers.

And then a lady at a window high,
 Fair, with dark eyes, in which a tear I trace,
 Oh, is it in my dreams I've seen that face ?
 Or have I ever lived in times gone by ?

XXXI. THE MAIDEN AND THE RING-DOVE.

Madame. M. Desbordes—Valmore.

The stir in the garden says, it's going to rain,
 Trees shiver, as warned, and expecting the shower,
 And thou with book open, who look'st o'er the plain,
 Are thy thoughts with the absent and dear at this hour ?

Down there,—wings folded,—wet, cowering in shade,
 As banished from scenes that she sees with her eyes,
 Calls a dove on her mate ; her cry fills the glade,
 While wistful she looks at the clouds in the skies.

Let it rain : oh hearts lonely and tender that love !
 There's so much that revives in the storm and the rain,
 Do roses need nothing but bright sunlight above ?
 They bear and they wait : should ye mourn and complain ?

XXXII.

MORNING SERENADE.

Victor Hugo.

Still barred thy doors !—The far east glows,
 The morning wind blows fresh and free,
 Should not the hour that wakes the rose
 Awaken also thee ?
 No longer sleep,
 Oh, listen now !
 I wait and weep,
 But where art thou ?

All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song ;
 Light, in the sky deep red above,
 Song, in the lark of pinion strong,
 And in my heart, true Love.
 No longer sleep,
 Oh, listen now !
 I wait and weep,
 But where art thou ?

Apart we miss our nature's goal,
 Why strive to cheat our destinies ?
 Was not my love made for thy soul ?
 Thy beauty for mine eyes ?
 No longer sleep,
 Oh, listen now !
 I wait and weep,
 But where art thou ?

A.

XXXIII.

CHANSON.

Victor Hugo.

If there be a charming sward
 By dewdrops always prest,
 Where through all seasons fairies guard
 Flowers by bees carest,
 Where one may gather day and night,
 Honeysuckle, jasmin, lily white,
 I fain of it would make a site
 For thy foot to rest.

If there be a loving heart
 Where Honour's throne is drest,
 Loyal and true in every part,
 That changes ne'er molest,
 Eager to run its noble race,
 Intent to do some work of grace,
 I fain of it would make a place
 For thy brow to rest.

And if there be of love a dream
 Rose-scented as the west,
 Which shows each time it comes—a gleam,—
 A something sweet and blest,—
 A dream of which heaven is the pole,
 A dream thatmingles soul with soul,
 I fain of it would make the goal
 Where thy mind should rest.

A.

XXXIV. THE MEMORIES OF THE PEOPLE.*Béranger.*

In the hut men shall talk of his glory,
 With pride, not unmingle~~d~~ with tears ;

And the roof shall not ring with a story
 But that grand one, for fifty long years.

There villagers in evenings cold,
 Shall haply beg some gossip old,
 By stories of a former day,
 To wile the livelong hours away.

“Some say that he has done us wrong,
 But the people love him yet ;
 Mother, sing of him a song,
 We love him though his sun be set.”

“My children, he passed through this village,
 With kings not a few in his train ;
 I was young, and the house and the tillage
 Was learning to manage with pain.

I clambered up a little hill
 To see him pass, and stood quite still.
 The well-known little hat he wore,
 His grey coat marks of travel bore.

I felt an awe as he drew near,
 He smiled the fear to view ;
 ‘Good day, good day,’ he cried, ‘my dear.’ ”
 “Mother, he spoke to you !”

“One day, a year after, in winter
 To Paris on business I came,
 I saw him again the bright centre
 Of a court, in the old Notre Dame.

Every heart was there content,
 Every eye was on him bent,
 All cried, ‘What a glorious day,
 God protect thee thus alway !’

That God had blessed him with a son,—
 He smiled, such gracious smiles are few,
 My heart, the heart of all it won.”
 “Oh mother what a day for you !”

“In the days when our country to strangers
 Was given for a spoil and a prey,

It was he, who despising all dangers,

Upheld us, and kept them at bay.

An eve like this, when day was o'er,

I heard a knocking at the door,

I opened ;—good God ! it was he,

With weary escort sad to see.

He sat upon this very seat,

‘Ah fearful war ;’ he said.”

“Mother it makes our hearts to beat,

To think he here has stayed.”

“I am hungry ;” he cried, and quick tripping,

The ale and the brown bread I place ;

He dried all his clothes, that were dripping,

And he slept by the fire for a space.

Awaking up he saw my tears,—

‘Hope on,’ he cried, ‘and have no fears ;

Misfortunes have come,—it is chance :

To Paris, avenger of France

I hasten,—he said and he passed.

This wine-cup, ‘twas his, that I fill,

A treasure to keep to the last.”

“Oh mother keep that wine-cup still.”

“ It is here. But oh, where is our warrior ?

The wise, and the brave, and the true !

On a rock, with the sea for a barrier,

Broken-hearted he pined, and for you.

He whom the father Pope had crowned,

Deserted, exiled, and dethroned !

Long, long the tale was disbelieved,

‘ He'll come again ’ some said who grieved.

But when the truth was clearly known

That on the rock he dying lay,

My grief, the grief of France was shown.”

“ God bless thee, mother !—Well-a-day. ”

XXXV.

THE LEAF.

Antoine Vincent Arnault.

Detached from thy stalk,
 Leaf yellow and dry,
 Where goest thou amain ?
 The tempest's fierce shock
 Struck the oak proud and high,
 And I struggled in vain.
 Since then,—the sad day !
 Winds changeful and rude
 Transport me about,
 Over mountains,—away,
 And o'er valley and wood.
 Hark ! their whistle rings out !
 I go where they lead,
 I fear not, nor heed,
 Nor ever complain.
 The rose too must go,
 And the laurel, I know,
 And all things below.
 Then why should I strain,
 Ah me ! to remain ?

XXXVI.

LOVE'S CATECHISM.

Anonymous.

Say what is love ? The word is not
 An empty sound, a fleeting breath ;
 Love means two souls with but one thought,
 Two hearts that throb like one, till death.

Whence comes this Love ? We little know ;
 His will o'errides all let or stay :
 And where goes he ? Nay, ask not so ;
 He is not Love if he go away.

And what is Love, the truest, purest ?
 The Love that breathes but in his choice :
 And what is Love, the strongest, surest ?
 The Love that makes no boast or noise.

And how does Love increase his riches ?
 He gives, and no reward he seeks :
 And how speaks he when he bewitches ?
 Love simply loves, and never speaks.

XXXVII. ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Evariste Desforges de Parny.

Though childhood's ways were past and gone,
 More innocent no child could be,
 Though grace in every feature shone,
 Her maiden heart was fancy free.

A few more months, or haply days,
 And Love would blossom,—so we thought,
 As lifts in April's genial rays
 The rose its clusters richly wrought.

But God had destined otherwise,
 And so she gently fell asleep,
 A creature of the starry skies,
 Too lovely for the earth to keep.

She died in earliest womanhood ;
 Thus dies, and leaves behind no trace,
 A bird's song in a leafy wood,—
 Thus melts a sweet smile from a face.

XXXVIII.**MY NORMANDY.***Frédéric Berat.*

When all things are to hope new-born,
 And far the winter flies away,
 And on our well-loved France, each morn
 The sun returns with kindlier ray,
 When nature blooms on hill and plain,
 And swallows are once more in sight,
 I visit Normandy again
 Where first these eyes beheld the light.

I've seen the hills of Switzerland,
 Its châlets, and its glaciers drear,
 I've seen Italia's sky and strand,
 And heard, entranced, the gondolier,
 But while I hailed each foreign spot,
 I murmured to myself ;—on earth
 A lovelier land existeth not
 Than Normandy that gave me birth.

There is an age, alas ! in life,
 When every idle dream must end,
 An age of introspection, rife
 With memories that cross and blend.
 When such an age arrives for me,
 And folds her wing, my Muse, to rest,
 May I behold my Normandy,
 The favoured land I love the best.

XXXIX**SONNET—DEUS EX MACHINA.***Joséphin Soulary.*

I love the park with its perspectives long
 Deluged with fragrance and sweet sound and light,
 Where in serenity pass—aerial,—bright,
 The tripping Hours that shun the noisy throng.

I love the book of Poesy and Song,
 Whence bursts heart-music with resistless might,—
 What skylark ere attained the empyreal height
 Nor summoned up its fellows ! Love is strong.
 But if beneath the boughs of emerald hue,
 Or in the printed dream of matchless grace,
 Like a vain peacock sudden strut to view
 Owner or author, all the charms efface,
 Adieu fair prospect, and high thought adieu !
 Nothing but Art remains, where was the True.

XL. GATHER THE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

Anonymous.

Said the mother Good-Weather,
 To her girls as she parted,
 Now be happy together
 As ye dance merry-hearted ;
 Know, sweet flowers of delight,
 Born in spring like the rose,
 In summer fade quite,—
 And in winter it snows.
 At fifteen is the chance
 For such as would dance.

At twenty I thought
 Love was most charming,
 But in his net caught,
 My case was alarming.
 A tyrant is Love,
 And he holds us while dying,
 As the hawk holds the dove,
 'Tis all sighing and crying.
 At fifteen is the chance,
 For such as would dance.

Amusement and Laughter
 Reigned at my marriage,

But I learned soon after
 My bliss to disparage.
 With a husband oft grumbling,
 And imps howling free,—
 'Twas bewildering and humbling,
 Could the dance then suit me ?
 At fifteen is the chance,
 For such as would dance.

Time made me, alas !
 An old grandmother,
 Things once at that pass
 All pleasure's a bother.
 One coughs often in talking,
 One reclines in a chair,
 One trembles in walking,
 One's partner is Care.
 At fifteen is the chance
 For such as would dance.

XLI.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Victor Hugo.

“Sleep’st thou ? Awaken mother of our mother !
 We love thee—thee alone—we have no other !
 In sleeping thy lips moved, we’ve seen this often,
 For thy sleep was a prayer,—oh relent and soften !
 But this evening thou seemest the Madona of stone,
 And though thou art present, we feel all alone.

Why bend’st thou thy forehead lower than ever ?
 What wrong have we done, that thou claspest us never ?
 See ! the lamp flickers, the hearth sparkles as dying,
 If thou speakest no more, and art deaf to our crying—
 The fire that we feed now, and the lamp that we cherish,
 And we two thy loved ones,—all, all shall perish.

Thou shalt find us both dead, by the lamp without light,
 And what wilt thou do, when thou meetest that sight ?
 Thy children, in turn, shall be deaf to thy calling,
 To bring us to life, thou then shalt be falling
 On thy knees to thy Saints,—but long will it be,
 Yea, long must thou clasp us, ere they give us to thee.

Oh shew us thy Bible, and the pictures we love,
 The Saints on their knees, the skies fretted above,
 The child Jesus, the manger, the oxen, the kings
 With their gold, and their spices, and their rich offerings,
 And make us read, as we can, in this Latin so odd,
 Which we like (though 'tis hard) for it tells us of God.

Mother ! Alas ! the light wanes by degrees,
 The shadows dance round, while we bend on our knees,
 The spirits, perhaps, are floating around,
 Oh wake from thy slumber,—oh breathe but a sound !
 Thou who gavest courage—wouldest *thou* affrighten ?
 The embers like eyes in the gray ashes lighten.

God ! How these hands are cold ! Ope thine eyes,—of late
 Thou spakest of our world,—our trial-state,
 And of heaven, and of the tomb, and of the fleeting life,
 And of death,—the last, last agony and strife ;
 What then is death ? Oh tell us, mother dear,
 Alas ! Thou answerest not,—this silence kills with fear.”

Their sobbing voices long disturbed the night,
 At length the fresh spring dawn appeared with light,
 The steeple rang its melancholy chime
 From hour to hour,—but not till evening time,
 Did a lone traveller, through the doorway see
 The mother, and the Book, and the children at her knee.

XLII.

MY VILLAGE.

Gensoul.

Oh fair sky of my native land,
 How much I miss thee here !
 And thee, oh home—oh sweet retreat !
 I ever held so dear.
 Canst thou not, Sun, that openest now
 The summer's treasures free,
 Give back to me my sky and home,
 My life and gaiety ?

Too common is the error sad
 My reason that betrayed,
 I dreamt of fortune and a name,
 And from my country strayed ;
 By sad experience wiser grown,
 With softer heart to-day,
 My own dear village now I seek
 And my first friend, far away.

What calls me to that happy spot ?
 Why should I thither fare ?
 My mother slumbers there in peace,
 And friendship waits me there.
 Oh pleasant thoughts ! like mighty charms,
 My sadness lull to rest,
 Dry up the tears that rise unbid,
 And calm my heaving breast.

As an exotic fragile bud
 In some sad foreign coast,
 Bends mourning on its feeble stalk
 Beneath a heavy frost,
 Thus in my youth,—alas ! I bow,
 As feeble as the flower,
 But knowing in the grave is peace,
 I welcome yet the hour.

An exile from my earliest prime
 Benumbed and chilled with cold,
 I long to warm myself again,
 Beside the hearth of old.
 Arise each day—my native land,
 In memory's longing eye !
 In thee began my course of life,
 In thee I wish to die.

A.

XLIII. THE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Anonymous.

Thou so good, O ! thou so perfect,
 Who lovest us with so much love,
 Mamma with joy we hail thy birthday,
 Day all other days above.
 In exchange of all our presents,
 Of our songs composed for thee,
 Of our field-flowers and our roses,
 Give us kisses tenderly.

For thee, each day, O ! darling mother,
 We lift our voices to the Lord ;
 But in prayer for thee this morning,
 More fervently have we adored.
 God will hear it ; on thy pathway,
 He will such rich blessings spread,
 So much calm, O ! mother cherished,
 That thou tears shalt never shed.

Then, to please thee, in our duties,
 We shall try to do our best,
 Never lift our heads while praying
 Just before we go to rest.

Never make a noise or tumult,
 When thou bidd'st us quiet be,
 And the loudest shall be silent
 At a single sign from thee.

Embrace us then O ! dearest mother,
 Press us well upon thy heart,
 Our place accustomed, now and ever,
 In joys, and when those joys depart.
 O ! what is there so good or precious
 As a gentle mother's love !
 On this earth, the only treasure
 Sent us from the heavens above.

A.

XLIV. DOST THOU REMEMBER MARY.

Philippe Dumanoir.

Dost thou remember, Mary,
 Our childhood on the green,
 Our gay sports in the meadows,
 I then was but fifteen.
 The dance on grass, like velvet,—
 It cheered our leisure hours,
 That time hath past for ever,
 The time of joy and flowers.

Dost thou remember, dearest,
 The evening in the glen,
 When first thou saidst, "I love thee!"
 I was but twenty then.
 Both happy, both in blushes,
 Ah day ! all days above,
 That time hath past for ever,
 The thrilling time of love.

Dost thou remember, Mary,
 The war-time and thy fear,
 When I joined my country's banners,
 'Twas in my thirtieth year.
 The echoes of the trumpet,
 Made soldiers of us all,
 That time I now regret too,
 And would e'en that recall.

Dost thou remember, loveliest,
 The ties that bound thee fast,
 The holiest ties,—a mother's,
 When my thirtieth year had past ;
 The tumult of that revel,
 Still rings within my heart ;
 A happy time—Life's autumn,
 Ah ! why should it depart ?

Whilst thus I sigh, my Mary,
 Thine eyes are bending down ;
 Afraid they seem to tell me,
 That our best of days have flown.
 My lips in vain lament them,
 But though the zest be o'er,
 To call them back is pleasure,
 Those days that are no more.

XLV.

THE CAPTIVE TO THE SWALLOWS.

Béranger.

A soldier-captive by the Maure,
 Who bent beneath his heavy chain,
 Welcomed the swallows from afar,—
 ‘O birds ! I see you once again,
 Foes of the winter, high ye wheel,
 Hope follows in your track e'en here,

From well-loved France ye come, reveal
All that ye know of my country dear.

‘ For three long years I’ve sighed and pined
For some remembrance from the spot,
Where dawned upon my infant mind
Sweet visions of a happy lot.
Under fresh lilacs flows the rill
By which our humble cottage stands,
O speak of it,—I love it still,
Though fettered here in iron bands.

‘ Who knows, but some of ye were born
Upon the roof, beneath whose shade
I first beheld the light of morn,
And by the gentlest mother played.
My mother ! to her last sad hour,
She waited for my foot-fall’s sound,
Then withered like a storm-crushed flower ;
Speak of her love, while wheeling round.

‘ Speak of them all, the loved, the lost,
My sister, is she married now ?
And have they e’er your wanderings crost
That were my playmates long ago ?
Of all the friends that came of yore
With me, to win a soldier’s praise,
How many have beheld once more
The cherished scenes of earlier days ?

‘ Who live there yet ? and who have died ?
O speak, dear birds, for ye must know,—
Who slumber happy side by side ?
And who, as exiles, live in woe ?
My country’s birds, your tidings tell,
As high ye circle in the air,
Though never heart for me may swell
Nor ever rise the mother’s prayer.’

XLVI.

EPIGRAM.—TO A TAILOR.

Bardou.

Robin—thou art rich as Croesus,
 Wherefore, wherefore shouldst thou fleece us ?
 Make a bargain with a poet,
 He loves thee,—come, let him show it,—
 Say wouldest thou in his pages shine ?
 Then only blot him out of thine.

XLVII.

SONNET.

Gérard de Nerval.

EH QUOI ! TOUT EST SENSIBLE !

Pythagore.

Believest thou thyself the sole thinker, O man,
 In a world full of life ? Thine is thy force,
 Thou hast free will, and open is thy course,
 But not for thee to grasp the general plan !
 In air, i' the flower, in the dull metal scan
 A soul untainted, and without remorse,
 Of love a centre, holy as its source,
 All sentient,—all,—thou only in the van !
 Hush ! In the blind wall faces are that peer !
 Matter is hallowed and stamped with the Word,
 To use it for impious purposes, fear !
 A God dwells in all unseen and unheard,
 Like an embryo eye, a blossom unblown,
 A Spirit exists unperceived in the stone.

XLVIII.

EPIGRAM.

Barrat.

“ Ushers keep silence in the court,
 To judge a law-suit is no sport.”

Said a President as he nudged
 A colleague,—“ Not a single word,
 Of the ten cases have we heard
 That have already been adjudged.”

XLIX. SONNET.—THE BROKEN BELL.

Charles Baudelaire.

’Tis bitter-sweet on winter nights, to note,
 Beside the palpitating fire reclined,
 The chimes, across the fogs, upon the wind,
 Now loud, now low, now near and now remote.
 What recollections on that music float !
 Blessed the bell that through the darkness blind
 Sends honest greetings, consolations kind,
 And solemn warnings from its lusty throat.
 ’Tis like a wakeful soldier,—mine, alas !
 The soul-bell in me, can but give one cry,
 Like that, a wounded soldier,—o’er whom pass
 Riders and horses, and around whom lie
 The dead and dying in a tangled mass—
 Utters, unable or to move or die.

L. THE FARMER’S WIFE.

NEW YEAR’S PRESENT TO MADAME G. ***

Hégestippe Moreau.

Love—Honour—to the farmer’s wife !
 So pretty and so kind !
 A wild bird that delights to live
 In flowers and moss enshrined !
 Old vagabond and orphan child,
 That need a fork and knife,

May you, by good luck, come across,
The farm and farmer's wife !

The empty stool beside the hearth
The poor man's is, at sight,
And the great chest of walnut wood
Denies him not his right.

'Twas there one day, I came to sit,
Weary with worldly strife,
One day—then forward, and farewell !
Oh farm and farmer's wife !

My one good day has had its end
Long since, long since, Ah me !
But there is pleasure for me yet
In it's sweet memory.
I shut my eyes,—I see again,
With light the garden rife,
The hedge in flower, the little wood,
The farm and farmer's wife !

If God, as oft our pastor says,
Repays all kindness done
(At random even) to our kind,
My debt He sure must own.
Oh may He fill that vale with flowers,
That home with joy and life,
And ever guard from storms and tears,
The farm and farmer's wife !

In winter may a group of Loves
Around her spindle smile,
Like angels bright in Mary's home,
Her leisure to beguile ;
And may they hail with shout and noise
On mimic drum and fife,
A brother dear, to glad each year,
The farm and farmer's wife.

ENVOR.

My little song, now take thy flight !
 A feeble offering !
 In April nights with fuller praise
 The nightingale shall sing.
 Oh may her tender song of love,
 Scare death, and ill, and strife,
 And bring down choicest blessings on
 The farm and farmer's wife !

LI.

THE LAKE.

A. de Lamartine.

While drifting onwards to the unknown clime,
 Through varied scenes we hasten thus away,
 May we not ever on the sea of time
 Cast anchor for a day ?

Oh Lake ! One year hath hardly run its round,
 And near the waves she hoped to see once more,
 See me sad-seated, lone, upon this mound,
 That was her place before.

Thus didst thou roar of old beneath the rock,
 And thus didst dash upon its riven side,
 When at her feet here bounding from the shock
 The foam fell sparkling wide.

One eve, rememberest thou that eve so dear,
 When nought was heard, the twilight almost gone,
 Save oars that plashed in cadence soft and clear
 To bear us on and on ?

Sudden sweet accents,—yea, unearthly sweet,
 Startled the echoes of the wood and grot,
 While wave and wind lay hushed to hear and greet
 My Love speak out her thought.

“ Oh Time, suspend thy flight ! Oh favouring Hours,
 “ Rest, rest awhile, upon your rapid wings !
 “ And let us taste the joys that fade like flowers
 “ The best our short life brings.

“ Full many wearied souls thine aid implore,
 “ Flow on, Oh Time, for them flow swiftly on,
 “ Take with their days, the cares that press them sore,
 “ But leave the blest alone.”

Oh Time, too jealous,—must a bright day pass,
 That now and then bestrews our path with flowers
 As swift as one (too common such, alas !)
 Which like a dark cloud lowers.

What ! must it pass, and be for ever lost ?
 Fade like a planet in its lofty place ?
 Melt like the fairy wreath-work of the frost
 And leave behind no trace ?

Eternity ! Past ! Chaos ! sombre Profound !
 What becomes of such days engulfed in thy gloom ?
 Speak, from thy prison will they e'er be unbound
 And come back in their bloom ?

Oh Lake ! Mountains silent ! Grots ! Forests obscure !
 Renewed by old Time, or spared lovingly,
 Keep, keep enshrined, of that day bright and pure,
 At least the memory.

That so, all things,—this lake in calm and storm,
 This coast of tracery delicate and brave,
 These rocks and firs of sombre tint and form
 That hang above the wave,

These fleet-footed zephyrs, that hurry so fast,
 These sounds from the shore, by the shore echoed back,
 This star of pale silver, that whitens the vast
 With its long lustrous track,

These ferns, and these flowers, and these wind-shaken briars,
 May say,—as by one common impulse, all moved,
 We love,—for in love,—nature lives and respires,
 And we know—they have loved.

LII.

SONNET.

Sainte-Beuve.

Awake in bed, I listened to the rain !
 Thought followed thought, like surges fierce and high,
 When sudden ran across the clouded sky
 The lightning, like a steed with silver mane ;
 The thunder rattled rapid, in its train,
 Earth trembled, as the living wheels drew nigh
 The prophet saw of old with dazzled eye,
 And prowling lions fled their dens to gain.
 But thou my soul as all the heaven was rent,
 Felt thy life-current with the clamour warm,
 For thou couldst join,—such power to thee was lent,
 In the wild concert, and thy part perform,—
 Greater as man than every element,
 God spake in thee as loud as in the storm.

LIII.

S'IL L'AVAIT SU.

Madame M. Desbordes-Valmore.

If he had known,—known what a soul he has wounded !
 O heart if thy tears had been seen but to flow,
 Or if thou at his step less wildly hadst bounded,
 And guarded the power thy deep feeling to show,
 He could not,—he could not, so lightly have altered,
 Proud to nourish a hope now hurled from its throne,
 By a love so profound, he touched, must have faltered,
 If he had known.

If he had known, what might be hoped and awaited
 From a heart in its candour, deception above,
 For mine he had longed, with a joy unabated,
 And as he inspired, would have felt also love.
 Mine eyes bent down ever, concealed my emotion,
 Guessed he nothing from that ? Was't shyness alone ?
 A secret like mine was worth search,—and devotion
 If he had known.

If I had known,—I,—of the empire he wielded,
 Over hearts that lived in the light of his eyes,
 As one breathes a pure air,—unconscious, unshielded,
 My steps would have sought other countries and skies.
 It's too late to talk of love-sign or love-token !
 My life was a hope, but the hope now has flown !
 Wilt thou say when thou know'st?—“Oh heart I have broken
 If I had known !”

LIV. TO A YOUNG POETESS.

Victor de Laprade.

If I were a young girl with a red cheek that blushes
 And a poet's proud power,
 I'd love better to sing from a nest like the thrush's
 Than a prophet's star-tower.
 Nought would I reck of the world's thunders that mutter,
 Or the winds that thrones hurl,
 But to each flower of the summer its name I would utter,
 If I were a young girl.

I would dream in the air while the far bells were ringing,
 I would laugh like the brook,
 The linnet should be my sole master in singing,
 The fields verdant my book.
 I would there make my choice as in a rich casket,
 Each white bud a pearl,

And then deck my lyre with the gems in my basket,
If I were a young girl.

To the weeds in the furrows, drone their songs the cicadas,
To the clouds skylarks call,
To the hearths sing the crickets, ghost-bards to Valhallas,
There are poets for all.
But my work would be better than a pedant's reflections,
For my muse would unfurl,
The dreams of our sisters, their hid hopes, their elections,
If I were a young girl.

But I would give all,—a renown deeply founded,
A whole people's acclaim !
For a word from the heart that I loved and had sounded,
And proved ever the same.
I would dash down my lute, to clasp hands, perhaps nearer
Feel his breath on my curl,—
Oh Genius is great,—but to *me* Love would be dearer,
If I were a young girl.

LV.

THE SWALLOWS.

Claris de Florian.

Oh ! how I love to see the swallows,
Near my window hovering,
Every year with joyful tidings
Of the advent of the spring.
Same the nests,—and same their story,
Same the lovers gathered there,
Faithful lovers that announce us
Days of sunshine warm and fair.

When the first cold frosty weather
Strips the trees, as old leaves fall,
All the swallows met together
One another twittering call,—

" Let us fly the wind's sharp bluster,
 And to warmer climates wing,
 True hearts cannot live in winter
 But are always with the spring. "

If perchance, a wandering swallow,
 Victim of a cruel fate,
 By some heartless child made captive
 Cannot see her tender mate,
 You shall see her die, poor creature !
 Of sorrow, love and weariness,
 While her partner pines and sickens
 Far away, in grief no less.

LVI.

CHANSON DE FORTUNIO.

Alfred de Musset.

Whom do I love ?—I answer,—nay,—
 Nor ask nor blame,
 Not for an empire would I say
 The fair one's name.

Sing if ye will,—she's far beyond
 All women born.
 Shall I describe her ? She is blonde
 As ripened corn.

I do whatever she commands,
 I care a straw
 For life,—my life is in her hands,
 Her will is law.

The pain that springs from silent love,
 A love unknown,
 Tears—tears this heart that seems above
 As cold as stone.

But much, too much I love, to say
 Who lights my flame,
 I'd rather die and pass away
 Than breathe her name.

LVII.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

A. de Belloy.

Under an ardent sun a traveller gay,
 From a long pilgrimage I was coming back,
 Twelve oxen large and slow, along the track
 Dragged on the bark, in which I sheltered lay,
 Now half asleep, now gazing at the day
 Dying upon the red horizon's verge ;
 Light blent with shade, when in the twilight dim
 The landmarks sun-tipped of my journey's end
 Appeared far off, as beacons that emerge
 Over a sea, through vapours round that swim.
 But rough, uneven was the towing road,
 And so, nor crack of whip, nor cry could lend
 Speed to the oxen staggering with their load.
 Sudden a child at play upon the shore
 Observed us, laughed, and warning me from far,
 Detached the oxen, swiftly, and with grace,
 From rope and halter, then triumphant bore
 With a gold thread bright-beaming as a star
 Onwards the equipage at a wondrous pace
 Without the semblance of an effort. "What!"
 Cries out a sage,—"no effort, can it be ?
 Why Hercules himself could do it not.
 'Tis a tale idle as the Genie's ring,
 When did this happen, and oh ! tell me where ?"
 Dear reader, shall I clear the mystery ?
 The child was Love, of all magicians, king,
 The thread of gold was from my Chloë's hair.

LVIII.

TO MY CHILDREN.

SUBJOINED TO A POEM ENTITLED THE CURFEW.

Jules Lefèvre-Deumier.

My dear little children, while softly you sleep,
 By your bedside for you a present I keep,
 These leaflets in print, where hid like a bee
 In the heart of a flower, my soul you may see
 Lapped in the shadow delightful of rhyme,—
 To you my first-born, grave and lovely Maxime,
 Who at six with the wisdom of seven years are blest,
 Who con o'er Blue-Beard, Tom-Thumb, and the rest,
 But can't grasp very clearly all that you read ; —
 And to you Eusebius, an angel indeed,
 An angel that totters about as in fetters,
 Eighteen months old, not great in belles-lettres
 At present, but who, I'm sure, in the skies
 Where seraphs must miss your voice and your eyes,
 Could read like a doctor, and speak by the day,
 But who've lost all your skill it seems on the way ;
 To you my darlings both, this present I bring,
 Swathed with my love is the poor offering.
 Not a gift, after all, for which much may be said,
 For this “forget-me-not,” upon us, weighs often like lead ;
 Still,— when you're grown 'twould be good to discover
 If these pages in print are worth their fair cover,
 If my couplets too numerous be compact or ill-knitted,
 If my style to my theme and my matter be fitted.
 It's a long work, but dears, in all labour there's profit,
 And children devoted will make the best of it.

Yes, sometimes you will read this cluster of lays,
 This silent consoler of my oft bitter days,
 And you will read, twice o'er, bits here and there,
 And all my aspirations I foresee you'll share ;
 The parts wherein I bless the mobile arches
 Of woods, resounding with great organ marches

When winds stir up their music in the leaves,
 May strike your eye, or where I sing the sheaves,
 Or bees that court the wild flowers, or the calm
 Of sacred solitude and the silent psalm
 Of nature, where my holidays I kept,
 Scenes where I've smiled, and oftener, oftener wept.
 And you will say like children kind and good,
 "These lines, for the time, are not very rude;
 The style's rather stiff, out-of-fashion, one may say,
 But really such thoughts are not met every-day."

When your mother well versed in legend and tale,
 Recounts some adventure and you listen all pale,
 How once in the black forest ogres roamed grim,
 And roasted their prey in the twilight dim,
 Whole flocks at a time—with a wolf—on the spit !
 If allusion by chance be made to my wit,
 Or my verses neglected,—she will reply,
 With some little pride, in her bearing and eye,—
 "Be sure my dear children, whate'er critics may say
 Such verses are not very common to-day.
 What deep philosophy ! Ah, what a grace !
 Touches how tender and bold interlace !
 If this be old, so much worse for our youth,
 What, what have they done that's better forsooth ?
 "The Whaler," "the Circles," "Josaphat," and "the Night,"
 Who loves not these pieces is a booby outright.
 One eve, I remember that evening well,
 Still haunts me his voice distinct as a bell,
 He recited "the End of the world"—to a set
 Of friends dearly-loved among whom was Soumet ;
 And he took the word up at last—"on my faith,
 If the world last, but as long as its death
 Is certain to live,—one may well be at ease,"—
 And do you wonder that poems like these
 Are not read now-a-days ? Ah, think my dear boys,
 The world is distracted with tumult and noise,

And they never were read, no never, my dears,
 Though prompt to raise smiles and melt into tears ;
 Ah ! If your father had deigned to desire
 The bubble called fame—with his heart and his lyre
 How easy for him 'twere"—my children I hope
 You'll give all this nonsense freedom and scope,
 And errors respect that your mother console,
 For love is their source and love is their goal.
 This matter affects me, my future is here,
 To miss her sweet praise I feel such a fear
 That *now* I enjoy it, or fain would at least,
 As birds hail before-hand, the first streak in the east.
 For deaf is the tomb by its nature ; a word
 Said above it, may beneath not be heard.
 No matter. Here with you my shade will remain,
 And let me arrange the details in my brain ;
 The paradise my Muse builds, is near you, my dears,
 By the hearth that beholds my pleasures and tears.
 When you make up your nests where I'd made mine,
 Have the same leisure, and worship the Nine ;
 I say not, you must my book often read,
 No such devotion or penance I need.
 But at Val, sometimes, in the eve, when the sky
 Looks, sprinkled with stars, like a pall hung on high,
 When silver clouds swell out the gold on their sails
 And sweep through a sea, where the crescent prevails,
 When grows in the dim wood, dark and darker the day,
 And the nightingale wakes with her soul-thrilling lay,
 When the heads of the flowers bend languishing down
 As to sleep, and like folds of marble brown
 Winds the fog, round the trunks of the aged trees,
 In a drapery dense, unstirred by the breeze,
 When glowworms tremble in the blades of the grass,
 Like sapphires from heaven dropt by angels that pass ;
 And fly hither and thither the wandering lights
 Around the marshes, and far over the heights,
 Say then my friends,—“Here's the hour of his choice !

In the woods our dear father now used to rejoice,
Roaming about in the darkness at will,
Intent on his thought, pursuing it still,
Or on the watch silent—like a hunter grim,
For it to start forth from its twilight dim.
His traces everywhere have now disappeared,
The branch once so green is blasted and seared,
But it behoves us now at his favourite time
To think of him tenderly, or to read his rhyme.”

Speak often of me, my shade, night and day,
Will hover around you though it darken your way ;
Love verses that spring from kind hearts like your own,
They are echoes from heaven, stray beams from the throne ;
While I slumber in earth whisper gently of me—
“His tune was old Virgil’s though far lower his key.
If the world never thought so, the reason is clear,
Impatient, it never deigned even to hear ;
But the less it talks of him, the more should we raise
Around his dear name an incense of praise.
As his loved ones, we two, should treasure his story,
As his loved ones, we two, should give him his glory ;
For once we are dead—who, who will awake him,
Bard of a day—the dark night will o’ertake him.”
This, this would be, dear ones, my funeral oration,
I shall want, I assure you, no other ovation.
I count upon you, and for this reason my friends
I give you my book. Keep, keep till life ends
This Souvenir. At your breath the verses that sleep
Herein, into vigour and beauty shall leap,
As leap into loveliness sudden the flowers
At zephyr’s sweet breath, to bloom through the hours.
I seek not a fleeting renown or a name,
Your memory, my children—there, there is my fame.

LIX.

LONELINESS.

A. de Lamartine.

Oft, oft on the mountain in the shade of an oak,
 I take, when the sun sets, sad and thoughtful my seat,
 The most potent magician would fail to invoke
 A picture more changing than the view at my feet.

Here chides the rough streamlet with its waves all in foam,
 Then it winds, and is lost in the bushes afar,
 There the lake bright and tranquil reflects the blue dome,
 Adorned simply and chastely with evening's first star.

On summits the loftiest crowned with woods sombre and high,
 Still throws the dim twilight its last lingering ray,
 While the car of night's regent mounts slowly the sky
 And illumines with silver the horizon's dull grey.

Hark ! From the clear-outlined gothic steeple is borne
 Solemn, solemn and sweet the rich sound of the bells,
 On his pathway, the traveller weary and worn,
 Stops to hear the loved concert as faintly it swells.

But a picture like this, in my soul gives no birth
 To transport or pleasure, for the halo has fled,
 Like a wandering spirit I move on the earth,
 And the sun of the living warms never the dead.

From hill to far hill, long, long I carry my view,
 From the south to the north, from the dawn to the west,
 All the points of the vast circle I run through and through,
 And say inly, in *no* place content can I rest.

What care I for palaces, huts, valleys or woods,
 Vain objects of their lustre divested and shorn,
 Streams, rocks, green forests, and more adored solitudes
 One being has left me, and ye all are forlorn !

When the march of the day-god commences or ends,
 With an eye quite indifferent I follow his range,
 What matters to me whether he mounts or descends
 In a dark sky or pure, when the days bring no change ?

Could I follow the sun's course through all his career,
 A blank desert,—a void everywhere would I see,
 I seek nothing of all he illuminates here,
 Visible universe I ask nothing of thee !

But who knows if beyond the far limits of sight,
 Where the True Sun lights up other places and skies,
 When my body is dust, and my soul clad in white,
 What I dream of so much may not flash to mine eyes.

There shall I drink of the clear fountains I want,
 There encounter the sisters long-sought, Hope and Love,
 Ideal—whose emblems on the earth are but scant,
 There, there shall I greet thee for thy home is above.

Why, why can I not, borne on the car of the morn,
 Vague object I long for, dart upwards to thee ?
 Why linger I still in a forced exile I scorn ?
 No bond of affection 'twixt the world is, and me.

The reign of green foliage in the wood is but brief,
 Falls the leaf and is whirled by the wind in its play,
 Alas ! I resemble but too much the poor leaf ;
 Stormy wind of the north, bear oh ! bear me away.

LX.

NICE.

Madame Ackermann.

At the foot of the hills see my garden in shelter,
 My fig-trees, my home,
 The valley ever green, and the sea-waves that welter,
 Blue, silvered with foam.

Ah ! When first I arrived in this valley enchanted,
 The day I recall,
 It was after a shipwreck,—life barely was granted,
 But I had lost all.

And now since that season of despondence and sorrow,
 Spring often has run,
 Across meadows that love his wreaths radiant to borrow,
 And laugh in the sun.

If no blooms are for me,—in a present that's dreary
 And future of ill,
 At least, oh ! my poor heart, of thy tears thou art weary
 And hast learned to be still.

'Mid scents of the orange, where all smiles, I may languish,
 And sometimes may sigh,
 But I can dream of times loved, and now see without anguish,
 The days dawn and die.

LXI. SONNET.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

Auguste Barbier.

How sad was thy look, and thoughtful thy brow,
 Brave Michael Angelo, artist in stone !
 Tears ne'er wetted thy lids, and never shone
 Smiles on thy lips ; like Dante stern wert thou !
 No milk for thy food, the Muse would allow,
 Reared on strong meat, Art was thy love alone.
 A threefold career ! Sixty years ! Unknown
 The soft affections as bound by a vow.
 Poor Buonarotti ! Thy work was thy glory—
 To stamp on the marble a grandeur profound !
 Mighty,—to strike a deep terror around ;
 And when it came,—the close of thy story,

Thou wert like an old lion stretched on the ground
With its cloud of a mane dishevelled and hoary.

LXII.

THE ROSES OF SAADI.

Madame M. Desbordes-Valmore.

I went early this morning to bring thee fresh roses,
But they were so many,—burst the band that encloses
The flowers I pick daily, and they all flew away ;

Some were whirled by the wind, and some fell in the river,
They seemed for one moment, in its ripples to shiver,
Then they followed the stream, winding on in its play ;

On the waters they gleamed as in ashes gleam embers,
Their sweet fragrance my robe—ah, my robe still remembers,
Respire the remembrance, as it rustles I pray.

LXIII.

SOLEIL COUCHANT.

Victor Hugo.

The sun set this evening in dense masses of cloud,
The storm comes tomorrow, then evening, then night,
Then the dawn in her chariot resplendent and proud,
Then the nights, then the days, steps of Time in his flight.

The days shall pass on, rapid as birds on the wing,
O'er the face of the hills, o'er the face of the seas,
O'er rivers of silver, and o'er forests that ring
With a hymn for the dead, chanted low by the breeze.

And the face of the waters, the brow of the mountains
Deep scarred but not shrivelled, and the woods tufted green,
Their youth shall renew ; and the rocks to the fountains
Shall still yield what these yield to the ocean their queen.

But I, day after day, bending lower my head,
 Pass, chilled in the sunlight, and soon, soon shall have cast,
 In the height of the banquet, my lot with the dead,
 Unmissed in the world, joyous, radiant and vast.

LXIV.

THE COW.

Victor Hugo.

Before the white farm where o'er the threshold festoon
 Wild creepers,—where an old man sits sometimes at noon,
 Where numbers of fowl strut and display their red crests,
 And the watch-dog their guardian peacefully rests,
 Half-attentive to the clear trumpet note of their king,
 Resplendent in sunshine as he claps his strong wing,
 There stood a cow—chance-brought—on her neck bells jingled,
 Superb, enormous, red and white intermingled—
 Gentle, tender and patient as a hind to its young,
 She had gathered a bright group of children who hung
 Under and around her,—village children with teeth
 White as marble peeping their red lips underneath
 And bushy hair in disorder ; fresh and more brown
 Than the mossy old walls in the skirts of a town,
 Obstreperous,—all calling together with cries
 For other much younger to take shares in the prize ;
 The bands steal without pity though they tremble with fear,
 And look furtive around lest the milkmaid appear,
 With ruby lips,—lips joyous, that haply cause pain,
 With fingers that busy, press again and again,
 The full udders transpierced with a thousand small pores,
 They draw the sweet nectar amid laughter and roars,
 While she the good mother with a skin soft as silk
 White and red,—rich laden with her treasure of milk,
 Powerful and kind,—the most liberal of givers,
 Under their hands is still. Scarce now and then shivers
 Her bright side more shaded than the flank of a pard
 As they pull. She seems carved in stone massive and hard ;

Dreamy, large-eyed, and calm, she desires no release,
But looks vaguely in air,—a grand picture of peace.

Thus Nature,—our refuge, 'gainst the arrows of fate !
Universal Mother, as indulgent as great !
Thus all at once, creatures of every age and rank
Shadow and milk we search, in thine eternal flank ;
The mystic and carnal, the wise and foolish come there,
The spirits retiring, and the spirits that dare,
Sages with halos bound, poets with laurels crowned,
All creep under thy breast, or encircle thee round.
And whilst well-nigh famished, with eager joyful cries
From thy source endless, we draw our needed supplies,
Quench our heart's thirst, and ask and obtain what must soon
Form our blood and our soul, as a free gift and boon,
Respire in long waves thy sacred flame and thy light,
From all that greets our ears, or our touch, or our sight—
The leaves and the mountains, the blue sky and green sod,
Thou undistracted and still,—thou dreamest of thy God !

LXV.

SONNET—RIMEMBRANZA.

Joséphin Soulary.

Of thy early days, speak, and of all their fresh dreams,
The bright-winged angels who oft wheeled o'er thy nights,
Thy petty big sorrows, and thy childish delights,
Thy illusions,—flowers from the cradle, and gleams,
And the struggles with which a too timid heart teems,
At which Clorinde more ripe has oft smiled. There are sprites
That imitate Love's looks; dim stars on the heights
That herald the Sun, though they fade in his beams.
Conceal nothing from me of old times,—of the whole,—
I love to recompose thread by thread the bright chain
Which up to the Infinite, makes me follow thy soul,—
Like the miser, I feel, who though rich would still gain,

Who clutches at silver, though in gold he may roll,—
I would hear, rose in hand, of the green bud again.

LXVI. OH DESERT OF THE HEART.

Sainte-Beuve.

Oh Desert of the heart in these long eves,
When Autumn brings our flowerless Winter on,
What a bleak wind across thy wild waste grieves
With hollow murmurs for the dead and gone !
 Oh Desert of the heart !

In our fresh youth when all things are new-born,
Before we love, in our impatience, old,
We mourn our fates as though we were forlorn,
Then also how thou seemest vast and cold !
 Oh Desert of the heart !

We long for love, we think the heavens are rude,
The future looks all cloud and storm and rain,
And fierce against the barriers that exclude
Our bliss, we strike, but seem to strike in vain,
 Oh Desert of the heart !

Illusions ! Run, O frank and bounding youth !
There,—at two paces is the bush in flower,
No more the desert—but for age, in sooth,
Is there a white-rose bush, or jasmine bower,
 Oh Desert of the heart ?

Bitter delays and longings unattained !
Oh say—beyond the sands and folding mountains,
Dim in the distance to our weak eyes strained,
Is there not hid some Vaucluse with its fountains,
 Oh Desert of the heart ?

LXVII.

SEXTINE.

Le comte F. de Gramont.

Soon after the hour when the night's sombre cheek blushes,
 In the season of nests, in the advent of flowers,
 I entered a thicket of ferns graceful, and rushes,
 Not for the shadow, but the strange color that flushes
 And trembles on leaves without number, for hours,
 While the Sun with Aurora disputes the dew-showers.

My blood in the transit tinged with red the green bowers,
 For the tufts of the holly, and the stiff blades of the rushes,
 And the thorns, and the brambles, rising upwards like towers,
 Had laced a sharp barrier round the home of the flowers,
 In the glade, when I came, oh how deep were the blushes !
 Flowers,—flowers,—quite a sea,—and a twilight that hushes !

A net-work harmonious, where like music, light gushes
 And mixes with shade, o'er the dews witching showers,
 Diamond, white pearl, and the opal that flushes
 In snow and in gold, and the ruby's deep blushes,
 All shimmered, and then filt'ring from the cups of the flowers
 Went to streak the green leaves with the rainbow's rich dowers,

It was then that a Fairy stood forth by the bowers,
 She seemed to emerge from an oak 'mid the rushes,
 That guarded the north of the kingdom of flowers,—
 Fixed, fixed were mine eyes, yet virgin of showers,
 As she said—"So thou fiest ? The world grinds and it crushes
 And here, 'mid my workmen, is peace in the bushes.

" My treasures contemplate, as thou sitt'st by these rushes,
 With art and at leisure, choose, choose the bright flowers,
 Weave thy gay garland, and if the wind fiercely brushes
 And flinging clouds o'er the sun, destroy their dew-blushes,
 From thy soul them besprinkle with flame and with showers,
 And rays everlasting shall dart through the bowers."

I tied ye up then,—oh beloved and chaste flowers !
 Nor any have added, lest should fade your rich flushes—
 But my Love would not have them, 'twas a waste of my powers,
 My blood and my tears through the long-rolling hours
 Are the gifts she desires, and so back, 'mid the rushes,
 I brought to the Fairy her flowers with their blushes.

Great was my sorrow,—but a sorrow girdled with flowers
 Is greater. Lethe,—oblivion,—in darkness still gushes,
 But in daylight's rich hues, burst forth the tear-showers.

LXVIII.

THE SOLITARY NEST.

Madame M. Desbordes-Valmore.

Go my soul, soar above the dark passing crowd,
 Bathe in blue ether like a bird free and proud,
 Go, nor return, till face to face thou hast known
 The dream,—my bright dream,—unto me sent alone.

I long but for silence,—on that hangs my life,
 Isolation and rest—a rest from all strife,
 And oh ! from my nest unvexed by a sob
 To hear the wild pulse of the age round me throb.

The age flows like a river,—on, on, and alas !
 It bears on its course like dead sea-weeds,—a mass
 Of names soiled with blood, broken vows, wishes vain,
 And garlands all torn that shall bloom not again.

Go my soul, soar above the world and the crowd,
 Bathe in blue ether like a bird free and proud,
 Go, nor return, till face to face thou hast known
 The dream,—my bright dream,—unto me sent alone.

LXIX.

FALLEN WOMEN.

Victor Hugo.

Oh never insult a woman who falls,
 Who knows what a chain the poor soul entralls !
 Who knows how long with hunger she had fought
 When the wind of misfortune as a victim her sought !
 Who—who has not seen these poor women broken
 Cling,—hope to the last, for a word never spoken !
 Thus, at the end of a branch shines the rain,
 Reflecting the heavens, when the wind comes amain—
 Long quivers the drop,—but its struggle is vain.
 'Tis over,—howl winds and devils with laughter !
 A pearl,—pearl before, 'tis dirt ever after.

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The fault lies in us,—in the rich, in their gold !
 But say can dirt never pure water enfold ?
 To make the pure drop come forth from the dust,
 And change to a pearl in its splendour august,
 Suffices,—a ray of the sun or of love—
 Thus all is transformed, thus all soars above.

LXX.

LIGHTS.

Louis Bouilhet.

The sage muses and ponders with feelings of sorrow
 On this life and its sin,
 By a vase with dim light that gleams, gleams till the morrow,
 Fed with oil from within.

Crowned with the vervain, hopeful and joyous, and dancing
 As if flushed with the wine,
 Shakes Hymen his fire-showers, the night sombre entrancing
 With a torch of the pine.

Hovers over the feast,—oh, how gracious its motion !
 The mild lamp of perfume,
 Like a galley of gold that sweeps over the ocean,
 Poop on fire in the gloom !

At the foot of the Quirinal, the tavern throws nightly
 Its red rays on the lane,
 Where cluster low women, brazenfaced and unsightly,
 In the cold or the rain.

The fires of the Atrium—sacred fires in a quiver,
 Tremble under the gate,
 And cause the Penates in the faint light to shiver
 By the old antique grate.

The hardy bold sailor who on waters blue-breasted
 Drives a furrow of foam,
 Has the beacon far-streaming, like a warrior high-crested
 That eye points him his home.

Roman gods have their suns their halls spacious to brighten ,
 Beyond hearing and ken,
 But Cæsar the powerful, his dark night to enlighten
 Must have torches of men.

He orders, and sudden wrapt in black cerements sepulchral
 Steeped in pitch, on the scene,
 Come the victims, to light,—torches ghastly and spectral,—
 The fair groves of Sabine.

'Mid songs erotic are heard,—or is it a jugglè
 A wild dream of the brain ?
 The howls of these torches that with flames fiercely struggle
 And that struggle in vain.

Sabine all the while, drives a team foaming and rapid
 Through the long avenue,
 Or thrums on his lyre, thrums notes common and vapid,
 While he smiles at the view.

Smile on, oh ! great Cæsar, though those lights be infernal,
 They may serve ends divine,
 And when ashes thou art, as fire-banners eternal
 They may shine and still shine.

LXXI. A PAGE FROM THE BIBLE.

Arsène Houssaye.

I.

The rural sounds of eve were softly blending—
 The fountain's murmur like a magic rhyme,
 The bellow of the cattle homeward wending,
 The distant steeple's melancholy chime ;

 The peasant's shouts that charms from distance borrow,
 The greenfinch whirring in its amorous flight,
 The cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song of sorrow,
 The laugh of girls who beat the linen white.

The breeze scarce stirred the reeds beside the river,
 The swallows saw their figures as they flew
 In that clear mirror for a moment quiver,
 Before they vanished in the clouds from view.

And schoolboys wilder than the winging swallows
 Far from the master with his look severe,
 Bounded like fawns, to gather weeds, marsh-mallows
 And primrose blossoms to the young heart dear.

II.

Along the path now rising and now dipping
 Sudden there came, as supple as a reed
 A blue-eyed girl, who balanced, lightly tripping
 An earthen pitcher,—fair she was indeed !

Her brow was almost veiled, and in its beauty
 Bent languid, while the waves of some day-dream

Passed o'er it—but her feet still true to duty
 Glided unconscious to the accustomed stream.

The wind upon her shoulders smooth had scattered
 Her brown hair with its streaks of shining gold,
 A periwinkle—one—her undress flattered,
 A rural ornament charming to behold.

Beside the fount from whence the clear stream slanted
 Upon a stone she knelt, and looked above;—
 And then more joyously the bullfinch chanted
 His canticle of sacred, sacred love.

III.

Came by a mendicant,—with no friends loving,
 A branch of oak appeared his only friend,
 His old frame trembled,—and he looked as moving
 Unto a grave that must his journeys end.

Upon the branches of a birch with sadness
 His empty wallet carefully he hung,
 Then o'er the waters murmuring in their gladness
 An eager longing gaze of thirst he flung.

He tried to drink,—his efforts were beguiling,
 The girl his trouble saw and came in aid,
 Offered her pitcher, and divinely smiling,
 “Drink, oh my father, drink,” she gently said.

It was a scene of old—my bosom bounded,
 Years,—centuries,—seemed back again to roll;
 And ere it set, the sun methought had rounded
 The girl’s pure forehead with an aureole.

LXXII. THE CHILD ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Auguste Vacquerie.

One gets the vertigo—the rock is so steep,
 And then on all sides is the wild foaming deep,

Not a sign of human existence,—not a trace :
 In this sinister spot where the world disappears,
 A little boy, fearless, where every one fears,
 Is seated alone,—as the king of the place.

Sole, weak and helpless ;—unwatched by its mother !
 The rock and the sea seem to fight with each other,—
 If they wished to destroy this child of the isles,
 The mount has just to loose a bit of its stone,
 The sea to urge forward a breaker alone,
 To crush or to whelm,—but the child only smiles.

In truth the high rock that seems heaven to invade
 Leans with affection, leans to give him some shade,
 And shield him from winds ; and the monstrous ocean
 Licks timid his feet. Oh Rock sombre, 'tis right
 To change thy high pride—thus, thus to devotion !
 And Sea, thou dost wisely to cringe in his sight !

For this little child,—he is Man ! Great on all hands—
 He mourns and he suffers, and 'tis he who commands !
 Eagle in spirit, the vulture untiring
 Gnaws right in his heart,—but he gazes above !
 What O Rock is thy height to his genius aspiring ?
 What thy unrest O Sea by the side of his love ?

LXXIII.

SONNET.—A VISION.

A. de Belly.

Loving at twelve years age a cousin young
 And gaining nothing at the sport but tears,
 I said that God who all things sees and hears
 Shall see me carve, the forest-boughs among
 Her name to-day. Over an abyss there clung
 A tree,—I chose it,—and with hopes and fears

Reached its slant summit "Now through all the years"
 Said I descending—"shall this token hung
 Witness my love,"—but sudden, clothed in white,
 A lady fair whom I had never seen
 Stood at my side,—"What thou hast done is right,
 But in thy heart will nothing low or mean
 This love efface or leastwise shade and screen ?
 Place that love rather, on a pure, safe height!"

LXXIV.

CHEVAL ET CAVALIER.

Gustave Nadaud.

My foot is in the stirrup—on !
 'Tis time my steed that we were gone,
 The daylight wears,
 Thy poor, poor master turneth mad,
 We must be gone,—the words are sad,—
 Who cares !

Fast in a net-work, she had thought,
 Of syren love, I had been caught,
 And so she hurled
 Contemptuous words,—but I am free—
 Place, place between her pride and me
 The world.

Light were our steps, our spirits gay,
 When thus we journeyed day by day
 Beneath the firs,
 To see the fair in her abode,
 Now, we must shun the beaten road
 To her's.

How proud she is of all her charms,
 False gods I worshipped,—rounded arms,
 A colour pale,

A mirrored heaven in dark blue eyes,
 A red mouth whence coquettish sighs
 Exhale.

My soul has found its wonted pride
 And it can scorn, flout, curse, deride,
 Beware, oh dove !
 And mock no more an eagle proud
 That soars, far soars, the thunder-cloud
 Above.

O the capricious wicked child !
 She loves not and she drives me wild—
 She's jealous too,
 Forbids all other love within
 My heart, as though such love were sin,—
 The shrew !

Fly, swiftly fly,—behold the hour,
 When she awaits me in her tower,
 Fair, fair as spring,—
 Her coldness has effaced the past,
 Without a tear I fly at last
 And sing !

But what is here ?—The green, green grass,
 The lane obscure,—the house, alas !
 Again to-day !
 Oh well may steed and rider fret,
 That cannot, though they would, forget
 The way.

Fly swift oh fly !—Put forth thy pace—
 But no ; I see—I see her face—
 Oh sad relapse !
 One last, last farewell let me say—
 Tomorrow we shall go our way
 Perhaps. —

Utric Guttinguer.

To Madame V. P.

I've read in Bourdaloue, a grand discourse
 On sacred friendships. The preacher with force
 Their danger points out ; he sees them with fright
 And judges them harshly, but I think he is right ;
 Boldly he says,—whate'er suffer the soul,
 A woman's friendship suspect on the whole.
 Though her intentions be ever so pure,
 Though in faith she stand fast-rooted and sure,
 Fear her, oh fear her, my warning believe,
 A woman is always the arch-temptress—Eve.
 Unconsciously sometimes,—that I can grant,—
 But not the less surely, must she enchant.
 Flee from the trust,—blind, denuded of sense,—
 In sentiments warm, aspirations intense,
 That gush, intermingle and flow in a stream,
 'Tis dangerous—ah ! a most dangerous dream.
 The heart moves sudden. What says the Evangel ?
 The demon comes oft in the form of an angel.
 Much have I thought on this discourse sublime,
 And I turn to the theme, more sombre each time.
 Sad fate, and sad world ! Where all is to fear,
 The judgment seems harsh,—I almost am near
 To find it unjust, and yet yesterday
 I trembled,—scarce knew what I should say
 When at the lone hearth, in eve's witching hour,
 I felt at thine absence, a loss of all power,
 And questioned myself, if there was not scope
 In my joy at thy sight, for a blameable hope,
 If fires not yet quite extinct in their ashes,
 Darted no flame at the view of eyelashes
 Ever drooped down, to veil the bright eyes,
 As blue and as pure as the purest of skies ;

If straight to my port, like a good ship I bore,
And was near thee just a friend,—nothing more.

No ! replied then, the interior low voice,
These ties can exist but in heaven. Rejoice,
When thou shalt be there ; here, dread, ever dread,
Lest poison be mixed by the Foe with thy bread ;
And I lay long awake, through the weary night
Murmuring to myself,—yes, yes, Bourdaloue is right.

LXXVI. IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Auguste Briseux.

In my mistress I loved nought at first but her beauty,
The rosy fresh mouth to which smiles seemed a duty,
The shoulder's contour smooth and shining like gold,
And the lithe supple figure that the mirror adorning,
Bent at each step, as under wings of the morning,
Bend willows o'er waves their own grace to behold.

I knew then the beauty, nought to me it imported,
If a soul in her bright eyes, when spoke she, disported,
Under the long-pencilled and dark Arab brows,
Happy, happy to breathe the chaste air her surrounding,
And to hear the pure crystal of her accent resounding,
I moved in a dream when we mingled our vows.

Pardon if thou canst ! Lo, at thy feet I cry pardon !
When pale and heart-broken in the old wallèd garden
More feeble than thou, woman, more feeble by far,
I came all in tears,—thy aid,—thy counsel to borrow,
Then woke thy hid beauty in the midst of my sorrow,
And thy soul in its grandeur, shone out like a star !

O tears ! O deep sighs ! O love's mystic story !
Women, to charm us, have two crowns as their glory,

A visible beauty and a beauty unseen—
 Beings twice-gifted ! Souls all-powerful and tender !
 Our hearts and our wishes to them we surrender,
 Firm-bound in their fetters, not of earth and terrene.

LXXVII. THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

Victor Hugo.

The tomb said to the rose,—
 Of the tears the night strows,
 What makest thou, O flower of the dawning ?
 The rose said to the tomb,—
 Of what falls in thy womb,
 What makest thou O gulf ever yawning ?

The rose whispered,—O tomb !
 From those tears shed in gloom,
 Is the scent famed in song and in story.
 The tomb said,—O my pet !
 Of each soul that I get,
 I create a winged angel of glory.

LXXVIII. SONNET—OARYSTIS.

Joséphin Soulary.

They go side by side, far, far from the town,
 Eyes bent on the earth, hand linkéd in hand,
 Nor think they've strayed, and are hemmed by a band
 Of the forest, with the night coming down.
 Where go they ? On to the wood's deepest brown,
 Wherever their hearts intermingled, command,
 He proud to have dared, albeit moved,—she grand
 In her tremor and her beauty's bright crown.

Noword have they said, and yet *all* is told.
Children be happy, nor deem love a crime !
And thou Theocritus, bard famous and old,
Smile at the drama unfolding sublime ;
Two thousand years o'er thy verses have rolled,
And lo ! they bloom here,—defiant of time.

LXXIX.

A FLAME.

Charles Coran.

Sportsmen overtaken by night, sportsmen all loaded with game,
By the old winding roadway back to the village we came,
But down there, what, what is that light ?

A churchwarden soon answered:—" Neighbour your pardon
and leave,
It's the moon which strikes on—for look how clear is the eve—
The cock on our church-steeple's height."

"All errors, good sirs,"—said the master that taught in the school,
"Look how it is moving,—if it is'nt Jupiter I'm a fool,
It's the planet that gleams on our sight."

But I said low, low in my heart :—"It's a link or a brand,
And it gleams from the castle's high turret—held in the hand
Of a girl with cheeks red and white."

Yes,—the beacon far streaming is an accomplice of Love,
 It apprises the lover back from the chase, that his dove
 Is watching to meet him at night.

LXXX.

THE FOUNDLING.

Alexandre Soumet.

I have shaken off the painful, painful sleep
 Unvisited by happy dreams ;
 Ere the first ray of sunlight gleams
 Upon the hill,—thereon in dark I creep.
 With smiling Nature, waking up,
 The young bird twitters under the white-thorn in flower,
 Its mother brings it sweet soft food this hour,—
 Mine eyes are like an over-brimming cup.
 Ah ! Wherefore have I not a mother ?
 Wherefore am I not like that young bird
 Whose nest is balanced in the boughs wind-stirred ?
 Nothing on earth is mine—no brother,—
 Not even a cradle had I ;—on a stone
 Before the village church I had been left,
 A passer found me lying all alone
 Homeless and friendless, and of help bereft.
 Far from my banished parents, never known,
 Of all caresses ignorant I live,
 And the children of the valley never own
 Or call me sister,—or aught in kindness give.
 I never join in games of evening's hour
 When women spin and children stories hear.
 Under his roof of thatch that trees embower
 The peasant never calls me when I'm near.
 But from afar I see his children all,
 Around the crackling vine-leaves in a glow,
 Search on his knees the sweet caress of eve.
 Towards the open chapel tired I crawl

Oft weeping ;—the only house below
 Where I am not a stranger ;—the only door
 Which does not shut at my approach. I grieve
 But feel consoled when kneeling on that floor.

Then at the hour of prayer
 Often my wandering footsteps stray
 Among the lonely tombs. No peace is there.
 The tombs are all indifferent unto me.
 The poor girl has no kinsfolk 'mid the dead,
 As on the earth no help or stay.
 For fourteen springs I've wept for thee,
 And longed to rest upon thy breast my head,
 Return, oh mother, that hast so long fled,
 I wait here by the stone,—return by Pity led,—
 Where once in agony wild
 Thou hadst forsaken thy poor child,

LXXXI.**A LA GRÂCE DE DIEU.**

Gustave Lemoine,

Thou art leaving, my child, our hills,
 To earn thy bread in cities wide,
 And sorrow all my bosom fills
 That I thy steps no more may guide.
 Oh, guard the child the heavens commit
 Good folk of Paris to your care !
 Poor mothers while at home we sit
 What dangers must our children dare,
 To whom we bid adieu,
 Adieu and God-speed !
 Adieu under the grace of God !

Life's voyage here begins for thee,
 Ah ! If thou shouldst never come again !

And thy poor mother—how can she
 Bless thee, oh darling, in her pain.
 Work well, and ever ever pray—
 Prayer gives the heart its strength and ring,

Think of thy mother oft,—men say
 Good luck from that must surely spring.

And so my dear adieu,
 Adieu and God-speed !
 Adieu under the grace of God !

She went away,—the banished maid,
 To gain her bread 'neath other skies,
 Long, long the patient mother staid—
 And followed her with eager eyes,
 But when her bitter grief no more
 Her child might witness,—then there came
 A shower of tears, that showed how sore
 The heart was tired,—and still her name
 Came from afar,—adieu
 Oh mother—and adieu !
 Adieu under the grace of God !

LXXXII.

CHANSON.

*Victor Hugo.**(Les Châtiments)*

The female ? She is dead.
 The male ? The cat has fed
 On his flesh and his bone.
 To the nest which will come ?
 Oh, poor birdlings be dumb !
 But they moan, the weak things, and they moan.

The shepherd ? Gone or fled.
 The dog ? Killed, and instead

The wolf prowling alone.
 He peers in,—Ho, I come !
 He may pity, hope some,
 Oh poor lambs, the wolf's heart is of stone.

The man ? To prison led.
 The mother ? Sick-a-bed
 In a work-house is thrown.
 It is cold—will she come ?
 They cry,—cry for a crumb,
 Poor children ! And no mercy is shown.

LXXXIII.

ROLAND.

TO P. T.

Napoléon Peyrat.

Where our south lands exposed to the warm sun are lying,
 You are going, dear friend, like the wind wingéd and flying,
 Already the team seems to fret,
 Impatient, unquiet, and with eyes wildly glancing,
 Brown beauty Toulouse, in thy sight to be prancing,
 On thy plains that none can forget.

God guard you, my friend, but when you have skimmed lightly
 O'er mountains, o'er vales, o'er blue streams that wind brightly,
 Towns, hamlets and old citadels,
 Vermilion Orleans, and Argenton's rocks hoary
 And Limoge of the three graceful steeples—her glory,
 Abundant in swallows and bells ;

And Brive and its Corrèze, and Cahors vine-crownéd,
 Where Fenelon, swan in Homer's waters renownéd,
 Swam pleased in his long trails of light,
 Stop, stop for a moment your car's course enchanted,
 To see the fair plain where the Moslem has planted
 Your birth place—far seen—city white ;

These plains of perfume,—this clear horizon green rounded,
 The murmuring Aveyron, by swards sloping bounded,
 The Tescoud with flat pensive shores,
 The Tarn wild and fierce, the Garonne whose wave dashes
 Convulsive 'gainst islands green bannered, and flashes
 Around the dark boats with long oars.

And then,—down there,—upon the horizon see yonder,
 Mountains bathed in azure and sunlight,—and ponder
 If they are a whale's huge skeleton
 Tost in wrath from the oceans, or rather some Babel
 Some ruin of giants or genii in fable
 On which thunder its work has done.

No. The granite wall girding this paradise peerless,
 'Twas Charlemagne, 'twas Roland the Paladin fearless
 That notched it so deep and so far,
 The last lopped the Valier, white and pyramidal,
 In whirling his sword like the fire-sword of Michael
 Against the proud Moors in the war.

The Moors have defeated the Goth kings at Xeres,
 Their battalions mown down like the ripe sheaves of Ceres
 Lie open on fields to the breeze,
 The Arabs in the steps of Musa el Kevir
 Have urged their white horses from the blue Guadalquivir
 To the foot of the grey Pyrenees.

But one day that Musa el Kevir had followed
 An old grisly bear to its cave that was hollowed
 On their top,—in the tumult and whirl
 He gained the peak snowy of Valier..... Blinded
 He saw flowers heaped on flowers, and streamlets that winded
 And Toulouse i'the midst like a pearl.

“Sons of Allah ! Unsheathe your bright swords ! Sons of Allah !
 Mount your fleet steeds ! Paradise, Eden, Valhalla,
 Are nothing, are nothing to France.

The olive grows there by the grape and red cherry,
 'Tis a garden in blossom,—the abode of the peri,
 A rose-bush in summer's warm glance."

Arabia from the rocks on our fields all in slumber
 Came down.....Less nightingales springs number,
 The summers less sheaves and less blooms !
 White were the horses, and the mountain winds courted
 Their manes steeped in silver ; and their slim feet disported
 Rough hair like an eagle's thick plumes.

These miscreant Moors, these cursed sons of Mahound,
 Drank up all our wells, ate or destroyed all around,
 Our pomegranates, our grapes and our figs ;
 They followed the virgins black-eyed, in our valleys,
 Of love spake in moonlight, serenaded in alleys,
 And danced Moorish dances and jigs.

For them were our beauties, for them their brown bosoms,
 For them their long lashes, their mouths like red blossoms,
 For them their fair oval faces,
 And when they wept, crying out,—“ Oh sons of the demons !”
 They were put on the croup and carried as lemans
 Away at fabulous paces.

“ Woe to the miscreants—Woe, woe to the faithless !
 “Woe,”—said Charlemagne,“and shall the villains pass scatheless ?”
 And he frowned with white lowering brows,
 Flames burst from his eyes,—“No sire,—no cursed unbelievers,
 Shall bear off your virgins, we'll hunt the bereavers,
 If your Majesty but allows.”

Charlemagne, Roland, Renaud of Montauban,
 Are mounted, stout Turpin calls out for his foeman,
 They scud like the sleet o'er the plain,
 They've touched humbly the bones of Saint Rocamadour,
 But from Canigou white to the willows of Adour,
 The Moors have departed to Spain.

No ! They are on the heights,—that menace denoteth !
 Like a round tower, they deck each peak, and there floateth
 Their banner from each, white and blue,
 Bristles the granite with ramparts bright crested,
 They cry—“ Dogs, bite not the ears of leopards rough-breasted,
 Nor trouble the lions though few.”

And Roland roared fierce, and vultures gigantic,
 And troops of brown eagles, like waves of th' Atlantic,
 With cries piercing wheeled round and around,
 “ Wait a moment my birds,”—said Roland the peerless,
 “ And the tongues shall be still that gibe us now fearless,
 And your food shall bestrew the ground.”

A month hewed he, leaping from mountain to mountain,
 Throwing corpses to eagles, and then to the fountain
 Repairing at eve with wild laughter ;
 Souls filled the air like a black thunder-cloud scowling,
 They went to the Demon, mewling, yelping and howling,
 Who knows of their dark hereafter !

But thou fell'st at last Roland,—the hills keep—Oh wonder !
 Thy bones, thy steps, thy voice, thy horn's deepest thunder,
 And on their summits always new,
 They show with clouds turbanned a Saracen gory,
 His belt the cascade, and the scarf of his glory,
 In sunshine the streamlet bright blue.

Our fathers bronzed by suns, by dust and gunpowder,
 Died sword in hand, as cannon louder and louder,
 Rolled wild o'er these rocks of old Spain !
 Tell me, thou who saw'st them when they died side by side,
 Were they great ? Was our Emperor great, and allied
 In fame to thy great Charlemagne ?

Ah, if towards Eber some day passed over the border,
 Our soldiers, guns, drums and steeds marching in order,
 With our songs loud thundering in space,

Thou must rise up old lion,—now be it, or later,
 Great was Napoleon and thine uncle, but greater
 Is Freedom with fair open face.

LXXXIV.

THE AWAKENING.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

There are days abject when seduced by joys,
 Of Honor reft,
 The peoples serve success, and follow noise,—
 What then is left ?

Then from such peoples lulled by fatal dreams
 In swoon-like sleep,
 Virtue flows out, as blood from sword-wounds streams,
 And angels weep.

Then,—then, before all Evil, Folly, Crime,
 They but to live
 Bend like vile reeds,—bow, bow, they say, in time,
 And offerings give,

Then revels reign,—then whispers of the soul
 Are heard no more,
 They eat, drink, sing, nor care they, if they roll
 In mire and gore.

Then happy Crime, by brazen tools obeyed
 Seems half a god,
 But bones of heroes quiver as afraid
 Beneath the clod.

Then have men eyes, and yet they do not see
 And fear no harms—
 When sharp a clarion rings out—“Liberty !
 “To arms ! To arms !”

And they awake, like drunkards whom the sun
 Surprises rude,
 Ah ! Well, if they can grasp at last the gun
 For Right withstood !

LXXXV. TO THOSE WHO SLEEP.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

Enough of shame,—awake, Time cries,
 To brave the bullets and the guns,
 Still at its hour the tide must rise,
 And France relies upon her sons.
 Now tuck up sleeves of blouses blue,
 Remember the men of Ninety-two
 Dared twenty kings on battle plains—
 Bastilles again and vilest chains !
 What when the sires could Titans brave,
 Shall dwarfs like these the sons enslave !

Sweep away the tyrant, and his bandits accurst !
 God, God is with you, let Baal's priests do their worst !

God is king over all.

Before Him who is strong ? Lo ! He lifts up His hand,
 And the tigers fly howling through deserts of sand,
 And the sea-serpents crawl
 Obedient and meek ! He breathes on idols of gold
 In their temples of marble gigantic and old
 And like Dagon they fall !

You are not armed ? It matters not,
 Tear out the hinges of the door !
 A hammer has deliverance wrought;
 David had pebbles from the shore !
 Shout for the Cause,—the flag advance !
 Become once more the mighty France !

Paw as of old—with lowering horn !
 Deliver, amid blood and smoke,
 Your country from the despot's yoke,
 Your memory from contempt and scorn.

What know ye not, the Royalists themselves were great
 In the fierce days of struggle past away ? Men relate

 What courage urged them on.

Valour in those times added a foot to men's height,
 Witness Oh Vendée, if I speak not aright !

 Witness thou land Breton !

To conquer a bastion, or to break through a wall
 Or spike a whole battery 'mid rain-showers of ball

 Often one man has gone !

If in this sink, still, still men live,
 If Frenchmen still, still act as slaves,
 Trumpets and drums be broken,—give
 Their fragments to the breezes. Graves
 Of our sires where slumber deep
 The old race, stir no more, but keep
 Their shades in closest prison bound,—
 For never could they—would they own
 Such dastard sons ;—nor hare nor hound
 The lion breeds, but whelps alone.

LXXXVI.

THE VOULZIE.

Héhéssippe Moreau.

Is there a river with more charms for a poet
 Than the Voulzie ? I defy thee to show it.
 Is the Voulzie a stream with great islands ? No,
 Its charm lies in its murmur, low, very low,
 The smallest of brooks, it knows hardly to flow.
 A giant athirst at a breath might drink all
 The Voulzie entire, from its source to its fall,

}

The dwarf Oberon who disports with its shells,
 Across it might leap without wetting his bells ;
 But the Voulzie I love, and dearly I love,
 As pent in its flowers, with its dark woods above
 With blackberries teeming, it hums monotone,
 For there on its banks I have wandered alone
 As a child. I'the shade of its forests profound
 I have given a language, oft, oft to its sound ;
 A schoolboy, poor, dreaming, whom men might call wild,
 But happy, so happy, and so undefiled.

When my bread to the birds in pieces I threw,
 And pleased in wild circles around me they flew,
 The wave murmured, " hope, in days evil again
 God this bread shall give back,"—the promise was vain.
 Mine Egeria it was,—my loved oracle,
 At all my sorrows it said—" hope child, 'tis well.
 Hope, hope thou and sing, and know never a fear
 Thy mother and Camille shall ever be near."

From the depths of my soul rang echoes out long
 Responsive and faithful to that syren song.

Chimeras. Where are they ? Asleep, ah ! asleep
 By the church where we prayed, in graves dark and deep,
 The sole friends that greet me when here I return
 Are corn-flowers and roses with dews in their urn,
 All the rest, or nearly all, have left me and gone,
 I long also to sleep,—but still journey on.

The thorns on the road, mock my rags as I pass,
 It seems bordered with tombs, of loved ones, alas !
 I played for a time on my lyre. Then I fled.
 No echoes. 'Twas dreadful, to sing to the dead.
 Delirious, I dashed into fragments the lyre
 And flung them afar. Once could soothe and inspire
 Those bits sacred of ivory ; once they were kept
 And valued as treasures. I thought and I wept.

Still, O my Voulzie, I forgive thee, and sad
 In my own life, would have thy life ever glad.

To love me I need so a kind confidant,
 To speak gently to me some friend I so want,
 To be cheated with hope so eager I pant,
 That ere my eyes close to the light of the day,
 Ere my vexed spirit from the earth glides away,
 I fain would revisit——God grant that I may ! }
 Thy bank as a pilgrim that visits a shrine.
 How glad I should look on the green bushes in line
 So dear to my childhood ; or sleep to the voice
 Of the wild whistling reeds ; or haply rejoice
 Over the future reinvested with hues
 From the rainbow's bright arch,—and fresh with the dews
 Of the morn:—a vision of beauty serene,
 Thou paintest, while prattling green borders between,
 Deceitful and fair as of frost-work a scene. }

LXXXVII. THE POLITICAL PRISONER.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

Paths that from trees dark shadows borrow !
 Green vale and wood and pebbled shore !
 Wherefore this silence and this sorrow ?
 A step that came here, comes no more.

Closed window, sign of some disaster !
 Garden, where never flowers are seen !
 And gray old house,—where is the master ?
 Long in his home he has not been.

Mastiff keep watch. O stranger rather
 On Desolation look thou here.
 Child why weepest thou ? For my father.
 And thou O woman ? For my dear.

Where is he gone ? He left no traces—
 Whence come ye,—Waves, that thunder loud ?
 We come from earth's dark cruel places.
 And what bear ye ? A hammock-shroud.

LXXXVIII.

MOSES.

Alfred De Vigny.

Upon the crests of tents the day-god threw
 His rays oblique ; blazed, dazzling to the view
 The tracts of gold that on the air he leaves
 When in the sands he sets on cloudless eves,
 Purple and yellow clothed the desert plain.
 High rose the sterile Nebo : climbed with pain
 Moses the man of God, its rugged side,
 No soul more meek, less subject unto pride.
 One moment had he stopped to cast a look
 Upon the vast horizon, Nature's book.
 Pisgah at first he saw with fig-trees crowned,
 Then, o'er the mountains as they stood around
 Gilead, Ephraim, Manasseh,—lands
 Fertile to his right, unvexed with sands,
 Then to the south Judah far stretching wild
 Its deserts, at whose edge the bright sea smiled.
 Then further on, with olives graced a vale
 Naphtali's portion,—pale, already pale
 With twilight's shadows, then in flowers and calm
 Jericho slumbering, city of the palm.
 Then Phogor's meadows lengthened out with woods
 Of mastic-trees, to Segor's solitudes.
 He saw all Canaan, all the promised land
 He knew he should not enter : stretched his hand
 Over the Hebrews, as some words to say,
 Then to the mountain top, in silence took his way.

The fields of Moab filled a circle vast,
 On which the sacred mount its shadow cast,
 Nearer, the host of Israël in the vale
 Stirred like the blades of corn beneath the gale.
 Ere yet on golden sands were dried the drops,
 Or the pearls vanished from the maple's tops,
 Since dawn, the prophet centenarian, feared
 As more than man, and more than man revered,
 Had left the camp, to seek the living Lord,
 And hear,—oh wondrous privilege,—His word.
 Men traced his march,—on, onwards as he went
 By flames that darted from his eyes intent ;
 And when the mountain's summit he attained,
 And his brow pierced the cloud, whence silver-maned
 The lightnings ran,—at once the incense smoke
 From the stone altars in the valley broke.
 Six hundred thousand Hebrews then in dust
 Bent down. The perfumed cloud with every gust
 Wavered around them, while the sun's last ray
 Melted insensibly to sombre grey.
 With one voice chanted in the twilight dim
 Arose from many hearts the thrilling hymn ;
 And Levi's sons erect among the crowd,
 Stood like a cypress grove 'mid foreheads bowed,
 In their skilled hands, clear, loud, the harp-strings rung,
 While to the King of kings the people sung.

And in God's presence, Moses took his place
 Veiled in the cloud,—and saw Him face to face.

He said,—“ O Lord ! When shall my journey end ?
 Where wilt Thou further yet Thy servant send ?
 Must I live feared and lonely from my birth ?
 Oh ! let me sleep the sleep of all the earth.
 What have I done elected thus to stand ?
 Lo ! I have led Thy people to their land.
 Let some one else appear upon the scene
 'Twixt Thee and them, like me to intervene.

Wild is Thy courser Israel, O my God !
 He needs the iron curb and scorpion rod.
 These and my book I gladly shall resign—
 But Thou art just, Thy will be done, not mine.

“ On all my hopes why still descends a blight ?
 Why is my ignorance dispelled by light
 Since from mount Horeb, unto Nebo mount
 Six feet of earth alas ! I cannot count
 To rest in ? What to him who never dies
 Avails it to be wisest of the wise ?
 My finger guides a nation’s wanderings,
 And draws down fire upon the heads of kings
 With signs and portents no man ever saw ;
 The future on its knees shall take my law ;
 The dead, in old tombs opened at my choice,
 Find a mysterious and prophetic voice ;
 I stamp upon the nations with my feet ;
 My hand makes armies triumph or retreat ;
 I lift up generations ; at my frown
 From their high place, headlong they tumble down ;
 Mighty and lonely from alas ! my birth—
 Now let me sleep the sleep of all the earth.

“ Ah me ! The secrets even of the skies
 Are known to me, such power Thou gav’st mine eyes ;
 Night at my voice its dark veil rends afar,
 My lips have named and counted every star.
 O’er the blue heavens, whene’er those stars I call,
 ‘ Present’—they say, and shine out one and all.
 I place my hands on clouds with sombre forms,
 And from their flanks wring out the latent storms,
 Cities I bury, in huge piles of sand,
 Mountains o’erturn by winds at my command,
 My feet ne’er tire when travelling through space,
 At my nod rivers change their wonted place,
 Ocean itself is silent at my voice,
 I make thine Israël in his griefs rejoice.

When he requires new laws, or ease from pains,
 I look up unto Thee. Thy Spirit deigns
 To visit me; earth trembles to its source
 And the sun starts affrighted from its course.
 Angels admire me, jealous seem, and fear,
 And yet good Lord, I am not happy here.
 Mighty and lonely from alas ! my birth,
 Now let me sleep the sleep of all the earth.

“Thy breath inspired the shepherd’s soul,—men saw
 And thought me more than man, and fled in awe.
 Bent low their eyes before mine eyes of flame,
 For there they saw what thoughts within me came.
 I’ve seen Love die, and Friendship quench his light,
 And virgins veil themselves, or faint with fright.
 And thus envelopped in a sable cloud
 Alone and sad, I marched before the crowd.
 ‘O lonely heart’—I said—‘what wilt thou now ?
 Upon no breast may’st thou e’er lean thy brow,
 Thy hand leaves fear upon the hand it meets,
 Lightnings and storms on thy lips fix their seats.
 Men cannot love thee,—see they tremble all,
 Thou openest arms, and on their knees they fall.’
 Mighty I’ve lived and lonely from my birth,
 Oh let me sleep the sleep of all the earth.”

The people waited long. They feared God’s wrath,
 And dared not gaze upon the mountain path,
 Whene’er they raised their eyes, the clouds piled black
 Redoubled deafening, thunder, storm and wrack,
 And sheets of lightning blinding earth and air
 Made them bow down again in silent prayer.
 The mountain top at last from clouds grew free,
 But where was Moses ? Him they could not see.
 They wept his loss. To lead them to their land
 Stepped to the front, the sceptre in his hand,
 Joshua, God’s new Elect, oppressed with care,
 Pensive and pale the weight of rule to bear.

LXXXIX.

PANTOUM.

Théophile Gautier.

The butterflies as white as snow
 Float in bright swarms across the sea ;
 Gay butterflies, pray let me know
 When shall such wings be given to me ?

Know'st thou O fairest of the fair,
 My Bayadère with eyes of jet,
 If I could float like them in air,
 Where I should go through shine and wet ?

Not to the rose, as red it glows,
 But o'er the vales and forests high,
 Straight to thy lips that smiles unclose,
 Flower of my soul, and there I'd die.

XC.

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

*Victor Hugo.**(Les Châtiments.)*

“The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”—

Tennyson.

O vision of a future time !
 O prospect glorious and sublime !
 The peoples from the dark gulfs spring,
 The desert sands forlorn are past,
 The green sward spreads beneath at last,
 And earth and sky their bridals sing !

E'en now the eye that high up-towers
 The bright dream sees,—no shadow lowers
 Upon it, though so far away,

For snapp'd shall be each galling chain,
The Past was Hate,—is o'er his reign,
Thy name is Love, thou coming Day.

E'en now amid our sorrows dark,
The germ of Union lights its spark,
Men shall be brothers.—Thus God wills.
At dawn the humble bee awakes,
From poison flowers its honey makes,
And so works Progress with our ills.

See, see the black night disappears,
Free, free the world its head uprears,
No longer any Cæsar's thrall,
Fit to be wed, the nations seem,
And in the blue,—wide-stretching, gleam
The wings of Peace that cover all.

Surge up, free France—white-robed and pure !
Thy place is first, thy place is sure !
O triumph after sorrows dire !
The hammer on the anvil rings,
The blue sky smiles,—the redbreast sings,
From white-thorns drest in fresh attire.

The halberds are devoured by rust,
Canons and howitzers are dust,
There scarce remains, it is averred,
A fragment large enough to hold
A drop of water bright and cold,
To quench the longing of a bird.

Rancour and hatred are effaced,
One picture in all hearts is traced,
One purpose animates all minds ;
Equality,—no king,—no chief,
And God to tie the glorious sheaf
The tocsin's old rope round it binds,

A pin's point on the heavens is seen,
 Look, look it widens,—nought can screen
 Its lustre,—'tis the day begun.
 Republic of all nations met
 In conclave, but a point as yet,
 To-morrow thou shalt be the sun.

XCI.

THE DAWN.

Victor Hugo.(*Les Châtiments.*)

A sudden shudder sweeps across the plain
 Still dark. It is the morning hour again,
 The hour when Pythagoras loved to muse,
 And Hesiod thoughtful walked on glittering dews,
 The hour when tired of watching through the night
 The sombre heavens and each mysterious light
 The herdsmen of Chaldea felt a chill,
 That horror of deep darkness, and that thrill,
 That comes o'er watchers when their forces fail.—
 Down there,—the fall of water in the vale
 Seems wrinkled in a thousand folds, and shines
 Like a rich satin garment. O'er the pines
 Upon the sad horizon gleams the Morn
 Whose teeth the pearls, whose lips the roses scorn,
 An Eastern beauty,—Ruth amid the corn.
 The oxen dream and bellow ; bullfinch, thrush,
 And whistling jay awake in every bush ;
 And from the wood in wild confusion blent
 Resound the chirp and hum from throats long pent ;
 The sheep display their fleece across the fence,
 Not white as snow, but of a gold intense ;
 And the young girl upon her bed of down,
 Fresh as a rose, black-eyed, in shadow brown,
 With shoulders white emerging from her gown,

But half awake,—thrusts out a foot that tries
To find the Chinese slipper, ere she rise.

Praise be to God ! After the sullen night
Always arrives the day, the welcome light
Eternal. On the mount wave heath and broom,
Nature superb and tranquil dons her bloom,
The light awakes the brood,—the young ones cry,
The cottage lifts its smoke-wreath to the sky,
Arrows of gold their way through forests force ;
Sooner than stop the sun upon its course,
One might reform the mean ignoble ways
Of those that rule us in these evil days,
To honor turn, to public good incline,
The soul of minister and base divine,
And mighty Cæsar reeling from his wine.

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XCII.

SONNET.

Émile Deschamps.

When Time, the changer of all men and things,
On this bright spot shall cast the shroud of years,
When all these oaks and firs he now reveres
He shall hurl down, to bloom no more in springs,
Shall History mount on its exultant wings,
Amid the chaos that transforms and sears,
To paint the past,—the wood that now appears,
The hunt,—the picnic,—and the pomp of kings ?
I know not ;—but my verse shall strive to say
To men unborn, that here at Mortfontaine
Two months she past, which vanished like a day ;
Flowers in her presence bloomed as after rain,
Birds sang, deer sported ; hence to poets, aye
The place is dear, and lovers that complain.

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XCIII. THE OCEAN.—AN ADRESS TO THE PEOPLE.

Victor Hugo.

(Les Châtiments.)

It resembles thee ; pacific yet dread,
 A level under the Infinite spread ;
 It moves, 'tis immense, 'tis soothed by a ray,
 And kindled to wrath by Zephyr at play ;
 'Tis music or discord,—sweet is its song,
 Or hoarse its shriek as complaining of wrong ;
 Monsters at ease sleep in its depths dark-green ;
 The water-spout germinates there unseen ;
 It has gulfs unknown, 'neath its surface plain,
 And those who visit them, come not again ;
 It lifts ships colossal and hurls them down
 As thou hurlest despots. Black is its frown ;
 The beacon above it shines like the light
 Thou hast from heaven, thy steps to guide right ;
 It caresses and chides if soft its mood
 Or angry, but by no man understood
 Is its humour. Like the terrible shock
 Of armour clangs its wave on the rock,
 Night listens with awe to the portentous sound
 As it feels that like thee, the depth profound
 Having roared at eve, shall destroy at morn,
 For the wave is a sword. Venus when born
 It hails with a hymn, immense and sublime,
 Which has resounded through aeons of time :
 Its universal blue, its wide wide expanse
 Shelters the stars that there tremble and dance ;
 It has a rude force,—a mercy superb,
 For it roots up a rock, and spares an herb ;
 It throws like thee on proud summits its foam ;
 Inconstant, it loves round the world to roam ;
 Only,—it never deceives when with eye
 Fixed on its surface, one watches it nigh

From some rock or the sands,—pensive, alone,
 Spell-bound by its murmur,—grand, monotone ;
 It never deceives, for though it is free
 It obeys a high law unceasingly ;
 It never deceives,—for true to the hour
 Rises its tide, O People,—in power,
 Overwhelming, resistless, and fierce to devour.

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XCIV.

THE REST OF EVENING.

Pierre Dupont.

When the sun sinking to his rest
 With long rays streaks the plain immense,
 Like ripened corn glows all the West
 With purple, red, and gold intense.
 Deepen the shades, as lustre fades
 Upon the hills in front,—at last
 Blue vapours rise in coils and braids,
 The sky grows gray,—and day is past.
 Come, let us rest
 Till dawn again,
 Repose is blest
 To toil and pain.

Lies in the furrow till receives
 The earth its dews again, the plough,
 Birds go to roost 'mid sheltering leaves ;
 Number the sheep beneath the bough
 O Shepherds ! Maidens, switch in hand
 To fords conduct the beasts to drink !
 How patient there the oxen stand !
 How snort the steeds beside the brink !
 Come, let us rest
 Till dawn again,
 Repose is blest
 To toil and pain.

The spindles stop ; the bright lamps shine ;
 Curls of white smoke from roofs ascend,
 Of evening's repast the sign ;
 The clock strikes ; work is at an end ;
 The weary workman home-ward goes,
 Home ! 'tis a hovel,—but the light
 Of love, rose-colours round it throws !
 He hastes ;—already 'tis in sight !
 Come, let us rest
 Till dawn again,
 Repose is blest
 To toil and pain.

The busy wife and children dear
 Await his presence anxiously,
 Soon as they see him—"Lo ! he's here!"
 Bursts from their lips the common cry.
 Sweet kisses,—home-made wine,—and food,
 Revive his pale, pale face again,
 His children have had bread,—and should
 A man with such a wife complain ?
 Come, let us rest
 Till dawn again,
 Repose is blest
 To toil and pain.

The hearth-fires all die slowly out,
 Far off—is heard a deadened roar,
 Engines released from work no doubt,—
 The hammer strokes resound no more.
 From noises vain and empty shows,
 Let us our souls now turn away,
 Night,—with the starry crown that glows
 And Nature silent,—seem to pray.
 Come, let us rest
 Till dawn again,
 Repose is blest
 To toil and pain.

XCV.

SONNET.

Antoni Deschamps.

Betwixt two enemies I am confined,
 Folly and Death ;—my reason is gone,
 My life too shall go, for Death rushes on,
 And I, all the while, am calm and resigned.
 Still, when dear friends I recall to my mind,
 And try my soul's withered parchment to con,
 At thirty years withered,—sighs burst anon
 And tears, through my shroud,—tears burning, that blind.
 “And yet he breathes,” between themselves say some,
 “And stands like us on earth, perhaps he may
 Long years survive us; who knows what will come ?”
 Yes, as the polypus, the fishes gay,
 Or as the statue, in its marble dumb,
 Survives the men in flesh that pass away.

XCVI.

NAPOLEON LE PETIT.

Victor Hugo.(*Les Châtiments.*)

His grandeur dazzled history ;
 The god of war,
 A star he was,—a mystery,
 To nations far.
 All Europe at his nod inclined
 With terror dumb.
 Art thou his ape ? March, march behind,
 Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

Napoleon by the cannon's light,
 Through smoke and cloud,
 Guided across the hottest fight
 The eagle proud.

He forced his way in, at Arcole
 And out, with drum—
 There's gold for thee, regale thy soul,
 Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

Berlin, Vienna, Moscow,—all
 Before him bent,
 Not more an angel could appal
 On vengeance sent.
 Ho ! Forts and fields ! Ho ! Kings and churls !
 'Tis he—succumb !
 But thou,—for thee, lo, here are girls,
 Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

He rode o'er mountains and o'er plains,
 And held confined
 Within his palm, the guiding reins
 Of all mankind.
 His glories would the navies sink
 So vast their sum !
 For thee—see blood, come run and drink,
 Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

Dark, dark archangel—but he fell !
 Earth felt the sound,
 And ocean opened by a spell
 Its gulf profound.
 Down headlong—but his name through time
 Shall overcome—
 Thou too shalt drown, but drown in slime
 Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

Behold the birds ; they go away,
 They leave the countries of the North
 For foreign regions green and gay.

Hark ! On the air their songs break forth !
 Where dost Thou send us, God, they cry,
 Oh whither wouldest Thou have us fly ?

We leave the Scandinavian soil,
 Our birth-place dear, with bitter grief !
 We were so happy here ; with toil
 Upon the limes in flower and leaf
 We had our nests built ; and the wind
 The perfumed boughs swung to and fro ;
 And now we must leave all behind ;
 And speed,—ah where ? we little know.

Night in the forests was so fair
 With her rose-crown and locks of gold !
 We closed our eyes, but sleep was rare,
 Night's beauty was so manifold !
 And then, with songs we hailed afar
 The Morning's prancing steeds and car.

The green tree threw its branches wide
 Above the turf and trembling rose,
 And dewdrops shed, with pearls that vied,
 Pearls that on beauty's neck repose.
 Now all is changed. A skeleton
 The oak appears ; the storms affray ;
 Light breezes and the rose are gone ;
 And snows hide all the wealth of May.

How can we stay much longer here ?
 Each day the sun becomes more pale,
 The dim horizon more austere,
 And earth more dreary in her mail,
 God gave us wings and made us free ;
 Hail waves tempestuous of the sea !

Thus sang the wildbirds as they fled ;
 They gained a fairer country soon,
 Where clustering vines the elmtree wed,
 And jasmines smile beneath the moon,

And rivers murmur under boughs
 Of myrtles and of olives green,
 And forests smooth their sombre brows
 To hear sweet songs from throats unseen.

When earthly happiness shall fade
 And change into a long regret,
 When sorrow shall the prospect shade,
 And hope, e'en hope the star shall set,
 When autumn winds shall doleful sigh,
 Grieve not poor Soul,—look up, on high.

Beyond the seas another land,
 A fairer land than that they knew,
 Welcomed of birds the timid band,
 That wist not, poor things, where they flew.
 Beyond the tomb there is a home
 Where morning beams for ever shine,
 Where that which troubles cannot come,
 And tears are wiped, and none repine.

XCVIII.

THE PLESIOSAURUS.

Louis Bouilhet.

(*Les Fossiles.*)

Sudden upon the shore 'mid dark, dark slime,
 Lengthened a mass most frightful to behold,
 Slowly it came, out of the foaming waves.
 A breath inflated wide its livid flanks,—
 And its huge viscid back with seaweeds sown
 Rose, like a mountain drifted, high in air.
 It rose ! It rose ! It covered all the coast ;
 Under its wrinkled belly rang the shells ;
 Its monstrous feet,—its big toes hard and scaled
 Were spread out heavy on the shingles wet.

To sounds of far-off winds sometimes the shape
 Turned its thin muzzle and its head deformed ;
 Bristled with hair, dilated like dark caves,
 Its nostrils seemed to suck the whole world up
 And to despise th'immensities of space ;
 While its eyes round, rimmed with metallic plates,
 Senseless and glassy, swam like two dead moons.
 Hideous, it stopped upon the salt sand's edge
 While in long folds its tail still dragged the sea.
 Then grinding fierce its large unmeasured teeth
 And wrinkling on its back its serried scales,
 With power, it vented out an outcry long,
 Which spread afar beneath the firmament.
 By mountains, and by woods of outlines sad,
 The clamour solemn, like a billow rolled
 To depths of horrid solitudes tenantless.
 And the vast universe as in terror heard
 The cry immense of life spread in the sky.

XCIX. MAXIMA DEBETUR PUERIS REVERENTIA.

Amédée Pommier.

Faith, loyalty, modesty, innocence,
 Are like a precious essence in the heart,
 Should the least shock the phial's crystal crack
 The perfume vanishes, at once away.
 Oh let us leave the child his candour fresh !
 This velvet bloom that spreads on prune and peach,
 This soft down, this virginity of fruit
 Which the least friction utterly destroys,
 This vapour varnish on the gilded grape,
 This light, upon the picture, thrown from heaven,
 This colored dust upon the butterfly,
 This thin and subtle veil that longs to leave,

This network delicate that a breath would melt,
 A covering frail, so frail and tinted so
 With interwoven shades that cross and blend,
 One fears to touch it, even with the thought.

C.

MARIE.*Auguste Briseux.*

One day we sat,—we two, on Kerlo bridge
 With our feet on the wave, over the ridge,
 Joyous to stop as it went on its way,
 A branch, a fern, or a flower smiling gay,
 And under the willows the fishes to spite
 That came up to slumber in warmth and light.
 Savage the spot was, no breath, no sound
 Awoke in the valley, above and around,
 Except our own laughter childish and shrill,
 And our voices echoed loud back from the hill
 To run through the labyrinth of dark woods
 Fainter and fainter 'mid the solitudes :
 For two brown forests the river enfold
 As it seaward glides, slow, limpid and cold.
 Alone in this desert, and free all the day,
 Love filled our hearts in the midst of our play.
 It was pleasure to see in the waters clear
 A thousand small fish disport without fear,
 Bite and pursue, or in bands swim along,
 Fins of silver and gold displayed all the throng.
 Then the royal salmon,—and 'neath the stone
 The eel that hides by the bank all alone.
 Numberless insects, transparent, with wings,
 Mounted the current all day to the springs,
 Bees, bluebottles, and alert dragon-flies
 That fled under reeds escaping the eyes
 Of swallows pursuing. One sat on the hand
 Of Marie by chance,—a waif from a band,

Its aspect was strange, and wholly unknown,
 Two goggle eyes, and of jet a black zone,
 So forward I ran to crush it,—but lo !
 Already 'twas seized, and held up for show
 By my young peasant girl. Dazzling the wings,
 Transparent, with slight rainbow colorings,—
 On seeing the poor thing struggle with fear
 “ My God ! How it trembles ; why kill it—the dear ? ”
 She said ; while her mouth round, rosy and pure
 Blew it in air, and then smiled demure,
 While it sudden displayed its pinions of fire
 And fled praising God,—rising higher and higher.

Many moons have past since that happy time,
 Alas ! many years. In life's sunny prime
 In my fifteenth summer I had entered then—
 Ah, how days dissipate, and vanish men !
 But though days and years may pass like the breeze,
 They never can tarnish such memories.
 Other days shall come, and haply shall bring
 Other feelings and loves upon their wing ;
 But the love of my youth, serene and pure,
 In the shade of my heart shall ever endure,
 Oh first love, oh first love, bloom ever bloom !
 And shed through my life thy magic perfume !

O house of Moustoir ! How often at night
 And in crowds, amid noise, in days broad light
 Thou gladd'nest mine eyes ! Village roofs emerge
 Bathed in a sea of foliage to the verge
 Of skies for ever blue,—a slender coil
 Of smoke arising speaks of daily toil,—
 A woman in a field, that calls her boy
 Far off,—a youthful herdsman in his joy
 That sits beside a cow, and while it feeds
 Tied to its tether, tries of river reeds

To make a rustic flute, and plaintively
 Intones a simple Breton melody,—
 An air so melancholy, soft and sweet
 That you would weep to hear it. Then the heat,—
 The rural hum,—the fragrance on the wind,
 The grey old walls of cottages entwined
 With ivy, and the pathways small and white
 Bordered with heath. All, all in memory's light
 Revive, as when with naked feet I ran
 To Moustoir, where our dawn of love began,
 When the port scaling,—ere darkness had bound
 The earth, I hastened through familiar ground
 To meet my loved one. Recollections fond
 In which my poor heart revels—far beyond
 Hopes for the future,—dreams, in which I live,
 Which give me more than present joys can give ;
 Thus day by day, unwearied I behold
 The roofs of thatch, the woods that them enfold,—
 The old wells where the women pitchers fill,
 The court in flower, with bee-hives near the sill,
 The threshing floor, the pump, the barn, the nook
 With heaps of apples that most tempting look
 Red-cheeked and golden, and the hay-ricks high,
 The doors by which sleek cattle slothful lie,
 The mangers clean, the piles of garnered straw,
 Denoting rural comfort, household law,
 How vivid all,—clear-pictured in my brain,
 And how they come again and yet again !
 The house I enter. Silence reigns profound,
 The night is calm and dark, my steps resound ;
 A single ray darts on the ceiling beam
 Straight as an arrow, round it dance and stream
 Atoms of dust, that like diamonds gleam.
 But soon each object lightens ; I can see
 The oaken bed and trunk, two steps from me.
 Towards the door in turning, on a chest
 Enormous, vases of all shapes abreast

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With basins, dishes, jugs, and walnut spoons,
 Rye-bread, and milk, and cheese, and grapes, and prunes,
 And lower down beside the sacred hearth,
 By which the tiny cricket shrills its mirth,
 Calm sitting at her wheel, in shadow dim
 Marie I recognise in her garments trim,
 Contrasts her white skirt with her own rose hue
 As she the folds arranges. Fills with dew
 Mine eyes, as soft she says,—“Ah, is it you ?”

C.I. ADVICE AND REPLY.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

They say,—Oh be prudent. Then comes this dithyrambe—
 Wouldst thou strike down Nero ?
 Then crawl and be noiseless,—a wolf clothed like a lamb !
 Success makes the hero.

Think of Ettenheim ;—wait ;—wait the day and the hour,
 In patience be grounded ;
 Like Chereas, come alone, silent, sure of thy power,—
 By darkness surrounded.

Let Prudence conduct thee,—thy reward she shall give ;
 Be masked, false, and hollow ;
 Ah well : let those anxious a long period to live
 This sage counsel follow.

C.II. THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

Charles Coran.

Small wine loved, of Jurançon,
 Fresh thou art in memory !

Sang mine host ;—we drank anon,
Sheltered by a flowering tree.

Passing after twenty years,
Good mine host I found again,
On the same spot, and with tears
Heard once more the old refrain.

Welcomed me with warmth the wine,
As a friend of yesterday,
Shone past times in light divine,
Mirrored in the bottles gay.

Glass in hand, we cares forget,
Clink, clink, clink, but as we pledge—
Vinegar or else *piquette*
Faugh ! To set one's teeth on edge.

Good the growth ! Why—how's the thing ?
Same the wine, the very tun !
Thou, O brightness of my spring !
Vanished,—all the taste was gone.

CIII.

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

We walked amongst the ruins famed in story
Of Rozel-Tower,
And saw the boundless waters stretch in glory,
And heave in power.

O Ocean vast ! We heard thy song with wonder,
The waves kept time,
“ Appear O Truth,” thou sang’st with voice of thunder,
“ And shine sublime.

“ The world’s enslaved, and hunted down by beagles,—
 To despots sold,
 Souls of deep thinkers, soar like mighty eagles,
 The Right uphold.

“ Be born ; arise ;—o’er earth and wild waves bounding
 Peoples and suns !
 Let darkness vanish ;—tocsons be resounding,
 And flashing, guns !

“ And you,—who love no pomp of fogs, nor glamour,
 Who fear no shocks,
 Brave foam and lightning, hurricane and clamour,
 Exiles and rocks ! ”

CIV.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A de Lamartine.

To be born with spring, to die with the rose,
 On zephyr to float where pleasures invite,
 To quiver on breasts of flowers that unclose,
 With scent to be drunk, and color and light,
 To shake off the dust from pinions while young,
 To fly i’the blue everlasting hung,—
 This is the lot of the bright butterfly ;
 And such is Desire that settles not down,
 Skims o’er the earth, sips its wine’s foaming crown,
 And hastes to a home, unseen in the sky.

CV.

QU’AIMEZ—VOUS ?

Charles Dovalle.

I love a dark eye ‘neath a pencilled brow,
 On a white forehead I love raven hair,

And you have long black hair, you must allow,
 O'er a white front, and where's the jet would dare
 With such an eye compare ?

I love a supple figure that with grace
 Bends on a sofa,—idle all the day,
 Have you e'er thought how in your 'customed place
 You bend above a book ? Not idle ?—Nay,
 Your occupation, pray ?

I love a pained and melancholy look,
 A throbbing heart, and eyes half-closed for tears,
 And heavy sighs. An odd choice ? Then O book,
 Relate some tale of lover's griefs and fears,
 And lo ! The odd appears !

I love to find a compound made of joy
 And reverie, and languor, deftly blent,
 Whoever has it may my heart decoy,
 Smile on, but say to whom this gift is lent,
 And tell me who is meant !

Sometimes a word, a dream, a passing thought
 Effaces from your cheek the color pale,
 What marvels by a changing hue is wrought !
 Why beats my heart to see the red prevail ?
 What makes mine eyesight fail ?

Comes a caprice half-shadowed, or a whim,
 And off you dart, no bird is half so shy,
 I love a thought half-shadowed, doubtful, dim,
 I love the place to which you bid good-bye,
 And that to which you fly.

An angel,—fair as you are, just the same,
 Of whom the voice as tender is and true,
 Who also smiles, who bears your very name,
 In dreams whom often in the night I view,
 I deeply love,.....and you ?

MY UTOPIA.

*A. M. Cuvillier-Fleury.**Amédée Pommier.*

A poem to be gathered in a book
 Of golden song,—to occupy its nook
 In a collection not unworthily,
 An ode, a sonnet, or an elegy,—
 This was and is my day-dream. Oh for power
 To generate a marvel, like a flower
 Delicate ; polished, damaskeened with gold
 And rich enamelled, like a sword-hilt old !
 No monument ambitious would I raise,
 Pyramid or palace that would fix the gaze,
 Or pompous column towering to the skies,
 But a mere atom, nothing in its size,
 Yet a creation, wonderful ; sublime
 By its perfection ; a short magic rhyme ;
 A work of patience, humble, seeming-slight,
 Formed slowly like the brilliant stalactite,
 Worth a great poem in its tenuity,
 And born to last through all eternity.
 Oh to show forth what constancy of heart
 And study may achieve in noble art !
 Oh to create with love and anxious care,
 And leave the world, the poet's only heir,
 A brave medallion, like a relic rare,
 Which would be better loved and understood
 As years glide silent, by the multitude,
 And which would in the course of time command
 The homage due unto the master-hand.

Greek lapidaries of an age long past
 Who wrought works delicate for aye to last,
 Whose skilful fingers on the agate cut
 Venus and Hebe, and where rocks abut

{

Over the waters, Sappho with her lyre,
 Sculptors minute, whose wonders never tire,
 Artists in truth, and nature's worshippers,
 Who jousted like brave knight-jewellers
 To win the honors of the highest place
 For bold conception, delicacy, grace !
 Ah, that I also had the tool and hand
 Which graves a profile from the heavenly land,
 Or a fair figure, such as sometimes gleams
 Athwart a poet's or a virgin's dreams !
 I would have made an ornamental seal
 Big as a thumb-nail, with a madman's zeal
 And unremitting labour, all alone,
 Upon a bit of ivory or stone.
 I would have staked mine art, my chance of fame,
 In richly working out my thought and aim,
 And left behind an everlasting gem,
 Large as a peach-stone,—worth a diadem !
 We die now from redundancy and excess,
 Elixirs and perfumes are spiritless
 Unless condensed ; diffuse thoughts need a press.
 I should collect the tear,—though hard my part,
 That filters from a suffering broken heart,
 Then like a fly in amber it should shine,
 Placed in its frame, as in a sacred shrine,
 Or sepulchre transparent. As the fly
 Looks in its case a jewel from the sky,
 So should the dew-drop like a star shed calm
 When in my verse the treasure I embalm.

But great good fortune comes not every day,
 Horace and Petrarch each in his own way
 Were favored oft. Ah, e'en in petty things
 The perfect and the absolute are for kings
 Of thought,—not open here below
 To all, but only those on whom bestow
 The Muses, gifts. This ideal model small
 That in our spirits floats scarce seen at all,

This grain of dust, this sun-kist glittering mote,
 Of art this intangible asymptote,
 Is hard to seize and hard to realise,
 Though our hearts break in trying,—off it flies !
 We weep not all alas ! the tears sublime
 That crystallize and change to pearls by time.

CVII

STANCES.

A. M. De Lamartine.

Emile Deschamps.

Sombre ocean from the crest of these heights
 The fishermen's skiffs I love to behold,
 Under larch shadows the fresh wind invites,
 Gay rover from fields of foam and of gold.
 I wish on these shores I visit this eve,
 My dreams to recall, though vanished yet dear,
 My heart feels a lull, a kind of reprieve,
 To hear thy lament, now far off, now near,
 Sombre ocean, cry, cry wildly and heave !
 I love to dream on by the waves I revere.

Sombre ocean I could spend all my life,
 Here by thy waves, as they struggle and swell,
 Trembles my frame at the sound of the strife,
 But falls on my soul their sheen like a spell.
 O lakes of the earth by trees hemmed around,
 Late praised in my song, your beauties appear
 Languid and stagnant, since Ocean profound
 Yawned black in my sight, while lightning's flashed clear.
 Sombre ocean stretch wide,—wide without bound,
 I love to sing songs to the waves I revere.

Sombre ocean thou art sometimes in smiles
 Spread under Venus, the planet of love,

Then stammers thy voice, and softly beguiles
 The earth, with a speech, known only above.
 Then wild, wild again,—thy waves dart and roll
 Like coursers green-maned in furious career,
 Backwards and forwards, beyond all control,
 With laughter that seems our weakness to jeer.
 Sombre ocean, thou overwhelvest my soul,
 I love to shudder, by the waves I revere.

Sombre ocean, whether thy waves leap high,
 Or sleep like a field when harvest is gone,
 Thy grandeur our thoughts lifts up to the sky,
 The Infinite speaks and leads our hearts on.
 Who in thy presence, what atheist or fool
 Would dare to deny the God whom we fear ?
 Thou art His mirror ; and also our school,
 Where faith's great lesson distinct we may hear.
 Sombre ocean with the breeze ever cool,
 Instinctive I pray, by the waves I revere !

CVIII THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE KINE.

Auguste Barbier.

They rested in the shadow of great oaks,
 Near them arrived, where moss the small flowers chokes,
 We stopped awhile to contemplate the group,
 The tableau of the quiet slumbering troop ;
 Athwart the thickness of the verdant crest
 Darted the sun, filtering the lustre prest
 Huge gnarled trunks, and branches stretched out wide,
 And tipped with gold, horn, mouth, or glossy side ;
 Then brought the wind in gusts, by fits intense,
 The odours of fresh milk that charm the sense.
 A hundred kine were there, and for their guard
 One herdsman and a dog,—sole watch and ward.

The man upon a small mound, peeled a branch,
 The dog lay close beside, alert and staunch,
 With ear attentive ever, and his eye
 Fixed on his loving master, anxiously.
 Kind salutations, and some kind words past
 We to the herdsman said—"to lead so vast
 "A herd, one dog seems scarce sufficient."—"True,"
 Replied the herdsman,—"but the dogs are few
 That equal mine; in forests such as these,
 Labyrinthine, dense with brushwood as with trees,
 Three dogs would scarcely be too many,—mine
 Alone can manage and control the kine.
 But hold,—the sun goes down,—the herd must feed
 A few hours longer on the open mead,
 If you should like to see it wake and stir,
 My dog shall show his work and character."
 This said he rose and cried—"Hola! Bonhomme!
 We must to work,—no dog in Christendom
 Better deserves the name. Now, jump up! Stand!"
 A whistle followed, like a last command.
 Swift as an arrow from the bent bow darts
 Ran Bonhomme to the grove's most shadowed parts,
 Where the cows slumbered with their colors blent
 And glossy skins packed close as in a tent.
 Some time elapsed without the slightest sound,
 Or slightest movement in the leaf-hid ground,
 Anon, commenced the tinkling of the bells,
 And lo! A red flank or a white head swells,
 Then one by one they step forth on the plain,
 Sleek, grand, enormous, glad to snuff again
 The pure air, and enjoy the setting sun.
 When all were out, his task allotted done,
 The dog came breathless from the shaded nook
 With open mouth, and tail that lightly shook,
 To ask approval from his master's look.
 Then was it, that the young and happy child
 Who walked with us, an angel undefiled

Drew from her basket's depth, a bit of bread
 And in compassion bold, and blushing red,
 Gave it the dog. He darted at the boon
 Thankful to seize it. Suddenly and soon
 Arose the signal whistle once again,
 And at that sovereign order,—on the plain
 The faithful servant flew, nor looked behind,
 The tempting object willingly resigned.
 No hesitation was there,—no delay,
 Eager he ran, impatient to obey.
 The rapid noble movement made us feel
 A pleasure pure we cared not to conceal,
 Akin to that which rises up serene
 In generous hearts divested of the mean,
 At some heroic action unforeseen.
 “Heroic?”—Yes, oh, let th’expression stand,
 The dog’s submission, in our minds, was grand.
 Hungry, since morning haply, in the wood,
 At work,—on watch,—forlorn in solitude,
 Preferred he duty, to the tempting food.

CIX.

PATRIA.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

Who smiles there? Is it
 A stray spirit
 Or woman fair?
 Sombre yet soft is the brow!
 Bow, nations, bow;
 O soul in air,
 Speak what art thou?
 In grief the fair face seems—
 What mean these sudden gleams?

Our antique pride, and dreams
 Start up, as beams
 The conquering glance,—
 It makes our sad hearts dance,
 And wakes in woods hushed long
 The wild bird's song.

Angel of day !
 Our Hope, Love, Stay,
 Thy countenance
 Lights land and sea
 Eternally.
 Thy name is France
 Or Verity.

Fair angel in thy glass
 When vile things move or pass,
 Clouds in the skies amass ;
 Terrible, alas !
 Thy stern commands are then.
 “ Form, form battalions, men,
 The flag display.”
 And men obey.

Angel of night !
 Sent kings to smite,
 The words in dark skies glance,
 “ Mené, Mené ;”—hiss
 Bolts that never miss !
 Thy name is France,
 Or Nemesis.

As halcyons in May
 O nations in his ray
 Float and bask for aye,
 Nor know decay !
 One arm upraised to heaven
 Shuts the past forgiven ;
 One holds a sword
 To quell hell's horde.

Angel of God !
 Thy wings stretch broad
 As heaven's expanse !
 To shield and free
 Humanity !
 Thy name is France
 Or Liberty.

CX. A SOUVENIR OF THE NIGHT OF THE 4TH.

Victor Hugo.(*Les Châtiments.*)

The child had received two balls in the head,
 But his bosom still throbbed ; he was not dead ;
 The house was humble, peaceable and clean,
 A portrait on the wall,—beneath was seen
 A branch blessed by the priest, for good luck kept ;
 An old grandmother sat quiet and wept.
 We undrest him in silence. His pale lips
 Oped ; Death on his eye cast fierce its eclipse ;
 His arms hung down ; he seemed in a trance ;
 A top fell out from his pocket by chance ;
 The holes of his wounds seemed made by a wedge :
 Have you seen mulberries bleed in a hedge ?
 His skull was open like wood that is split ;
 The grandmother looked on, at us, and it.
 ‘ God ! How white he is,—bring hither the lamp,’
 She said at last,—‘ and how his temples are damp !
 And how his poor hair is glued to his brow !’—
 And on her knee she took him,—undrest now.
 The night was dreary ;—random shots were heard
 In the street ;—death’s work went on undeterred.
 ‘ We must bury the child’,—whispered our men,
 And they took a white sheet from the press,—then
 Still unconscious of the death of her boy,
 The grandmother brought him,—her only joy,

Close, close to the hearth, in hopes that the fire
 His stiffening limbs with warmth would inspire.
 Alas ! When death touches with hands ice-chill
 Nothing again can warm, do what we will.
 She bent her head, drew off the socks, and took
 The naked feet in hands withered that shook.
 Ah ! Was not that a sight our hearts to tear !
 Said she, " Sir,—he was not eight,—and so fair !
 His masters,—he went to school,—were content,
 He wrote all my letters, on errands went
 When I had need,—and are they going now
 To kill poor children,—the brigands allow
 Such to pass free. Are they brigands ? Or worse ?
 A Government ! 'Tis a scourge and a curse !
 He was playing this morn, alert and gay,
 There, by that window, in the sun's bright ray,
 Why did they kill the poor thing, at his play ?
 He passed on to the street ; was that a crime ?
 They fired on him straight ; they wasted no time.
 Sir, he was good and sweet as an angel,—
 Ah ! I am old ;—by the blessed Evangel
 I should have left the sad earth with light heart,
 If it would have pleased Monsieur Bonaparte
 To kill me instead of this orphan child !"
 She stopped,—sobs choked her,—then went on more wild,
 While all wept around, e'en hearts made of stone—
 ' What's to become of me left now alone ?
 Oh ! Tell me this, for my senses get dim—
 His mother left me one child,—only him.
 Why did they kill him,—I would know it,—why ?
 Long live the Republic, he did not cry,
 When that shout, like a wave, came rolling high ?'
 We stood silent, heads low, hearts full of grief,
 Trembling before a sorrow past relief.
 Mother, you understand no politics,—
 Monsieur Napoleon, that's his true name, sticks

To his rights. Look, he is poor, and a prince,
 He loves palaces he enjoyed long since,
 It suits him to have horses, servants, gold
 For his table, his hunt, his play high and bold,
 His alcove rich-decked, his furniture brave,
 And by the same occasion he may save
 The Family, Society, and the Church,
 Should not the eagle on the high rock perch ?
 Should he not take advantage of the time
 When all ends can be served ? 'Twould be a crime.
 He must have Saint-Cloud bedecked with the rose
 Where Prefects and Mayors may kiss his toes.
 And so it is,—that old grandmothers must
 Trail their gray hair in the mire and the dust,
 While they sew with fingers trembling and cold,
 The shroud of poor children, seven years old.

CXL.

HOPE.

TO MY FRIEND FERDINAND D.

Sainte-Beuve.

Ce soleil-ci n'est pas le véritable ;
 Je m'attends à mieux.

Ducis.

When winter's last reflections lie
 Upon the front of leafless woods,
 When still the north-east wind is high,
 Whistling and thundering, loth to die,
 And snows still sheet the solitudes ;

Sudden a warm, warm breath is felt
 That fills the soul with love and awe,
 Sudden one morn, the vapours melt,
 And on the ice is seen a belt,
 A band,—that ushers in the thaw :

Then, to the sun, the snows exhale,
 The soil gets soft and seems to heave ;
 And Nature tries her marriage veil
 In secret, like a virgin pale
 While yet far off the wedding eve.

At first, unseen the green blade peeps
 In furrows high-ridged, straight and long ;
 On old gnarled trunks the fresh sap creeps ;
 And on the mossy rock up leaps
 The cress as if it feared no wrong.

The ivy, on the walls appears,
 Walls that have lost their snowy crest ;
 No leaves as yet,—the forest rears
 Now only their bright pioneers,
 Blossoms and sprouts by winds carest.

Water, no longer dormant lies,
 The torrent frozen long and fast
 Trickles adown the hill, and tries
 Freer to flow, like tears from eyes
 Of mourners whose despair is past.

Birds ! Do not sing the golden morn,
 The morn of blessed, blessed spring !
 Flowers ! Haste not eager to be born !
 Winter may yet have days forlorn,
 In patience wait,—the hour shall ring.

Thus,—thus in age, when near our goal,
 We feel from earth-ties almost free,
 Away the vapours sometimes roll,
 And spite its vision weak, the soul
 Has glimpses of Eternity !

A faint reflection,—far, obscure
 Of brighter suns,—a sparkle pale
 From the life-fountain's column pure,—

A vague dawn,—but the herald sure
Of that bright Spring that shall not fail.

CXII. FRANCE, À L'HEURE OÙ TU TE
 PROSTERNES.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les Châtiments.*)

France ! At the hour when thou bow'st down
The tyrant's foot upon thy head !
A voice shall ring from caverns brown
At which the chained joy-tears shall shed.

The exile standing on the shore,
And looking at the star and wave,
Shall speak as prophets spake of yore,
Whom God a fearless puissance gave.

And then, his menaces of might
Lightnings from east to west unrolled,
Shall pass athwart the sullen night
Like glaves that unseen fingers hold.

Tremble, O mountain, to thy breast
Deep-veined with marble, towering high !
Shiver, O tree with lofty crest,
To hear the words when they whirl by.

They'll have the trumpet's lofty sound,
The shriek that makes the ravens cower,
The still small breath, on graveyard mound,
That stirs the humble grass and flower.

'Shame to the Tyrant!'—They shall shout,
'Shame to the vile, vile homicide !'
And weakest souls shall round about
Gather like warriors brave and tried.

When Joshua 'gainst the high-walled city fought,
 He marched around it with his head raised high,
 His troops in serried order following nigh,
 But not a sword was drawn, no blood outsprang,
 Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.
 At the first round, smiled scornfully the king,
 And at the second said, half-wondering,
 'Hop'st thou with noise my fortress to break down ?'
 At the third turn, the ark of old renown
 Went forward, then the trumpets sounding loud,
 And then the troops with ensigns waving proud.
 Stepped out upon the old walls children dark
 With horns to mock the notes, and hiss the ark.
 At the fourth turn braving the Israelites,
 Women appeared on crenulated heights,
 —The battlements embrowned with age and rust,—
 And hurled upon the Hebrews stones and dust,
 And spun and sang when weary of the game.
 At the fifth time, up came the blind and lame,
 And with wild uproar clamorous and high
 Railed at the clarion ringing in the sky.
 At the sixth time, upon a tower's high crest,
 So high, that there the eagle built his nest,
 So hard, that on it, lightnings struck in vain,
 Appeared in merriment the king again,
 'These Hebrews good musicians are, it seems,'
 He said loud laughing,—'but they live on dreams.'
 The princes laughed submissive to the king,
 Laughed all the courtiers in a glittering ring,
 And thence the laughter spread through all the town.
 At the seventh time,—the solid walls fell down.

O my sole wealth, mine idol, refuge high,
 Thy gold wings furl, and stay.

“ Within my heart is not thy place, the best ?
 Reposest thou not there
 As the wild wood-bird in its mossy nest ?
 Why wilt thou go,—and where ?

“ Rest !—In the house that peace and silence crown,
 Beside the waters still,
 Were we not happy when the night came down
 On hamlet and on hill ?

“ Hast thou forgotten all the eves we past,
 In summer side by side ?
 See, in mine eyes the tears that gather fast !
 O rest, whate'er betide.

“ Thou dost not hear me, and thy bright wing throbs,
 Thou burnest to depart ;
 Little import to thee my tears and sobs,
 The torture in my heart.”

—Love to the lover said, as far he flew,—
 “ O child, no ills forbode !
 “ Have I not given thee aspirations new
 And lighter made thy load ?

“ Have I not waked within thy slumbering breast
 Thoughts heretofore unknown,
 That like a troop of birds make music blest ?
 Art thou not manlier grown ?

“ Art thou not better ? vex not then thy mind,
 If subject unto change,
 More bitter tears to dry, worse wounds to bind,
 From place to place I range.

“ Adieu ! Lone dreamers elsewhere I must cheer,
 And lo,—I leave with thee
 Friends,—upon earth the only friends sincere,
 The joys of memory.

" Some day I shall return,—knock at thy pane,—
 Perhaps a suitor stand,—
 Who knows if thou wilt welcome me again
 And give me then thy hand ? "

CXVI. SOUVENIR D'UN VIEIL AIR.

Valéry Vernier.

It's strange, there needs nothing but a ballad romance,
 The far-off remembrance of an air, brought by chance,
 To give back to our heart its purity entire,
 Our earliest bashfulness, and our candour and fire.

O refrain half-forgotten from some delicate hand !
 Fragment of a sonata,—old, simple and grand !
 O dream of Mozart that he had never written out,
 That I hum in my sleep, and that floats all about !
 Thou awaken'st one by one, the blest days of my prime,
 Framed like a picture in a landscape sublime ;
 Thou restorest me Hours that pass smiling again,
 Hand linkëd in hand as of fair wood-nymphs a train,
 Treading down the high grass that green borders the road,
 Which leads to our village,—to my childhood's abode.

From the plane-tree high lifted the twilight falls down ;
 O Night, Cleopatra with the bright starry crown !
 Stop, stop a moment thy car, and quench not the sun,
 Leave, leave us alone until our pastimes be done !
 We are gathered together by Friendship divine.
 How pleasant to run under the boughs that entwine !
 The sward is so verdant and so lovely the hour !
 To-morrow to meet thus, shall fate grant us the power ?

At last comes the darkness ;—we embrace, bid adieu ;
 Then home through the shadows while the stars are yet few !
 At her side the good mother in prayer makes us kneel
 Saying—"When tired of our pleasures 'tis fit that we feel
 Our God's hand around us, for all good comes from Him!"
 Song rises,—rises prayer, by the hearth embers dim.

Thus learnt, can those prayers, can those songs pass away?
 Their echoes still ring and make us purer to-day.
 The chaste sweet remembrance of the days that are past
 Is the gold key that opens the soul's treasures shut fast
 In a casket deep hidden,—the infallible sesame,
 The talisman precious, that with tears we must name,
 For it opens the gardens enchanted, the bowers,
 Where the bloom is eternal on the fruits and the flowers.

CXVII.

OCTOBER.

Émile Augier.

Since Cybelè has ended her loves for the year,
 Since like the lone widow, until may, of the sun
 Stripping her hymenæal robe,—ah! once so dear!
 Leaf by leaf,—discrownëd, sad, cold, and in fear,
 She sinks down to sleep till her mourning be done;

Since over the vine-plots, there has stolen a change,
 And the grapes in the presses, have run red as of old,
 For the cares of the winter, since peasants arrange,
 And all husbandry-tools are laid by in the grange,
 And cold mornings are closer to evenings as cold:

Let us leave the fields moistened, and the vineyards forlorn,
 And at Paris regain our dear smoke-painted home;—
 The cool shades of their thousand attractions are shorn,
 The light garments half-open displease, and we scorn
 To stir early from bed, on the hill-sides to roam.

What now we require most, is a closed room,—repose,
 A fagot of broom made, or a fire made of logs,
 Beer foaming, and a pipe that contentment bestows,—
 And two friends to converse with as the night deeper grows,
 With the heart overflowing, and the feet on the dogs.

CXVIII.**WATTEAU.***Émile Augier.*

Parks noble with long avenues of trees
 Thick hornbeam hedges, and broad flights of stairs,
 Where people in rich dress, in groups or pairs,
 Converse or move, all this my charmed eye sees.

Upon that last step, see, a gallant youth,
 He leads a high-born lady to the grove ;
 Slowly they wend—he seems to talk of love,
 And she deep blushes in her virgin truth.

And here, upon the garden's greenest grass
 Are loving couples negligently drest
 In flashing shot-silks,—dance some, and some rest,
 And some play on the viol, time to pass.

How calm is life ! How happy all look here !
 Music and sport hence banish every pain,
 And Love and Leisure absolutely reign,
 Love without mystery, Leisure without care !

OXXIX.**CHINOISERIE.***Théophile Gautier.*

It's not you, nor you madam, that I love,
 Nor you Ophelia, nor you Juliet,
 Nor Beatrix, nor e'en Laura far above
 All the blond beauties, with her eyes of jet.

She whom I love in China now resides ;
 Upon a rock there is a porcelain tower
 Beneath which calm the Yellow River glides
 Haunted by cormorants,—there lives the flower !

She has most wondrous dainty little feet,
 And flashing eyes deep-set within her head ;
 A clear tint where the white and crimson meet,
 And long nails dyed with henna, deep, deep red.

Out of her trellis when she cares to gaze,
 Although no poets may her praises sing,
 The swallows wheeling past her fair cheek graze,
 And peach-flowers looking up, like sweet bells ring.

CXX.

ORSO.—A PASTORAL.

Émile Augier.

“ This wild thrilling song, and this voice once again,
 My dear, 'tis Orso who comes back to the plain !
 Yes, Orso who sees me as day follows day :
 Descending the last slope by the side of the springs,
 He leads lusty his herd, while his voice cheerful rings,
 'Mid the tramp heavy of cattle athirst on their way.

“ When he comes home at evening the fair peasant maid
 Who winnows the grain sitting calm in the shade,
 Better to see him,—for his like there is none,—
 On the steps at the door loves on tiptoe to stand,
 And whispers he'll match any lord in the land
 With his gold hair imprisoning the rays of the sun.

“ If he wished it, he might to the loveliest pretend,
 For the girls leave their sickles, and the reaping suspend
 When the mother commences his marvellous tale,—
 What goblets he won at the jousts year by year,
 What rencontres he had by the wood, and how dear
 He made nobles pay, who dared him to assail.

“ But the herdsman possesses a heart that looks high,
 He enquires not who loves him, what seamstresses sigh,
 Or what harvest-gatherers blush red at his name !

In vain those make eyes, and strive hard these to shield
 Their complexions amid the rough work of the field,
 To secure his affections and kindle a flame.

"Orso regards not, and he takes the long road
 Some two miles longer, just to pass our abode
 And see my veil float at my casement,—but there
 Ends all his love's boldness ; and I to console,
 This tenderness mute, which he cannot control,
 Hang out the love-banner that he may not despair."

Thus spake proud Stella of the race of Sienne
 High-born and lovely, she looks down on all men ;
 But the herdsman cares little for her, or her birth,
 He loves a sweet girl in the village hard by,
 Her figure is graceful, and dark is her eye,
 And her heart is the tenderest of any on earth.

CXXI. THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Victor Hugo.

(*Les châtiments.*)

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red :
 For the first time the eagle hung down its head.
 Sombre days ! The Emperor slowly came back,
 Leaving behind him, Moscow smoking and black.
 Like an avalanche winter burst amain,—
 One white plain past, spread another white plain.
 Nor banner nor chief any order could keep,—
 Late the grand army, now bewildered sheep.
 The wings from the centre could hardly be known.
 It snowed. Dead horses and carts overthrown
 Sheltered the wounded. Bivouacs forlorn
 Displayed strange sights, sometimes, as broke the morn.
 Trumpeters were seen, upright at their post,
 Mute,—on the saddle,—and covered with frost ;

Trumpets of copper that gave out no tone
 Fixed, as for ever, unto lips of stone.
 Bullets, grape-shot, and shells, mixed with the snow,
 Rained as from heaven upon the troops below.
 Surprised to find themselves trembling with cold
 Who ne'er trembled from fear, these veterans bold
 Marched pensive ; on their gray moustaches clung
 The hoar-frost ; torn above the banners hung.
 It snowed,—it snowed continuous. The chill breeze
 Whistled upon the glazed frost's endless seas ;
 With naked feet,—on, on they ever went,
 No bread to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
 They were no more hearts living, troops of war,
 They were mere phantoms of a dream, afar
 In darkness wandering, amid vapours dim,—
 A mystery,—of shadows a procession grim
 Upon a black sky, to its very rim.
 Solitude, vast and frightful to behold
 Was every where,—a Nemesis mute and cold.
 The snow wove silently as it fell dense,
 A shroud immense for this army immense ;
 And every soul felt as if left alone
 In a wide wilderness, where no light shone,
 To die, with none to pity, or to see.
 From this sad empire, shall we e'er get free ?
 Two foes, the Czar, the North. The North is worst.
 Cannon were thrown away in haste accurst
 To burn the frames and make the scant fire high ;
 Those who lay down, woke not, or woke to die.
 Sad and confused, the groups that wildly fled,—
 Devoured them all the desert still and dread.
 'Neath the white folds, the blinding snow had raised
 Whole regiments slept. History amazed
 Beheld the ruin : What to this retreat,
 Was any former downfall or defeat !
 What Hannibal's reverses wrapped in gloom !
 What Attila's, when whole hordes received their doom !

A lightning darts athwart the sombre night
 Over the valleys ; then the heavy veil
 Of twilight thick, or utter darkness, falls
 Upon us, masking in its silence deep
 A treacherous snare, and in its peace, a camp ;
 Like a huge crawling serpent round us winds
 The enemy and enlaces us in coils
 Inveterate, interminable, but in vain.
 At a respectful distance keep the forts
 A multitude, a populace of monstrous guns,
 That, in the far horizon, wolf-like prowl.
 Bivouac, and tomb, and prison, Paris now is all.
 Upright and straight before the universe
 That has become a solitude, she stands
 A sentinel, and surprised with weariness
 From over-watching, slumbers : all is still.
 Men, women, children, sobs passionate, bursts
 Of triumphant laughter, cars, footsteps, quays,
 Squares, crossways, and the river's sandy banks,
 The thousand roofs whence issue murmurs low,
 The murmurs of our dreams, the hope that says
 I trust and I believe, the hunger, that, I die,
 The dark despair that knows not what it says,
 All, all keep silence. O thou mighty crowd !
 O noises indistinct and vague ! O sleep
 Of all a word ! And O great glorious dreams
 Unfathomable,—that ever one and all
 Mock our frail wisdom, now are ye submerged
 In one vast ocean of oblivion deep.—
 But they—are there, formidable and grand,
 Eternally on watch.

On a sudden spring

The people, startled, breathless, doleful, awed,
 And bend to listen. What is it they hear ?
 A subterraneous roar,—a voice profound
 As from a mountain's bowels. All the town
 Listens intent, and all the country round

Awakes,—and hark ! to the first rumbling sound
 Succeeds a second, hollow, sullen, fierce,
 And in the darkness other noises crash
 And echo follows echo flying far !
 A hundred voices terrible through night
 Rolling, reverberating, and dying off !
 It is the forts. It is that they have seen
 In depths profound of spaces vast and dim
 The sinister cannon-waggons darkly grouped ;
 It is, that they the outlines have surprised
 Of cannons ranged ; it is that in some wood
 From whence the owl has fled on hurried wings,
 Beside a field, they faintly have descried
 The black swarm of battalions on the march,
 With bayonet gleams, like points of silver sharp
 Commingled ; it is that in thickets dense
 They have found out the flash of traitorous eyes
 Or tread of stealthy steps.

How grand they are,
 These great watch-dogs, that in the darkness bay !

CXXXIII. TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

Victor Hugo.

(L'Année Terrible.)

Children beloved, they shall tell you later of me,
 How your grandsire dandled you well-pleased on his knee ;
 How he adored you, and how he strove on the earth
 To do his best always ; how alas ! from his birth,
 Of joy he had little, and of grief he had much ;
 How many maligned him, though he cared not for such ;
 How at the time you were very young and he old
 He never had harsh words and airs fretful or cold
 For you or for any,—and then how at the close
 He left you for ever in the time of the rose ;

How he died,—how he *was* a kind man after all ;
 How in the famed winter when rained shell, shot, and ball,
 He traversed Paris through, Paris girt by a horde,
 Paris tragic, and full of the gleam of the sword,
 To get you heaps of playthings, strange puppets and dolls
 And bearded Jack-in-the-box, whose spring sudden appals,
 And sometimes a flower pearled with the bright morning dews :
 —And then pensive under the dark trees you will muse.

CXXIV. SONNET.—THE FOOT-PRINT ON THE SAND.

Joséphin Soulary.

A pretty foot,—a virgin's foot, no doubt,
 Disdainful, arched and furtive, printed clear !
 To find this Cinderella, far and near
 The prince would have with many a wary scout
 Searched for a century. I followed out
 The marks in hope the vision would appear,
 Either in pensive loveliness austere,
 Or wreathed with smiles, but vainly looked about.
 Two miles beneath the heavens, the steps to trace
 Was joyful work,—at last a lake outspread—
 No further marks ! And not a human face
 In sight ! To right or left no pathway led !
 Had Cinderella vanished into space ?
 —The lake profound slept silent as the dead.

CXXV. THE DEATH OF THE WOLF.

Written in the château of M. * **

Alfred De Vigny.

Across the large disk of the moon the clouds
 Ran like the smoke across a bonfire's blaze ;

And to the farthest limits of the sky
The woods grew dark. We marched, in silence all,
Upon the humid turf, in dense low furze,
Or higher heath, when under stunted pines
Like those that stud the moors, we dimly traced
The big marks of the claws of wandering wolves
We had already tracked. We stopped and held
Our breath to listen. Neither in the wood,
Nor in the plain far off, nor in the air,
The faintest sound or sigh was audible ;
Only the distant village weathercock
Creaked to the firmament as if it mourned ;
For high uplifted soared above the earth
The wind, and it grazed only with its wings
The solitary towers and dim-seen spires,
While ancient oaks and other lofty trees,
That leaned their brows against the rocks below,
Seemed wrapt in slumber peaceful and profound.
Amid this silence suddenly crouched down
The oldest of us,—hunters on the search,—
More closely to regard the sand we trod,
For sand it was at present. Soon he rose
And in a low voice said, that thrilled through all,—
For never had he been in error yet
On such a subject,—that the recent marks
Announced the steady gait and powerful claws
Of two wolves full-grown followed by two cubs.
We then got ready our broad-bladed knives
And polished guns, and striving to conceal
The flashing lustre of the steel that shone
Too white in the surrounding darkness, moved
Step after step, pushing the boughs aside
That stretched across our path. Three stopped,—and then
While straining to find out what they had seen,
At once I saw two blazing eyes like coals,
And then four forms, agile, and lithe, and gaunt,
That danced in the faint moonlight on the furze

Like joyous greyhounds, such as oft are seen
 Clamorous around their master from the chase
 At eve returned. Similar was their form
 And similar the dance ; only the wolves
 And cubs gambolled in silence, as though they felt
 The neighbourhood of man their mortal foe.
 The male stood on his feet, and farther on
 Against a tree the female wolf reclined,—
 A marble image, like the one adored
 By the old Romans as the heaven-sent nurse
 Of Romulus and Remus demi-gods
 Who from her shaggy side drew nourishment.—
 A slight noise ! And the male wolf was alert,
 His hooked nails buried in the sand, he looked
 Intent around, then judged himself for lost.
 He was surprised, and all retreat cut off !
 Then sudden springing forth with flaming jaws,
 He pounced upon the palpitating throat
 Of the bold dog that rashly had drawn near :
 Nor did he loose his terrible iron grip
 Though rapid shots traversed his heaving flanks,
 And sharp knives in his monstrous entrails plunged
 Like lightnings crossed, and with each other clashed,
 Until faint, gasping,—dead, the strangled hound
 Rolled at his feet. He left his vanquished foe
 And gazed at us. The knives still in his sides
 Rested,—both buried to their very hilts.
 He had been well nigh pinned unto the turf
 Which his blood deluged. Still, around our guns
 Menaced him, levelled ominously close,
 A sinister crescent, but he heeded not.
 He looked at us again, and then lay down
 Licking the blood bespattered round his mouth,
 And deigning not to know whence death had come
 Shut his large eyes, and died without a cry.

2.

I leaned my forehead on my empty gun

And fell into a train of random thought,
 Unwilling it may be, or unresolved
 The she-wolf and her cubs to sacrifice.
 These three had waited for the wolf, now dead ;
 But for her cubs, I verily believe,
 The fair and sombre female had done more !
 She never would have let him die alone.
 But to her heart her duty now was plain !
 Her mother's instinct told her she must save
 The offspring of her bowels with her life
 If need should be, that she might teach them grown
 To wolf's estate the duties of a wolf !
 To suffer without shrinking hunger's pangs,
 Never to enter into terms with man,
 (Such as exist between him and the tribes
 Of servile animals that bear his yoke,
 Or chase the first possessors of the woods
 And rocks before him,—to obtain a place
 To sleep in, and a pittance from his hand,)
 And to hold freedom dearer far than life.

3.

Alas ! I thought, in despite of the name,
 Believed so great, the lofty name of man,
 How weak we are ! How abject !—And I felt
 A shame for all our race ! Life to forsake
 And all its weight of sorrows and of ills
 With dignity, mute, touching and sublime,
 Is known alone to animals contemned.
 To see what man, their lord, achieves on earth
 And what he leaves untouched, inspires this thought,
 —Silence is great alone, and all the rest
 Is vanity and weakness here below.—
 Ah ! I have learnt the lesson thou hast taught
 Thou savage denizen of the forests wild,
 And thy last look has entered to my heart ;
 It said :—“ If thou canst do it, mortal, strive
 So that thy soul attain, through constant thought

And patient study, to the lofty height
 Of stoic pride that cares not for events ;
 That height to which, born free in pathless woods,
 I, without effort, from the first have reached.
 To groan, to cry, to seek for any aid
 Is cowardice. With energy and strength
 Perform the long and often heavy task,
 And walk in singleness of heart along
 The way where fate has placed thee, whether smooth
 Or rough it be. Fulfil thy calling high.
 Then after that, like me, without complaint
 Suffer and die, nor care to leave a name.”

CXXVI.

THE MESSAGE.

Henri Heine.

To horse, my squire ! To horse and quick !
 Be wingëd like the hurricane,
 Fly to the chateau on the plain,
 And bring me news for I am sick.

Glide 'mid the steeds and ask a groom,
 After some talk, this simple thing—
 Of the two daughters of our king
 Who is to wed, and when, and whom ?—

And if he tell thee ;—'tis the brown,
 Come sharply back and let me know ;
 But if,—the blonde, ride soft and slow,
 The moonlight's pleasant on the down.

And as thou comest faithful squire,
 Get me a rope from shop or store,
 And gently enter through this door,
 And speak no word, but swift retire.

CXXVII. SONNET.—DOWN THERE.

Joséphin Soulary.

In my indolent heart ever prompt is to fade
 Yesterday's souvenir,—it leaves hardly a trace ;
 But childhood, from borders hung with vapour and shade,
 Sends back oft a sweet picture that nought can efface.
 A landscape,—a plain sketch ;—how I love the dear glade !
 O brown foster-sister, return, haste in thy grace,
 And bring all our treasures,—the flowers, sight that evade,
 And the nests of the birds, to the rock's secret place !
 Here's Nera the heifer and the bull proud as Mars
 That strayed while we careless plunged in fancy's wild maze !
 And here the ripe corn-blades like gold spears for the wars !
 And here the lights mellow of clear nights without haze,
 With thy hand in my hand, when we gazed at the stars,
 From the porch of the farm where the hearth was a-blaze !

CXXVIII. SONNET.—THE DIVINE ANTITHESIS.

Joséphin Soulary.

The knell rings sad from the belfry on high,
 But with perfume shivers as drunken the breeze ;
 Black drapes the church from the porch to the frieze,
 But purple and gold have transfigured the sky ;
 The procession solemn and hushed glides by,
 But swallows float joyous over the trees ;
 Tears fall wildly, and hearts heave like the seas,
 But pearls rainbow-hued on leaves flashing lie.
 Lo ! This is the place of repose as we trust,
 Uttered are soft the prayers for the dead,
 Return earth to earth and dust to the dust.
 But the flowers bloom round and lift up their head,
 And Nature immense is heard in each gust,
 “Beauty new-born springs in light freely shed.”

CXXIX.

NI HAINE NI AMOUR.

Henri Heine.

Of girls unkind, though fair and stately,
 This neighbourhood may count a score ;
 From their hate I have suffered greatly,
 But from their love oh more, still more.

In my brimming cup they have lately
 Their poison shed, as oft before,
 Hate-potions sometimes, and then straightly
 Love-philters, that distress me sore.

But she whose name I love innately,
 Who gave the wound that struck the core,
 Moves tranquil on her way sedately,
 Nor hate, nor love, she bears or bore.

CXXX.

ON THE BARRICADE.

Victor Hugo.

(L'Année Terrible.)

'Twas upon a barricade in the street
 With guilty blood polluted, but made clean
 Again with pure blood, that a child of twelve
 Was seized midst men with weapons in their hands.
 " Art thou of these ?"—The child said,—“ yes I am.”
 “ Good,” said the officer,—“ thou shalt be shot,
 Await thy turn.” Then blinding flashes past
 And his companions fell beneath the wall,
 While he looked on. “ Permit me that I go,”
 Thus to the officer at last he said,
 “ And to my mother in our house, give back
 This watch of hers.”—“ Ah, thou wouldest fly ?”—“ Not so,

I shall return."—"These children of the street
 Are cowards after all. Where lodgest thou?"—
 "Down there beside the fountain,—let me go,
 I shall come back 'monsieur le capitaine'."—
 "Be gone thou rogue."—And the child scampered off.
 Clumsy deceit,—gross cuainng of a boy !
 And all the soldiers with their captain laughed,
 And with the laughter mixed the rattle hoarse
 That issues from the throats of men that die ;
 But the laugh ceased, for sudden he returned
 Proud as Viala ; step firm, and forehead high,
 He looked a trifle pale, as on the wall
 He like the others leaned, and cried aloud—
 "Lo here I am."

Death brass-browed blushed with shame,
 And the stern chief of pardon gave the sign.

I know not, child, amidst the present storm,
 This hurricane around us, that confounds
 The heroes and the bandits, good and ill,
 What urged thee to the combat, but I say,
 And boldly say, that thy soul ignorant
 Is a soul tender, lofty and sublime.
 As kind as brave, thou in the gulf's dark depths
 Two steps couldst forward take instinctively,
 One to thy mother, one as calm to death.
 Childhood has candour, manhood has remorse ;
 And thou art not responsible for what
 Thou wert induced to execute or try :
 But true and brave the child is that prefers
 To light, to life, to the bright dawn, to spring,
 To sports permitted, and to all his hopes,
 The sombre wall by which his friends have died.
 Glory has kissed thy brow,—and thou so young !
 Boy-friend, Stesichorus in antique Greece
 Would willingly have charged thee to defend
 A port of Argos. Cynégirus would have said,
 'We are two equals that each other love.'

Thou wouldst have been admitted to the rank
 Of the pure-minded Grecian volunteers,
 By Tyrtaeus at Messena, and at Thebes
 By Aeschylus. On medals would thy name
 Have been engraved,—medals of brass or gold
 To last for ages ; and thou wouldst have been
 Of those, who when they pass, beside the wells
 Shaded by weeping willows, under skies
 Serenely blue, cause the young girl that bears
 The urn upon her shoulders, that the herd
 Of panting kine may drink therein by turns,
 To look round pensive, and to stand and gaze,
 And gaze again,—then sigh, and onwards move.

CXXXI

SONNET—NECESSITY.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Necessity or Fate, the day when thou
 Shalt see this soul, where such dark clouds amass,
 Renounce the struggle, and in desperate pass
 For respite ask, lift up with pride thy brow.
 For then to thee a combattant shall bow
 That knows no fear, that trampled down like grass,
 From weariness might yield indeed—alas !
 But cannot be unfaithful to his vow.
 Fly at such time from me belovéd Muse !
 Hide my heart's ashes under thy disdain !
 But on my hand disarmed, let fall a tear—
 So much thou canst not, Poesy, refuse
 To one, who loving thee 'mid grief and pain,
 Has done his utmost to adore thee here.

André Theuriet.

When the house-mistress comes in sight
 Holy light
 Enters the house wherein she dwells,
 Crackle the brands, the flames rise proud,
 And more loud
 Repeats the bird his canticles.

In the great orchard every bough
 Bending low
 Salutes her with its wreath of flowers !
 On her straw roofs the swallows build,
 Faithful guild,
 That herald luck and sunny hours !

Floats in her kingdom—(one large room !)
 Soft perfume
 That to the chance-guest's mind conveys
 This thought,—lo ! Plenty, Peace, Good-cheer,
 All are here,
 Thy lines are fall'n on pleasant ways.

A sober beauty,—pensive, grave,
 Such as have
 The mallow, scabious, and white rose !
 Smooth dimpled cheeks, though somewhat pale,
 Where prevail
 The smiles that all her heart disclose !

Blue, like violets in a foss
 Hemmed with moss,
 Sparkle soft her innocent eyes,—
 Frame-like her bonnet adds a grace
 To a face
 As calm and pure as summer skies !

Hair chestnut,—hardly one may view
 There a few
 Light threads of silver mixed between,—
 Thin flakes of snow what eye perceives
 'Mid the leaves
 Of a vigorous tree and green !

She works beneath the lilac tree
 Ceaselessly,
 Her place is by the garden-gate,—
 Swiftly her needle runs along,
 While her song
 Swells high and rich, and yet sedate.

•
 And still attentive o'er her head
 Branches spread,
 As if to shield her and to bless,
 And thick they shower their blossoms down
 On her gown
 To ornament her simple dress !

CXXXIII. TO LITTLE JEANNE.

Victor Hugo.

(L'Année Terrible.)

A year old, you were, my dear, yesterday,
 Content to yourself you prattle away ;
 Opening its vague eyes in its sheltered nest
 Thus chirps the bird new-born, by winds carest,
 Joyous to feel its plumes commence to grow.
 Jeanne your mouth is a rose-blossom in blow.
 In those big books whose pictures are your joy,
 Pictures you clutch, and sometimes too destroy,
 There are sweet verses, but nought to compare
 To your little face,—nothing half as fair !

It dimples with smiles like a summer lake
 As I approach, my kiss wonted to take :
 Poets the greatest have never written aught
 As good, as in your eyes the budding thought.
 Oh the reverie there, strange and obscure !
 The contemplation, like an angel's pure !
 Jeanne, God cannot be far, since you are here.

Ah ! You are a year old. It's an age, my dear.
 Charmed with all things you look fitfully grave :
 O moment celestial of life !—We rave
 About happiness, but happy alone
 Are those on whose path no shadow is thrown,
 Who when their parents they hold in their arms,
 Hold the whole world and feel sheltered from harms ;
 Your young soul from Alice your kind mother turns
 To Charles your father, and in them discerns
 Matter for laughter, for tears, and for dreams ;
 Their love is your all, and it sheds rainbow gleams
 O'er your horizon. Your universe, your heaven,
 Are in these,— one that rocks you at even,
 And one that smiling looks on. At this hour,
 The brightest of life, as light to the flower
 Is their presence to you. O blessed trust !
 In your parents you live, and this is but just.
 I stand by humble grandsire ; not to grudge
 To be your playmate, your slave, or your drudge ;
 But content to follow you, and have my part
 As one of your toys, somewhere in your heart ;
 You come and I go ; awaiting for night
 I hail and worship the dawn of your light.
 Your blonde brother George and you are enough
 To a heart not seared by the world's contact rough.
 I see your glad sports and I wish for no more,
 After my numberless trials are o'er,
 Than that your shadow should fall on my tomb
 While smiling you play 'mid sunshine and bloom.

Ah ! Our new innocent guest, you were born
 In an hour for France most sad and forlorn,—
 Familiar with terrors you played with the asp,
 You smiled while Paris was at its last gasp,
 You murmured, dear Jeanne, like bees in a wood,
 While she girded her arms in wrathful mood ;
 'Mid clank of the sword and roar of the gun
 You woke and slept, as though danger were none ;
 And when I see you, Jeanne, and when I hear
 Your timid accents breaking low yet clear,
 While your hands glide softly over my head,
 It seems as if the cloud, charged with tempests dread,
 Trembles and flies far off with hollow moan,
 And that God sends down from His holy throne
 To the Queen of cities girdled with towers
 And ramparts from which the fierce canon lowers,
 Disabled, and ready to sink like a bark
 Under a sea heaving wildy and dark,
 Amid clamour, and terror, and outcry wild,
 A blessing of Peace, by the hand of a child.

CXXXIV. THE BLACK POINT.

Gérard de Nerval.

Whoever has looked a long time at the sun,
 Beholds in the welkin, where spot there is none,
 A disk livid and strange, persistently float :

Thus young and audacious, mine eyes dared to gaze
 On Glory one instant, and blind from the blaze,
 Are destined the black spot for ever to note.

Since then, on all things, like a portent or sign
 Like the seal on Cain's brow, in dark and in shine,
 I see the mark spectral,—a black oriflamme :

A bar to my happiness ill I may brook !
 Ah woe ! 'Tis the eagle alone that may look
 On the Sun and on Glory, undazzled and calm.

CXXXV. THE HISTORY OF A SOUL.

Eugène Manuel.

In secret from among the throng
 God sometimes takes a soul,
 And leads her slow, through grief and wrong,
 Unswerving to her goal.

He chooses her to be His bride,
 And gives her from His store,
 Meek tenderness and lofty pride,
 That she may feel the more.

He makes her poor, without a stay,
 Desiring all men's good,
 Searching the True, pure, pure alway,
 But still, misunderstood.

Beneath a weight of pains and fears
 He makes her often fall,
 He nourishes her with bitter tears,
 Unseen, unknown of all.

He spreads the clouds her head above,
 He tries her hour by hour,
 From Hate she suffers and from Love,
 And owns of each the power.

God's rigour, never, never sleeps,
 She waits for peace ? In vain.
 She struggles or resignèd weeps,
 He strikes and strikes again.

In beings that she loves the most,
 He wounds her till half mad
 She wanders like a restless ghost !
 A problem strange and sad.

Thus stricken, reft of joy and light,
 God makes her fair and clean,
 Like an enamel hard and bright,
 A sword of temper keen.

Subject to Adam's debt below
 And every curse and pain,
 The Judge inflexible would know
 If she will staunch remain.

Will she fight on 'gainst every ill ?
 Brave every storm ? Stand fast
 Her lofty mission to fulfil
 With courage to the last ?

And when He sees her ever true,
 Like needle to the pole,
 Upon His work He smiles anew,—
 Thus forges God a soul.

CXXXVI.

THE DOVES.

Theophile Gautier.

On the hill-side,—up there,—close to the tombs,
 A straight, straight palm-tree lifts proudly its head,
 Like a warrior tall with green waving plumes ;
 There rest the white doves when daylight has fled.

But at the grey dawn they all quit the boughs,
 Like a collar of pearls strown over the sky
 They scatter in air ; some wheel round the brows
 Of hills, and some rest on the cottage roofs high.

My soul is the tree, where roost every night,
 Wild dreams in white swarms, I may not portray,
 With tremulous wings from heaven they drop bright
 To vanish at morn—for ever away.

CXXXVII PROMENADES ET INTÉRIEURS.

François Coppée.

I.

In the eve, by the hearth, how oft in solitude
 I have thought of some bird found dead, deep in the wood.
 In the winter's rough days monotonous and sad,
 The poor deserted nests once resonant and glad
 Swing to the biting wind, 'neath a sky iron-grey.
 Oh many the poor birds that must then die away !
 But when the spring-time comes, the time of violets,
 Their skeletons we meet not to awake our regrets,
 Where in April we run, amid grass springing high ;
 Do the birds hide themselves in some nook ere they die ?

II.

The school. The walls white, and the black benches in grade,
 Then a Christ in wood carved, that two box branches shade ;
 The Sister of Mercy, a red rose in a cap,
 Keeps the school with her clear eyes, and points to a map.
 Some twenty girls lovely of the people sit round
 In their plain simple bonnets. There's a hum of low sound.
 O the good Sister ! O the sweet patience she shows !
 Weariness or anger, never, never she knows !
 A hundred times over she repeats the same thing,
 And her brow remains cloudless, her voice keeps its ring ;
 Nor cares she to note on the benches first ranged
 Where the youngest have seats, stealthy glances exchanged ;
 For there marches on paper spread out and on book
 A mav-bug made captive that attracts every look !

CXXXVIII. TO THE SWALLOW.

Sully Prudhomme.

Thou who canst mount up to the sky,
 Not climbing first the summits steep
 But at a bound, and who canst fly
 Down to the valley's utmost deep ;

Thou who canst drink, not bending low
 Beside the fount by which we kneel,
 But from the clouds rain-freighted, slow,
 Far, far above the earth that wheel ;

Thou who departest with the flowers,
 And with the spring o'er ocean's foam
 Returnest, faithful as the Hours
 To two things, Liberty and Home ;

Like thee, my soul triumphant soars
 On dream-wings borne by worlds of light ;
Like thee it stoops and skims the shores ;
Alike our tastes,—alike our flight !

A nest,—and power to range at will,
 To thee are indispensable,
 I need,—as wild mine instincts still,
 Free life and love unchangeable.

C XXXIX. A MOTHER'S HEART.

Louis Ratisbonne.

"Poor mamma is very sick
 Make no noise, my little child !
 Not a cry, or naughty trick !
 Doctor's orders " —Faint he smiled.

All was still. He never spoke.
 Death came in the solemn night.

Dear friends wept when he awoke.
 " Can I play now ? It is light. "

Pained the father turned away
 While they dressed the child in black.
 " Beautiful ! " He cried out gay,
 " See mamma. " They held him back.

Sobbing rose papa at last,
 Took him, wondering, unto her,
 Life and breath away had past.
 " O mamma ! " She did not stir.

" Put me on the bed, papa ! "
 Choking, he with sobs and tears,
 On the cold heart of mamma
 Placed the child who felt no fears.

"See her—whose deep tenderness
 Nourished thee,—look long and well !
 Never more shall she caress,
 Kiss, or hear, or stories tell !"

He was wrong. The lifeless heart
 Soon as there was placed its joy,
 'Gan to beat, and with a start
 Woke mamma to clasp her boy.

CXL. SONNET.—THE MIRACLE OF THE VIRGIN.

Louis Ratisbonne.

A painter young was painting blessèd Mary
 Upon a scaffold, so the legend goes,
 High sprung the dome above, a dome of faëry,
 Far down below the choir lay tinged with rose ;
 Of her rich gifts the muse had not been chary,
 He loved his art and worked without repose,

But sleep surprised him in an hour unwary,
 And the Bad Spirit that no pity knows
 With jeering laughter hurled him from his height.
 He woke—"Help, help O Virgin!"—And 'tis told
 Out of the canvas stretched an arm of light
 To save him. O ye fervent hearts be bold!
 Sleep,—fall,—ye may, but never perish quite,
 Your bright Ideal shall your steps uphold.

CXLI.

THE SOWER.

Victor Hugo.

Sitting in a porchway cool,
 Sunlight, I see, dying fast,
 Twilight hastens on to rule,
 Working-hours have well-nigh past.

Shadows run across the lands ;
 But a sower lingers still,
 Old, in rags, he patient stands,
 Looking on, I feel a thrill.

Black and high his silhouette,
 Dominates the furrows deep !
 Now to sow the task is set,
 Soon shall come a time to reap.

Marches he along the plain
 To and fro, and scatters wide
 From his hands the precious grain ;
 Muse I, as I see him stride.

Darkness deepens. Fades the light.
 Now his gestures to mine eyes
 Are august ; and strange,—his height
 Seems to touch the starry skies.

CXLII.

SONNET—A DREAM.

Sully Prudhomme.

The farmers told me, ‘give us no command ;
 To make thy bread thine own fields cultivate ;’
 Weavers cried out, ‘thy own cloth fabricate ;’
 And builders, ‘take this trowel in thine hand ;’
 And lone, abandoned by the human hand,
 Bearing about me their relentless hate,
 I prayed to Heaven their wrath to mitigate,
 But it sent lions on my path to stand.
 Here broke my dream. Another day had birth ;
 Hummed looms afar, fields sown appeared in ken,
 And masons mounting ladders, sang in mirth :
 I knew my happiness, and first felt then
 None may dispense with other’s help on earth,
 And from that time I learned to love all men.

CXLIII. SONNET.—AUTUMN SUNSET.

Leconte de Lisle.

The wind of autumn has its course begun !
 With lamentations strange and sad adieu
 Like far sea-murmurs, in the avenues
 It sways the heavy branches ; these have won
 A tinge of evening’s rich vermilion,
 And balanced, shed their leaves of various hues ;
 Look at these nests the birds no longer use !
 And look—oh look at the departing sun !
 Depart O Sun ! Light’s fountain ! Nature’s choice !
 And let thy glory like a blood-stream pure
 Flow from thy wounds, but in thy death rejoice !
 Thou shalt arise again ! Thy hope is sure !
 But for a broken heart, with potent voice
 Who shall again a lease of life procure ?

CXLIV.

REVERIE.

Auguste Lacaussade.

Tell me, O moving star, with wings of light
 That floatest in the azure of the sky,
 Where goest thou ? What goal is in thy sight ?
 Wilt thou not furl thy wings somewhere on high ?

Tell me, O pensive moon, whom oft I mark,
 Threading the milky way the heavens disclose,
 In what strange cavern, luminous or dark,
 Thou shalt at last, fair pilgrim, find repose ?

Tell me, O wind, that wanderest through space
 Like a poor prodigal without hearth or home,
 Is there for thee no quiet resting-place
 In forest brown or on the ocean-foam ?

Tell me, O wave, that with a hungry roar
 Lashest the mountains tow'ring by the deep,
 Past the horizon line is there no shore
 Where thou shalt glide serene and fall asleep ?

And thou, O heart, more wild than billow vex'd
 Or fretful wind whose conflicts never cease,
 Is there no spot in this world or the next
 Where thou canst find forgetfulness and peace ?

CXLV.

INTÉRIEUR.

*A ma mère.**André Theuriet.*

The parlour peaceful. In the chimney flames
 A bright fire that attracts. Whistle the winds
 Outside, and on the window-sash the rain
 Beats with a noise of sobbing, wild and strange.
 Cheerful a lamp, under its green shade, burns,
 And bathes with mellow light a table large.

A rich vase full of after-season flowers
 Exhales a perfume vague and soft, that steals
 Like the familiar sound of some old air
 Hummed by a voice beloved that dies away.
 The father writes. The mother active, pale,
 And thoughtful, as a mother always seems,
 Covers a canvas wide with brave designs
 Of variegated colors. One may see
 Under her busy fingers as they move
 Grow by degrees the tissue shaded fine
 Of wool, red, black, orange and violet.
 At the piano, seated in the midst,
 Upon the ivory touches a young girl
 Essays a piece preferred, then turns and smiles.
 Her profile lightened by a single ray
 Is proud, and full of noble sympathies,
 And oh so pure !—An antique cameo cut
 In agate ; one would say, the life-long work
 Of some great master. Twenty blessed springs
 Have o'er her past. The soul of music shines
 In her clear eyes like a celestial fire,
 And her pure forehead bears the seal of heaven,
 And in bright bands her brown and silken hair
 Falls on her shoulders white and smooth as snow.

Like a fresh wind among the willow boughs
 Her fingers on the instrument mute till now
 Modulate slowly a minuet air,
 A soft air from Don Juan, dreamy, sad,
 Yet full of passion ; the piano throbs
 As if it were a living human soul !
 And as at last in sobs the music bursts
 The father leaves his papers and his pen
 To look at her, and the fond mother drops
 Her needle, drops the dainty flower sketched out
 And leans across the table ; she scarce breathes
 But silently looks on, like him entranced,
 Until her glance meets his ; then smiles break forth,

And both contemplate with wet eyes the pearl,
 The richest pearl their jewel-casket holds,
 The pride of all the family,—the life,
 The joy and sunshine of the house,—their child.

CXLVI.

CHOIR OF SATYRS.

*While Ulysses prepares to blind the eye of Polyphemus
 with a red-hot stake.*

J. Autran.

Torment, like the lion ere its victim it seizes,
 Awaits for the giant
 Who with the flesh of a guest his hunger appeases,
 Fierce, bloody, defiant.

Already, the fire sparkles, and the tree in the ashes
 Becomes a red lever,
 Sleep that descendest, press, oh press down the eyelashes
 And seal them for ever.

And I, avenged and freed from this cavern infernal,
 Shall worship thee daily,
 O god of my youth, blithe, golden-haired and eternal,
 With ivy decked gaily.

CXLVII.

THE HOPE IN GOD.

Alfred De Musset.

There exists, it is said, a philosophy
 That needs no revelation, but unlocks
 The gates, with ease, that guard life's mystery,
 And safely steers between the dangerous rocks
 Indifference and Religion. Be it so.
 Where are these system-makers that can find
 Truth without faith ? It would be worth to know.
 Powerless sophists swelled with empty wind
 What are their arguments ? What authority

Are they invested with ? One proudly says,
 Two principles exist for all eternity
 That war on earth, by turns each strength displays
 And triumphs o'er the other. One despises
 Far in the solitary heavens a god
 Who cares not, infinitely great and wise,
 For human altars, or for man—a clod.
 Pythagoras and Leibnitz think souls change ;
 Descartes forsakes us in the whirlwind's breast ;
 Montaigne enquires but nothing can arrange ;
 Pascal his own dream flies by fear possesst ;
 Pyrrho doubts all, and deems our natures blind ;
 Zeno makes us insensible ; Voltaire
 Throws down whatever stands with furious mind ;
 Spinoza leaves his subject in despair,
 Searching in vain, he sees God everywhere,
 Or deems he sees ; the metaphysician Locke
 Makes man a mere machine ; at last to scare
 All thinkers and their futile efforts mock,
 And as it were the ruin to achieve
 Of all philosophy, comes the German Kant,
 A spectre in the fogs and clouds of eve,
 Not without eloquence, but arrogant,
 He sees heaven empty, and the end of all
 Chaos and nothingness. Oh can it be !
 Must human science tumble thus and fall ?
 Is this the fate of proud philosophy ?
 After five thousand years of cruel doubt,
 After such bold and persevering toil,
 Is that the last word ! Every hope shut out
 Must speculation thus alas ! recoil !
 Oh senseless efforts, miserable pains,
 That sought the truth in such erratic rings !
 Pinions we need to reach the heavenly plains,
 What is the wish, without faith's eagle wings ?
 I pity you, O speculators wise !
 Your wounded pride and torments have I known,

And felt the sudden shudder and surprise
 Before the Infinite, as I stood alone !
 Ah well !—Together let us pray, we must,
 For all our labours have been vain we feel,
 Or if your bodies be reduced to dust,
 Let me upon your tombs devoutly kneel.
 Come pagan sages, in all science great,
 Dreamers bygone, and dreamers of to-day,
 Prayer is a cry,—the cry of hope elate,
 That God may answer us, oh let us pray !
 Our pains and efforts note O Holy One !
 The rest forget, O Merciful and True !
 If heaven be empty prayer offend can none,
 If some One hear us, may He pity too !

CXLVIII.

MAN AND THE SEA.

Charles Baudelaire.

Man, in thy freedom, thou shalt love always the ocean
 As the mirror in which is reflected thy soul,
 For its infinite depths,—its waves in commotion,
 Of thy spirit the phases, lay bare like a scroll.

To plunge in its waters, thy bosom rejoices,
 As to clasp a dear mother rejoices a child !
 And thy heart ceases to hear its own inner voices,
 At the sound of that voice unconquered and wild.

O soul in the shadow thou ever abidest,
 Who has sounded thy depths, and who there may regard ?
 And thou sea, who knows of the riches thou hidest,
 Or has seen the dread secrets of thy dark dungeon-ward ?

The same temperaments ! And yet through the ages
 Fierce, pitiless, remorseless, between you is strife !
 Carnage, death, havoc, seem the work and the wages !
 Eternal gladiators !—Brothers grappling for life !

CXLIX.

CHRISTMAS.

Théophile Gautier.

The sky is dark, the snow descends,
 Ring bells, ring out your merriest chime !
 Jesus is born ; the Virgin bends
 Above Him. O the happy time !

No curtains bright-festooned are hung,
 To shield the Infant from the cold ;
 The spider-webs alone are slung
 Upon the rafters bare and old.

On fresh straw lies the little One,
 Not in a palace but a farm,
 And kindly oxen breathe upon
 His manger-bed to keep it warm.

White wreaths of snow the roofs attire,
 And o'er them stars the blue adorn,
 And hark ! In white the angel-choir
 Sings to the shepherds, "Christ is born."

CL.

SONNET—AVARITA.

Joséphin Soulary.

Voluntary martyr to eternal cares,
 To bitter penury self-vowed, he asks
 No pleasures, no kind kinsmen, nor the tasks
 That please the patriot ; and he never dares
 To use the things he has, but onward fares
 As though he had them not : a poor man basks
 In sunshine sometimes, but the miser masks
 His day's wants from himself ;—till unawares,
 As he recounts and grasps one day, his gold,
 Sudden he starts to hear an unknown voice,
 "Ho, knave ! Take nothing hence, let go thy hold !

Empty thy left hand now ! Thou couldst rejoice
 To hear the orphan's cry,—the widow's sob,
 But wouldest thou Death, O fool, deceive and rob ?”

CLI.

THE SWORD OF ANGANTYR.

Leconte De Lisle.

Angantyr, in his low earth-bed, pale, stiff, and grave,
 Beyond reach of the moon-gleam and fierce glare of the sun,
 With the sword in his hand, a sleep peaceful has won,
 For the fierce eagles have spared the flesh of the brave,
 And the heather has drunk the red blood that had run.

On the black cape's summit, where the ocean waves moan
 Stands Angantyr's child. Avenger none has been found
 For the dead who reposes beneath the high mound ;
 So Hervor, her fair breasts bruised by thicket and stone,
 Disturbs the slain hero with her clamour alone.

“Angantyr ! Angantyr ! 'Tis thine Hervor who calls !
 O chief whose proud galleys ploughed the foam of the sea,
 Give thy sword iron-hilted that bright flashed, unto me,
 It rests on thy breast, but its name yet appals,
 For it was forged by the dwarfs of Ymer for thee.”

“My child, my child, why dost thou in darkness thus shriek
 Like a gaunt famished she-wolf that howls by a tomb ?
 The earth and the granite press me down in this gloom ;
 My closed eyes see only an immensity bleak,
 And thy cry thrills my heart like the trumpet of doom.”

“Angantyr ! Angantyr ! On this high promontory
 The tempest fierce whirling, far away bears my sobs,
 And thy name, O warrior, in the wave's music throbs,
 Hear me, answer me, from thy dark bed and gory,
 And break from thy prison for thy glory it robs.”

“ My child, O my daughter, do not trouble my dream !
 If the body is bound, the spirit soars like a song !
 Ha ! I drink hydromel in the cup of the strong,
 In the heaven of Valhalla my glave adds a gleam,
 But the voice of the living to the dead is a wrong.”

“ Angantyr ! Angantyr ! Give, oh give me thy sword ;
 Thy children save myself welter naked in blood,
 And fishes devour them in the river’s red flood ;
 Sole escaped of thy race from the foemen’s fierce horde
 Let me wear the bright glave that none ever withstood.”

“ My child, O my child, let us remain what we are,
 Befits well the distaff a young maiden’s fair hand ;
 Hence ! Depart ! Lo, on thy path, the moon rises grand !
 For a man is the sword, and the tumult of war,
 But a fight foot to foot no woman may stand.”

“ Angantyr ! Angantyr ! Hark ! My birth-right I claim !
 O warrior, revile not thy own race in this way,
 I long for the murderer’s blood and the fray.
 Help me,—or by Fenris,—perish, perish thy name !
 May thy bones be dragged out by the wolf as a prey !”

“ My child, O my child, thy soul is lofty and great,
 The child of a hero must thus speak and thus feel,
 And clean his dimmed honor till it shine like this steel,
 Take the sword, O my loved, and be reckless of fate,
 Run, avenge me, and die, where the trumpets loud peel.”

Angantyr lifting up the high mound of his tomb
 Like a spectre, with eyes without vision that stare,
 Rises up and extends forth an arm wan and bare
 Whence the sword iron-hilted, drops down in the gloom,
 And his white teeth low mutter,—“ Now take it, nor spare.”

And while he sinks slowly on the couch of the dead,
 And recrosses his arms and earth’s glory resigns,
 Hervor, brandishing the steel that vibrates and shines,
 With her black hair wild streaming,—a phantom of dread,
 Runs,—leaps,—disappears in the forest’s dark lines.

CLII. LE CONVOI D'UNE PAUVRE FILLE.

Auguste Brizeux.

When poor Louise died in her fifteenth year,
 A wood-flower killed by the wind and the rain,
 No numerous cortège followed her bier,
 A priest and a boy composed all the train.
 From time to time the acolyte replied
 To the prayers with responses soft and low.
 Louise was friendless, and nobody cried,
 And Louise was poor, so none made a show.
 A simple cross of box, an old, old pall,
 This was the pomp around her funeral bed ;
And when the sexton bore her past the hall
 Unto the lowly dwellings of the dead,
 Hardly the village from the bell could learn
 Its sweetest virgin had retired from earth.
 So died she humble.—By the hills where fern
 Abundant grew, 'neath trees of ample girth,
 By balmy vales and corn-fields rich and green,
 And through the broom, at dawn of glorious day
 The convoy winded. April, like a queen,
 In all her splendour, made a proud display,
 And on the virgin bier in tenderness
 Snowed down her flowers, and bathed it with her tears ;
 The white-thorn had put on its gorgeous dress
 Of rose and white ; and levelled rays like spears
 Touched the star-blossoms on each branch that shook.
 Full was the prospect of perfume and song ;
 Flowers all the way,—as far as eye could look,
 And hidden birds, that warbled loud and long.

CLIII WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY.

Théophile Gautier.

Leaves not green, but red and gold,
 Fall and dot the yellow grass,

Morn and eve, the wind is cold,
Sunny days are gone, alas !

Showers lift bubbles on the pool,
Peasants harvest-work dispatch,
Winter comes apace to rule,
Swallows cluster on the thatch :

Hundreds, hundreds of the race
Gathered, hold a high debate ;
One says,—“Athens is my place,
Thither shall I emigrate.

“ Every year I go and build
On the famous Parthenon,
Thus the cornice-hole is filled,
Mark of an insulting gun.”.

“ Smyrna suits my humbler needs”—
Says a second, twittering gay,
“ Hadjis there count amber beads
Sitting in the sun’s bright ray.

“ In a café’s little room
Where chibouks a vapour raise,
Floating ’mid the strange perfume
Turbans shall I skimming graze.”

“ Balbeck triglyphe that I love,
Thee again,”—says one,—“ I seek,
There shall I hang soon above
Little ones with open beak.”

One cries out;—“ Lo ! my address !
Rhodes, the palace of the knights,
Year by year, my nest I tress
On the black-stone pillar heights.”

Says a fifth;—“ Old age, you see,
Weighs me down, I scarce can fly ;

Malta's terraced rock for me !
 Azure wave and azure sky !”

And the sixth ;—“ In Cairo fair
 On a lofty minaret,
 Mud head-quarters lined with hair
 Make me winter quite forget. ”

“ At the second cataract,—”
 Says the last ;— “ 'mid beauties brown
 Is my nest. The place exact
 Is a granite monarch's crown. ”

All : “ To-morrow many miles
 File by file, we shall have gone.
 Peaks of snow, and plains, and isles,
 Vanish far,—yet on,—still on ! ”

Twinkling bright their eyes of jet,
 Clapping wings, in brotherhood,
 Twitter thus, the swallows met
 When the rust is on the wood.

All they say I understand,
 For the poet is a bird,
 Captive, broken-winged, and banned,
 Struggling still, though oft unheard.

Oh ! For wings, for wings, for wings !
 As sings Ruckert in his song,
 To fly with the birds and the springs
 Wherever the sun shines long.

Left by the tide's forgetful wave to rot,
 When it receded murmuring from the spot,
 Bulls with broad dewlaps, cows in careworn plight,
 Heifers that startle at the curlew's flight,
 With solemn steps, and balancing their heads,
 Dull, as reluctant to forsake their beds
 Of straw, descend, preceded one by one,
 By their long shadows in the risen sun ;
 Around the black reefs ranged along the creek
 The herd dispersed, kneel noiseless, docile, meek,
 And to the salt wind from the sea that blows,
 With wide dilated nostrils tinged with rose,
 Voluptuous turn large eyes, they half unclose.
 It seems, as if the sea in pensive mood
 To rock Life's rest, hath changed its manner rude,
 And hardly dares upon the silver sand
 To roll its waves except with murmurs bland.
 Unwrinkled, like a forehead without care,
 It spreads in peace, and hills that rise in air
 In a horizon limpid, scattered grand,
 Gird it in part, like a transparent band,
 A veil of azure that shall float away
 When the wind rises with the rising day.
 Opens above, the blue, blue firmament,
 Where large and pale but yet magnificent
 The sun is seen,—lord of eternal light !
 Seagulls traverse his rays, in long, long flight.
 The sea and sky forgetting that they seal
 Snows, and fierce waves, that make the navies reel,
 Without a threat to-day, or surge, or cloud,
 Call on each other. Well may both be proud
 To blend the depths of their serenity,
 Symbol as each is of eternity !
 And earth that suffers, earth that men degrade,
 Pleased with the splendour everywhere displayed,
 Seems almost, like a child surprised, to fear
 This dream of happiness may disappear

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Too quickly from its sight. In sheltering boughs
 Birds waken and repeat their songs and vows ;
 The fishers, humming, on the steep white rock
 March two and two, and careful of their stock
 Hang upon rusty hooks their humid nets
 Whence shivering vapours rise. By rivulets
 On which the elm-trees lean, near roofs of thatch,
 A Babel of young voices, or a snatch
 From some old ballad, or sweet laughter shrill,
 Shows where the girls bleach clothes beside a mill ;
 Rough wooden shoes upon the pebbles sound ;
 Old dames with busy feet the wheel turn round ;
 And 'mid these songs of women, birds and springs,
 The murmurs of the flowers that ask for wings,
 The cries, inexpressively soft and sweet
 Of infants waking in their snug retreat,
 Half-naked,—while their mothers hang above
 Their cradle-beds and utter words of love,—
 In the deep calm, and thoughtful joy, that reign,
 Sudden is heard along the humid plain,
 Like a voice sent from heaven with day new-born,
 To make the unknown future less forlorn,
 The low, low rustle of the ripening corn.

CLV.

THE SWAN.

Sully Prudhomme.

Where like a mirror, spreads the glorious lake
 Profound and calm, behold, the swan awake
 A noiseless ripple, as serene she glides !
 How beautiful the down upon her sides !
 It seems its dazzling whiteness to have won
 From April's snows bright-flashing in the sun ;
 But of a duller white appears the wing
 That vibrates in the mild breath of the spring,

Proud of its strength. Above the tangled reeds
 She lifts her neck, then plunges it, and feeds,—
 Then lengthens it upon the wave, then swerves,
 Arching its outline in acanthus curves
 Where aye the line of beauty she preserves.

Now in her shining silver throat or breast
 Her ebon beak, half-hidden, is at rest ;
 Now moves she under pines of sombre shade
 Where Peace and Silence have pavilions made ;
 Now winds, abandoning the herbs, her fare
 That trail behind like thick and glossy hair,—
 With languid movements, graceful, stately, slow,
 To any goal where fancy bids her go.

The grotto where the poet loves to dream,
 And hears high mysteries in evening's gleam,
 The fount that mourns one absent or at rest
 With an eternal murmur,—please her best ;
 Here, while she moves or lingers by the hour,
 Perchance a willow leaf, or faded flower,
 Drops on her shoulder in the shadow dim ;
 Sometimes from woods obscure, away to swim
 She feels a pleasure,—then superb and grand
 She rides into the open,—far from land ;
 Her own white purity better to admire
 She chooses just the spot that seems on fire
 Beneath the sun's fierce, red, and blinding rays,
 There, incandescent, like a ship she sways.

Then, when the water's edge no more is seen
 At twilight's witching hour, and all between
 Are spectral vapours, lines confused, and shapes
 Chaotic, and in black the blue sky drapes,
 Save in one point of the horizon, whence
 Shoots forth a long, long streak of red intense ;
 Then, when no reeds, no waterlilies stir,
 And birds commence their songs upon the fir
 Far, far away, and glow-worms light their spark
 Beneath the moon just rising in the dark ;

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Then, when the lake more deep, more sombre, shows
 A sky beneath, dark-violet, where glows
 The milky way, the splendor of each star,
 And all that meets the gaze above,—afar ;
 Like a bright silver vase 'mid diamonds strown,
 With her head buried in her wings,—alone,
 She sleeps, between two firmaments dim-seen,
 A queen of beauty,—Nature's chosen queen.

CLVI.

NIGHT.

Mme E. de Girardin.

(Delphine Gay.)

This is the hour. The veil is rent
 That hides my sorrows in the day ;
 Opens my heart. Night-flowers their scent
 Thus open at the first star's ray.

O Night, Night lovely and profound !
 Thou know'st if worthy be of faith,
 The judgments rash with which men hound
 A stricken hind that bleeds to death.

Thou know'st the secret of my life !
 The courage gay to do and dare,
 The seeming calmness,—hides no strife,
 'Tis an acceptance of despair !

For thee, I am myself again,
 No more hypocrisy or guile !
 I live, I love, I suffer pain,
 My sadness wears not e'en a smile.

No more the rose and lily crown !
 My brow resumes its mourning wreath ;
 Weary my throbbing head hangs down,
 Tumbles the pride assumed, beneath.

My tears, long time, too long, held back,
 Force through my fingers and intrude,
 Like fountains that create a track
 Through the dead branches in a wood.

After a day of hard constraint,
 Of folly and of vanity,
 To languish without any feint,
 Seems sweet to my humanity.

Oh ! There's a bitter joy alway
 In liberty to bear our pangs,
 And yield ourselves,—a willing prey
 To sorrow's torturing deathful fangs.

A bitter joy, to drain the spring
 Of tears unto the lowest drop,
 Vanquished,—from fierce despair to wring
 Its last word or its final sob.

For then, oh then, the glutted grief
 Leaves a vague rest to hearts it shook,
 From life no more we seek relief
 But to the Ideal only look.

We wheel in space, we float, we swim,
 By Evenings's Spirit rendered free,
 We change to fleeting shadows dim
 That hover in immensity.

From death delivers and from shame
 This freedom with resistless force ;
 We bear on earth no more a name,
 We dream all dreams without remorse.

Nothing of this deceiving earth,
 Nor bonds, nor laws, nor griefs remain,
 The soul receives a second birth
 And feels no more Imposture's pain.

Like a celestial butterfly
 Its own flower it can blameless choose,
 It reasserts its nature high,
 And shakes off exile's slime and ooze.

O Night—the sombre and the bright
 In thee I find all, all in sooth,
 For thou unitest gloom with light
 And weddest Mystery with Truth.

But peace ! The cold winds whistle clear,
 The east reveals a streak of grey,
 Adieu,—adieu, O thoughts sincere,
 And welcome lies. Here comes the day !

CLVII.

ROMANCE.

Chateaubriand.

Sweet, Oh sweet, is thy memory
 My birth-place hid in greenery!
 My sister, how the days seemed fair
 When we
 First breathed of France the liberal air
 Down there !

Dost thou like me remember clear,
 How oft while we the hearth stood near,
 Our mother clasped us, nothing loth,
 My dear ?
 And we her hair, with answering troth
 Kissed both ?

Dost thou remember, proud and hoar
 The chateau by the river Dore,
 And fairer still, the turret high
 Of More,
 Whence bells proclaimed to earth and sky
 Day nigh?

Dost thou remember too the lake
 Whose calm the swallows skinned to break,
 While reeds by zephyrs wooed and won
 Would shake,
 And sank, his course of glory done,
 The sun?

Oh, who shall give me Helen back?
 The great oak and the mountain-track ;—
 Though sorrow hang the passing day
 In black,—
 One landscape shall rich hues array
 For aye!

CLVIII

DANTE.

Auguste Barbier.

Dante, old Gibelin ! when I see only in passing
 The plaster white and dull of this mask so puissant
 That Art has bequeathed us of thy features majestic,
 I cannot help feeling a slight shudder O poet !
 So strongly the hand of genius and that of misfortune
 Have imprinted upon them the dark seal of sorrow.
 Under the narrow cap that on thine ears closely presses,
 Is it Time's mark, or the furrow of thought and of vigils
 That traverses thy forehead with laborious indenture ?
 Was it in fields of exile in thy dark degradation
 That thy mouth closed thus tightly, as after deep curses ?
 Thy last thought, is it in this smile sinister apparent ?
 The smile that Death on thy lips has nailed with his fingers.
 Ah ! Disdain suits well the mouth of a man such as Dante,
 For the daylight dawned on him in a city most ardent,
 And his natal pavement was made of flint and of gravel
 That tore a long time the soles of his feet ever restless.
 Dante, saw like us, daily, human passions in conflict
 Roll around him with fortunes strange, sudden, and diverse ;
 He saw the citizens cut each other's throats in madness ;

The parties crushed, spring up again one after another ;
 He beheld on the scaffold the torch applied to the victims ;
 He saw during thirty years pass of crime the wild surges ;
 And the word ‘ Fatherland’ flung to the winds of all quarters
 Without profit for the people or the cause of fair freedom.
 O Dante Alighieri of Florence ! Poet immortal !
 I understand to-day, thy sufferings poignant and deathful !
 O lover of Beatrice,—to exile condemned from thy country,
 I understand that eye hollow, and that gaunt forehead wrinkled,
 The disgust of the things of this world, the terrible heartache
 Endless,—the hatred profound and all but eternal,
 That in whipping up thy humours made thee atrocious,
 And flooded thy pen and thy heart with bitterness savage.
 Thus, after the manners of thy town, manners long vanished,
 Artist, thou paintedst a canvas that holds us still spell-bound,
 A picture of perversity,—of the loosed human passions,
 With such energy, such grandeur, such truth, and such courage,
 That little children who saw thee by day in Ravenna,
 Traversing some plain lonely, or some street in the distance,
 Cried out in contemplating thy brow livid and clouded,
 ‘ Lo ! Lo ! The man that comes back from the regions infernal. ’

CLIX.

THE WILLOWS.

Nicolas Martin.

I love the willow’s mossy trunk,
 That bends beside the river !
 Sprays veil its shoulders rough and shrunk
 And o’er the waters quiver.

Arid it looks, and gaunt, and stark,
 As slant it forward presses,
 Time hardens into scales its bark
 But crowns its brow with tresses.

Upon its mosses taking root
 Green herb and blossom ruddy

A picture form, as up they shoot,
That painters long might study.

Neglected, frail of frame, deep-scarred,
It typifies the poet !

A dream of spring both love to guard
And each is proud to show it.

In childhood's days of joy intense
O willow old and hoary !
How oft thy twigs through hedge and fence
I've gathered in their glory.

How oft the bark with fingers light
In Flanders' towns medieval,
I've shaped to flutes that shepherds might
Have used in times primeval.

There, willow-slips the garden green
Enclose and keep in order,
And for the fields of flax and bean
They make a simple border.

On willow trunks in summer still
The birds delight to warble ;
And when the snows their hollows fill
Those trunks seem Parian marble.

When axes wound the withered shoots
In autumn's groves decaying,
Alone the owl amid them hoots
The children's hearts affraying.

But oh,—in spring when leaf and bud
Press forth to new expansion,
And colours bright all quarters stud,
The birds find back their mansion.

Nor birds alone,—for, generous trees
Not niggard in bestowing !

To all are free your treasures,
Abundant and o'erflowing.

The child that wants a pliant twig
To weave a tiny basket,
The wren that wants for seat a sprig,
Not even have to ask it.

The traveller that the shade would gain
May here repose securely,
The steed, when hungry, may attain
The crisp new foliage surely.

I love the willow's mossy trunk
That bends beside the river !
Sprays veil its shoulders rough and shrunk
And o'er the waters quiver.

CLX. ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Victor Hugo.

Oh, I was wild like a madman at first,
Three days I wept bitter tears and aecurst ;
O those whom God of your hope hath bereft !
Fathers and mothers like me lonely left !
Have ye felt what I felt, and known it all ?
And longed to dash your heads on the wall ?
Have ye been like me in open revolt,
And defied the Hand that had hurled the bolt ?
I could not believe at all in the thing,
I gazed, and I gazed, for a light to spring.
Does God permit such misfortunes, nor care
That our souls be filled with utter despair ?
It seemed as the whole were a frightful dream,
She could not have left me thus like a gleam ;

Ha ! That is her laughter in the next room !
 Oh no, she cannot be dead in the tomb.
 There shall she enter,—come here by this door,
 And her step shall be music to me as before.

Oh ! How oft have I said,—silence,—she speaks,
 Hold,—’tis her hand on the key, and it creaks,
 Wait—she comes !—I must hear,—leave me,—go out,
 For she is in this mansion, somewhere without doubt.

CLXI. THE DREAM OF LUCRETIA.

François Ponsard.

I dreamt I entered in a sacred temple
 Amidst a crowd. It might be said that Rome
 Pressed to this single spot to its last man,
 And that to give access to all this throng,
 The human wave that ever, ever grew,
 The temple-walls went on enlarging still.
 Then, unto Romulus our common sire
 To render him propitious to the land
 The Quirinal Priest prepared to sacrifice.
 The chosen victim by the altar stood,
 Its skin already strown with flour and salt ;
 Wine from the vase was sprinkled on the front
 Where have their bane the formidable horns ;
 And the Priest uttered in his solemn voice
 The prayer :—“ O God Quirinus, we entreat
 Of these libations thine acceptance. Grant
 That Rome amongst the nations be supreme.”
 He ceased, and silence reigned in that vast hall.
 Shivered, in expectation every soul :
 When suddenly a strident voice was heard
 At which the temple trembled, as with fear.

"Far, far from me these offerings ! Shall I drink
The blood of beasts ? I long for human blood.
The pure blood of a woman must be shed.
Then shall your prayers be heard, and Rome be great."
Thus spake the god,—and in that very time
Vanished the victim, in some way unknown,
And on the altar I,—I found myself
Stretched in its place, awaiting for the axe
Suspended. There I lay, with blanching cheek
Paler and paler as the minutes passed,
Until a pillar opening, out there came
A deadly serpent. Crawling it advanced
Drawing along the flags its glittering rings
Proud of their rich resplendence, moving slow,
And slower still, as certain of its prey.
It neared,—it rose,—and on my body frail
Coiled its chill, slimy, almost frozen length.
My hair stood up with fright, my flesh
Crept with the horror of that humid clasp,
My voice was strangled in my arid throat,
I tried to fly, I could not even move,
Fixed with wild terror and deep loathing there,
Spell-bound and fascinated. Like an arm
Of flexible iron winding round and round
The hideous monster wrapt me in its folds,
Tightening its grasp obdurate, more and more ;
Then raised its head, from whence a fiery tongue
Keen as a glave, like lightning darted forth.
It fixed its eyes like torches, on my eyes,
It breathed upon my face an odour strange,
An odour of the tomb. The fiery tongue
Tasting in hope beforehand human blood
Ran o'er my frame still motionless and cold
Meditating the deadly wound.—Then came
A rush of darkness, and I saw no more
Nor felt I aught. My torturer had fled
Leaving a sword deep-buried in my heart.

And wonder new ! The rapid streaming drops
 That from the wound fell down upon the stones,
 Gave birth in falling to battalions armed,
 More close than on the furrows serried corn,
 More numerous than the desert's endless sands,
 And all the combattants had an air superb
 And carried for their ensigns, not the rods
 Knotted together, but tall brazen pikes
 Surmounted with an eagle each of gold,
 That menaced South and East and West and North.
 At last, I starting woke and sat upright
 Full of my frightful dream, so full indeed,
 That I believed I felt within my heart
 The sharp cold of the glave deep-buried still.

CLXII. SONNET.—THE PYRENEES.

Du Bartas.

Frenchman ! Stop there, nor pass that open plain
 Girdled with rocks by Nature, on one side,
 Cut by the Auriège with its rushing tide,
 And dowered with beauty like a queen to reign.
 What thou beholdest is no mountain-chain,
 That is Briareus, towering up in pride
 To guard the vale and sharply to divide
 Spain from fair France, and France from swarthy Spain.
 To each he tenders a fraternal hand,
 And bears old Atlas' load upon his head ;
 His feet on two seas planted, mark him stand !
 His dark locks are the forests over-spread ;
 His ribs the rocks ; his sweat the rivers grand ;
 The fabled son of Cœlus is not dead.

Leconte de Lisle.

The sun in the billows had extinguished its flame,
 Under mountains fog-covered, slept peaceful the town,
 On the huge boulders, washed by a foam-cloud, low down,
 Dashed the ocean in thunder its power to proclaim.

Night multiplied the long hollow tumult of sound !
 Not a star shone forth in the immensity blue,
 Only a moon mournful, its cloud-bars breaking through,
 Like a pale lamp, swung sad in the welkin profound.

Silent globe with a sign on its forehead of wrath !
 Debris of a world dead, flung at hazard in space !
 It shed from its orb frozen of faint light a trace
 Sepulchral, on the South Ocean's Limitless path.

Afar, towards the north, where the vapours hung deep,
 Africa, sheltering herself in the night's sombre bands,
 Her gaunt lions famished on the smoking dull sands,
 And her herds of elephants, by lakes lulled to sleep.

On the shores arid, amid insalubrious smells
 Of bones of oxen and steeds all scattered about,
 Lean dogs, here and there, lengthened their fierce muzzles out
 And joined in lugubrious demoniac yells.

The tail in a circle concealed under the form,
 The eyes wide dilated, the feet febrile, they stood,
 Or crouched down as they howled in that drear solitude,
 While o'er them a shudder swept at times like a storm.

The sea-foam, in showers, glued to their spines and their hips
 Long tangles, and made salient the vertebres bare,
 And when the waves to attack them bounded in air
 Their white teeth gnashed under their red slavering lips.

In the gleams faint and ghastly of the moon on her range,
 What an anguish unknown by the billows dim-seen,

Made a soul shriek and lament in your figures unclean,
Why howled you thus, spectres, frightened, frightful and strange?

I know not ; but O dogs that howled wild on the shore !
Though suns after suns, in the seas, since, have been cast,
I hear still resounding from the depths of my past
Your cry of despair, and it shall ring evermore.

CLXIV.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Victor Hugo.

My sire, the hero with the smile so soft,
And a big trooper, his companion oft,
Whom he loved greatly for his courage high
And strength and stature, as the night drew nigh
Rode out together. The battle was done.
The dead strewed the field. Long sunk was the sun.
It seemed in the darkness a sound they heard,
A feeble moan or some half-uttered word.
'Twas a Spaniard from the army in flight
Who had crawled to the road after the fight;
Shattered and livid and more than half dead,
Rattled his throat as quite faintly he said :—
“ Water—water to drink, for pity’s sake !
Oh—a drop of water my thirst to slake !”
And my father moved at these words heart-wrung,
The gourd of rum at his saddle that hung
To the trooper handed, who sharp down sprung.
“ Let him drink his fill,”—cried my father ;—and ran
The trooper to the sorely wounded man,
A sort of Moor, swarthy, bloody, and grim ;—
But soon as the trooper had bent o'er him
He seized a pistol, turned fiercely about
And aimed at my father’s head with a shout.

The ball passed so near that its whistling sound
 He heard, while his cap fell pierced to the ground,
 And his steed reared back with terror aghast,—
 “ Give him the drink,” cried my father, and past.

CLXV.

TO PEPA.

Alfred de Musset.

Pépa, when the night has come
 And mamma has bid ‘ good-night,’
 By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
 As thou kneelest, out of sight ;

Laid by cap and sweeping vest,
 Ere thou sinkest to repose,
 At the hour when half at rest
 Folds thy soul as folds a rose ;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild
 Peace to all the house has brought,
 Pépita, my charming child,
 What, oh what is then thy thought ?

Who knows ! Haply dreamest thou
 Of some lady doomed to sigh ;
 All that Hope a truth deems now,
 All that Truth shall prove—a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
 That produce, alas ! but mice,
 Castles in Spain,—a prince’s hand,
 Bonbons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
 ’Mid the mazes of a ball,
 Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed,
 Me,—or nothing, dear, at all.

CLXVI.

IN THE ORCHARD.

François Coppée.

I saw your doings naughty little fairy !
 This morning, in the field with cherries planted,
 You were alone, bare-headed and white-vested ;
 Hid by a copse I saw you pass the dairy
 And wander on, until a branch down-slanted,
 Heavy with ripe, ripe fruit your steps arrested.
 It was in reach, you plucked the reddest cherries
 And put them to your ears, coquette, while breezes
 Played lightly with your curls : and then to gather
 A corn-flower from the ground, O queen of peris
 You sat down,—gathered one,—and then a second,
 And then another still. And lo ! it pleases
 Your whim to fix them in your hair. Then rather
 Abashed at what you did, or so I reckoned,
 Your arm your forehead flower-encrownèd, shading,
 Upon the green grass there you burst in laughter,
 And your teeth joyous seemed to dart joy-flashes.

But all this time, my pretty one, invading
 Your privacy was a witness. Then and after
 Happy to see you happy ;—and quite able
 To keep your secret, so lift up those lashes !
 What business had he there ?—He was comparing
 The corn-flowers with your eyes, my pretty Mabel,
 And the red cherries with your lips ensnaring.

CLXVII.

SONNET.—LA LAITIÈRE.

Joséphin Soulary.

La Jeanne, my milkmaid, in her heart has springs
 Of smiles, that bubble to her lips of right ;
 Her eye is large, and her corset is tight,
 The bust has split the stuffs,—coarse, home-made things.

I see her when at mornings first she rings,
 Like a Dutch picture kneaded out of light,
 A breath of pasture-grounds with daisies bright
 Flows with her steps, as in the milk she brings.
 She glides as skims a bird, her speech is song ;
 She gives her heart at once, no art she knows ;
 To what may one compare her without wrong ?
 Wild-flowers perhaps, or wood-fruits that enclose,
 In tissues rough, abundant sap and strong,
 And unknown perfumes sweeter than the rose.

CLXVIII.

AT THE FORD.

Joséphin Soulary.

Hid I was behind the birch,
 When the ford before thee lay ;
 Thou wert coming from the church,
 Bound upon thy homeward way.

Blue the heavens. No breezes sweet.
 Placid was the water's flow.
 Shoes were off ;—thy naked feet
 Trod a firmament below.

Smiling mirage, near and far,
 Cam'st thou out as of a cloud !
 For one instant evening's star
 Stayed upon thy forehead proud.

Such a seal and such a sign
 Might bedeck an angel's brow !
 Wherefore should it light up thine ?
 Strange doubts haunt me even now.

CLXIX. ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

Auguste Vacquerie.

"An artist, sir, should live in art."—Tennyson.

Friend, care for art, and care not for success,
 It matters not if fools insult or bless ;
 Doubts, fears for thee, would in my breast prevail
 If from the outset thou didst spread full sail,
 And no winds adverse, quicksands, battles hard,
 And death-fears even, crossed thee to retard.
 Those who are great pass not though every door
 Open before them. Thou shouldst set no store
 Upon the mode or fashion of the hour :
 That passes ; and the name today of power
 Tomorrow shall be eaten up by rust :
 Dust soon returns, alas ! to kindred dust.
 The mode requires a marvel at each turn ;
 Oh what a god ! Let us our incense burn,
 Is still the cry. But gods of yesterday,
 What are they now ? The potter's common clay.
 The hope of an eternity of light
 Once theirs, is over in a single night.
 Thou, therefore, heedless of the senseless crowd,
 Brood on thy thought, and to thy goal steer proud ;
 Work, work unceasing with thy pen in hand,
 Or brow deep buried, till arising grand
 Stands forth the new Idea like a star,
 Apparent, lustrous, clear, if still afar ;
 And with thy sweat and blood achieve thy task,
 Which brings its own reward,—no other ask.
 If thou, insensible to all abuse
 Or worse, faint lukewarm praise so oft in use,
 Livest in art, and carest not who hears,
 And who indifferent heeds not, while he sneers,
 And art not angry when blind men exhort,
 Or honest men in praising,—praise too short ;

Thou too shalt have at last, the mob's acclaim,
 Longer though later, and the noise called fame ;
 But oh forget not, should it still delay,
 Now means an hour, tomorrow means for aye.

CLXX.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Théodore De Banville.

When Death relentless, envious of our bliss,
 Of breath deprives us in our last, last kiss,
 And throws the sombre shadow of his wings
 Upon us,—while recede all earthly things ;—
 May we repose beneath two twin-like stones,
 And may twin-roses grow above our bones,
 Roses of perfume rare, of colours bright,
 From darkness springing into glorious light,
 United, like our souls borne far away
 To the warm sunshine of an endless day ;—
 And near on trees, to symbolise our loves,
 In pairs still nestle the white turtle-doves !

CLXXI.

THE TWO ROSES.

Joséphin Soulary.

In the arbour green and wild
 Rose was weeping,—tender child !
 Bending o'er a rose less fair :

What hath vexed thee ? Asked I mild,
 Tell me, O my undefiled !
 And she answered, whispering there :

Passing by, I heard a rose,
 This one, with my tears that glows,
 Say to me in softest tone :

“ Opened rose may never close !”
 Opened has my heart, and knows
 That its peace for aye is gone.

CLXXII. SONNET.—THE RETREAT.

Josephin Soulary.

It was a hidden corner in a hedge !
 A thicket full of sap and sombre shade !
 An eglantine and clematis that swayed
 Upon a white-thorn, by the footpath’s edge,
 A dome, with flowers upon its cornice-ledge,
 For my delight, and mine alone, had made.
 That was my house and desert. There I played
 And there I dreamed. Oft mindless of the pledge
 I left at home or school. There, eyes, ears and heart
 Revelled in rays and sounds,—from men apart.
 O nook retired ! O childhood’s best-loved goal !
 Can I not stretch myself in thee once more ?
 Ah me ! What mighty magic may restore
 That puny figure, and that free great soul !

CLXXIII. AN EPITAPH.

Edmond Dallier.

A fearless, mild and faithful friend lies here,
 Faithful to death,—O stranger drop a tear !
 When sick and poor, men left me as a log,
 He stayed. And who was he ? Alas ! my dog.

CLXXIV. THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Madame A. Tastu.

Éternité, néant, passé, sombres abîmes,
 Que faites-vous des jours que vous engloutissez ?

A De Lamartine.

The day declines, the hours draw near
 Of balmy and refreshing sleep,
 The sun, the last sun of the year
 Has sunk beneath the waveless deep.
 Beside the hearth I sit alone
 While shadows strange before me pass,
 The past and present dimly shown
 As in a wizard's magic glass.
 Long, long the flame arrests my sight
 Waving capricious, then the hand
 That counts upon the dial white
 Time's footfall, silent, calm and grand.
 Another step, another hour,
 And then the old year shall be dead ;
 What mortal can oppose the power
 That crumbles worlds beneath its tread ?
 And why should I pursue that march ?
 Can I retard its even course ?
 The fallen pillar, mouldering arch,
 Attest its overwhelming force.
 And if I could, would I bring back
 A single buried day ? Oh no,
 Only lone journeying on my track
 Each day's farewell oppresses so
 My heart, that I perforce must say,
 Lo ! Lo ! Another flower is gone,
 Dropped from my crown to whirl away—
 Where ? In the wild and far unknown.
 Another shadow on the shade
 Already stretched across my path,

Another spring retrenched and bade
 To join those that Oblivion hath.
 Hearken ! The calm sonorous sound
 Slow shudders—twelve. 'Tis done ! 'Tis done !
 While darkness reigns on earth profound
 The old year's dead, the new begun.
 Adieu ! And hail ! O veiled new year
 Greetings ! What bearest thou in hand ?
 Tell us what benefits are near ?
 Shall peace and plenty rule the land ?
 What do I say ? Oh rather hide
 The secrets dormant in thy breast,
 In youth and hope thou seem'st a bride,
 And fairy colours on thee rest.
 But not the less thy course may bring
 Regrets and tears and bitter sighs ;
 Thus every day upon the wing
 Beholds our senseless vows arise,
 And thus before its course is o'er,
 It sees our dearest things decay
 And vanish to return no more ;
 Like bubbles,—all, all past away.
 All, all, save one, for Hope remains
 And spreads her strange fantastic light—
 A spell against our griefs and pains,
 Across the future's sombre night ;
 And guides us on from year to year
 Until at last the happy day,
 That hath no end, dawn bright and clear.
 March Time ! And East the streak display !

Working its channel through some ruins old
 Of tumbled columns, hides its silver line
 Beneath the laurel-roses,—oh, regard !
 Here, here is Greece, and in a picture all.

A woman stands of beauty ravishing,
 With naked feet, and with her fingers works
 A wretched spindle, with a common reed
 For distaff, and like flakes of dazzling snow
 The cotton spread around her ; near her see
 A herdsman of Amyelée with his crook,
 In a short tunic that recalls to mind
 The shepherds of a bas-relief antique.
 Led by a charming instinct, without art,
 He leans against a white, white marble vase
 Half overturned, as in the solemn days
 Of Hyacinth's festivals, and his brow
 Is still encircled with the sacred flowers.
 Thus diademed in the shadow, with surprise
 He scans three travellers from Europe. These
 Sit upon mossy stones beneath an oak
 Beside the road. Upon a palfrey borne
 A Moslem woman passes, with her eyes
 Flashing disdainful underneath her veil ;
 A Negro follows bearing in her suit
 Her favorite partridge in its cage of gold.
 Then comes an Aga in his gorgeous dress
 Rapidly riding. Sombre and severe
 His look. The thunderous gallop of his steed
 Raises a dust-cloud, and his silver arms
 Struck by the sunbeams, through the olive groves
 Send lightning-scintillations near and far.
 He darts at us a scrutinising glance
 As he rides past, while thoughtfully I muse—
 Lo, here is Sparta, here is Greece entire,
 A slave, a tyrant, ruins and bright flowers !

CLXXVI.

EPIGRAM.

Albéric Deville.

“ The men of wit !” Says Dick,—“ tis they have
ruined France,”—
“ Have they indeed !” Cries Tom,—“ then save
her, now’s your chance !”

CLXXVII.

SONNET.

Joséphin Soulary.

For days, weeks, months and long wearisome years,
The sculptor has used his art on the clay,—
Touched and retouched the shape :—toil thrown away !
Heavy, stiff, awkward, still, still it appears.
A young apprentice who a vexed mien fears,
Laughing in secret, dares at last to say,
“ A toy’s my forte,—oh, let me try, sir, pray,
I have a knack.”—Content the master hears.
The boy takes up the tool. O strange surprise !
Sudden the figure in the sculptor’s view
Takes lines of beauty ; gleam the glorious eyes,
And heaves the breast ! “ It lives now sir ; adieu !
My name is Love,—remember me a little,
And guard your treasure, for though fair ‘tis brittle.”

CLXXVIII.

LE FOND DU CŒUR.

Henri Heine.

Far down in the sea when the billows heave wild
The moon’s image trembles, while up in the sky,
She glides on her pathway, calm, peaceful and mild,
True to her mission, like an angel on high.

Thus, while thou ascendest up, up to thy goal,
 A high law obeying,—pure, stainless and free,
 Thy sweet image, child, trembles down in my soul,
 For it trembles itself, and heaves like the sea.

CLXXIX.

RHYME.

TO LAURENT-PICHAT.

Amédée Pommier.

Rhyme's the tiniest humming-bird
 Startled at any sound that's heard,
 It flies away, and on my word
 Seems subject to vertigo ;
 But you may make the wild thing tame,
 And prompt obedience from it claim,
 If Molière should be your name,
 Or you be Victor Hugo.

As a prisoner left alone,
 Upon his own resources thrown
 In a dungeon dank of stone
 Easy finds it to entice,
 Upon his shoulder, lap or hand,
 Thanks to forced leisure, patience planned,
 Spider or lizard, and command
 Out to peer the timid mice,

So by long effort, time and will
 Is obtained at last the skill
 With confidence and trust to fill
 Rhyme, the bird, so shy before,
 And if at first it oft is missed,
 'Tis mastered soon, and on the wrist
 Secured with filmy horse-hair twist !
 Rhymes in print can fly no more.

I've done this frivolous work of old
 For my favourite prized as gold,
 Though sometimes when most firm my hold
 Sudden it darts and flies away,
 But then through window open wide
 Swift from roofs where sparrows hide,
 Sudden again 'tis at my side,
 Repentant to have gone astray.

Rarely does it long rebel,
 Soon as my lips pronounce the spell
 "Come my beauty, all is well,"—
 Down it flutters at my voice,
 And exempt from every fear,
 Sweet and gentle, perches near,
 On my finger hops, or clear
 Sings a song that bids rejoice.

Rhymes of every shape and kind
 Come upon each passing wind,
 Through the door or half-shut blind,
 Soft, soft and softer drumming ;
 One might say legerdemain
 When they thus upon me rain,
 Giddy, giddy feels my brain
 But to hear them humming.

What a swarm ! And more, and more,
 Hornets that above me soar,
 Gay butterflies the girls adore,
 And wasps with waists that taper ;
 None escape my watchful sight,
 I arrest them in their flight,
 Sudden and sharp them down I smite,
 And fix them on my paper.

My songs and merry roundelay
 And ballads with them are ablaze !

As I arrange them in all ways
 How prettily they glitter !
 Now in long collars are they set,
 And now they dance a pirouette,
 Like waves or coryphées coquet,
 And like the finches twitter.

All obstacles, no matter what,
 Must yield before the acrobat,
 And I am that and only that,
 No poet great or gifted.
 But I can rhymes with ease coerce,
 And verse precipitate on verse,
 Like balls that cross, unite, disperse,
 By jugglers deftly shifted.

Look at my chariot and my team !
 When on these steeds the sun-rays gleam
 Apollo's own they almost seem,
 And well may critics wonder !
 I love their long, long rapid strides,
 Their tossing manes, their glossy sides !
 Away ! Their speed the winds derides
 When slack-reined on they thunder !

O Rhyme no bounds thy magic knows !
 And when at tournaments with prose
 Thou joustest, human words disclose
 All their latent mysteries ;
 'Tis thou that mak'st all things to shine,
 Spread table, tankard, fruit and wine,
 Man's face that shadows the divine,
 And woman's lustrous eyes !

Thou limnest the acanthus leaves
 Of graceful curves, the wheaten sheaves,
 And vine-sprays plucked in autumn eves
 Which the wild Bacchantes wear,

And carvest as no goldsmith can
 The cloven-footed hairy Pan,
 On sides of brimming cups that man
 Rightly deems the charm for care.

Thou wakest up the merry din,
 Of fiddle and of violin,
 Until the organ swelling, win
 The heart to loftier melodies,
 Thou lendest life to hautboy shrill,
 And tourterelle with dove-like trill ;
 O hark ! that treble weeping still !
 Thou givest it these sympathies.

Thanks to thee, the poet's song
 The cannon's thunder can prolong,
 And give the glave that rights the wrong
 A lightning fiercely glancing ;
 Thou mak'st the axe more sharp and fell,
 The buckler round more proudly swell,
 And tall plumes wave 'mid shot and shell
 On warriors proudly prancing !

O Rhyme where wit contends with wit
 Be thou my sword, to guard and hit !
 My mistress too, when times are fit !
 In ocean waves my galley !
 My temple, altar, idol, priest,
 The thing beloved in West and East
 Whate'er it be, till life hath ceast
 And Death made up his tally.

Humble her air, a face modest and mild,
And hands clasped tight, to wake men's sympathies.

A sun-browned brow by dark, dark hair o'erhung
Tangled and long, feet gray with dust, for dress
Around her figure an old garment flung,
That barely served to hide her nakedness.

She followed every traveller to declare
The same, unvaried, melancholy tale ;
Our consciences would have too much to bear
Were we to credit all such stories stale.

She begged a farthing and a bit of bread,
She had, I know not in what wretched street,
One parent out of work, one sick in bed,
Brothers in cradles ;—they had nought to eat.

Heard or repelled, she past, where trees embower,
On moss-spread turf to rest awhile, poor thing !
Played with an insect, stripped of leaves a flower,
Or broke the new shoots summoned forth by spring.

And sang ! The sun seemed to smile in her song !
Some scrap it was of popular melody ;
Thus sings the linnet clear and loud and long
Until its notes mount straight up to the sky.

O breath of lovely days ! Mysterious strength
Of sunbeam warm, or blossom newly blown !
O joy to hear, to see, to feel at length
The charm divine by God on all things thrown !

In spring can any child a long time sob ?
The blade of grass attracts it, or the leaf ;
The human pulse keeps time to nature's throb ;
How little need the poor to cheat their grief.

I heard her, and I saw ; no, not one tear !
As a load-carrier, sometimes flings his load,

Her heart she lightened when she saw none near,
 And fairy colours on her brown face glowed.

Then wakening up,—as to neglected task,
 To every passer she went begging round,
 Her visage donned its sad and sombre mask,
 And took her voice its low pathetic sound.

But when she came to me and stretched her hand,
 With moistened eye, sad look, and tangled tress,
 “Be off!” I cried, “thy tricks I understand,
 I followed thee; thy part needs more address.”

“Thy parents taught thee, and these tears are lies,
 I heard thee sing, this woe is stratagem!”
 The girl said simply, lifting up her eyes,
 “I sing for myself, my tears are for them.”

CLXXXI. UNDER A STATUE OF LOVE IN THE CHÂTEAU DE CIREY.

Voltaire.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!
 He is, or was, or will so be.

CLXXXII. SONNET—A NOBLE EXILE.

Le comte F. De Gramont.

Born in the ancient castle, there he grew
 Where all his sires had ruled lands fair and wide,
 And she who was his love, his promised bride,
 Of the same blood, was to her kinsman true.
 All that men long for, all they ever rue
 When unattained, was his, no gift denied,

And he left all. Fierce rushed the torrent tide
 And whirled the plant to climes it never knew.
 Beneath a stranger's roof in foreign lands
 He died, but never questioned the commands
 However stern of Honor,—no, nor weighed
 His fortune with his conscience. Much he lost,
 But nobly strove to act as Duty bade,
 And that one happiness was worth the cost.

CLXXXIII. THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

A. De Lamartine.

Eagles that wheel above our crests
 Say to the storms that round us blow,
 They cannot harm our gnarled breasts
 Firm rooted, as we are, below.
 Their utmost efforts we defy !
 They lift the sea-waves to the sky,
 But when they wrestle with our arms
 Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
 Balanced within its cradle fair
 The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
 Here planted us, God-sown we grew.
 We're the diadem green and grand
 On Eden's summit that He threw.
 When waters in a deluge rose
 Our hollow flanks could well enclose
 Awhile, the whole of Adam's race ;
 And children of the patriarch
 Within our forest built the Ark
 Of covenant, foreshadowing grace.

We saw the tribes as captives led,
 We saw them back return anon ;

As rafters have our branches dead
 Covered the porch of Solomon.
 And later, when the Word made Man
 Came down in God's salvation-plan
 To pay for sin the ransom price,
 The beams that formed the Cross we gave,
 These, red in blood of power to save,
 Were altars of the Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
 Men come to worship our remains,
 Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
 And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains.
 The saint, the poet, and the sage
 Hear, and shall hear from age to age
 Sounds in our foliage like the voice
 Of many waters. In these shades,
 Their burning words are forged like blades,
 While their uplifted souls rejoice.

CLXXXIV. SONNET.—TO MY MOTHER.

Henri Heine.

Proud from my birth, I never care to pay
 Homage to men, whatever be their place,
 No king may boast that looking me in face,
 He,—mortal,—made me turn my eyes away ;
 But in thy holy presence, let me say,
 My pride, O mother, fades and leaves no trace,
 And the wings drop that bear me up though space
 To scale the skies in veriest open day.
 Am I o'erwhelmed because thy powerful soul
 Penetrating all earthly things is lost
 In God's own bosom, its predestined goal ?
 Or is it rather that my mind is crost

By memories sad of wounds I often gave
 A heart so tender, loving, patient, brave ?

CLXXXV.

REVERIES.

Sainte-Beuve.

"Tis eve ; the garish day has past !
 Upon their thrones mysterious, rise
 The silent moon and stars at last ;
 And like a placid lake and vast
 My soul reflects them and the skies.

Down, down beneath the waves of thought
 The fair lake spreads o'er sands of gold,
 And there the vault is balanced, wrought
 In colours softer,—vainly sought
 In the blue pall above unrolled.

Enamoured with the picture grand
 At first I gaze and only gaze ;
 But soon desiring more, my hand
 I stretch to touch the fairy land,
 And back recoil in wild amaze.

Sudden departs the starry vault,
 Departs the light that charmed the view,
 O foolish poet, thine the fault !
 That sight no more shall thee exalt ;
 Reflected moon and stars adieu !

" Fair moon and stars no longer hide,"—
 My foolish hope renounced, I cry !
 And by degrees the waves subside,
 Once more the picture in the tide
 Is mirrored—oh so gloriously !

Shall I again attempt, I think,
 To seize the mirage as before?
 Ah no ! But leaning on the brink,
 The calm that late I drank shall drink,
 And dream, and dream for evermore.

CLXXXVI. THE COMPLAINT OF THE AFFLICTED CHURCH.

Anonymous.

Our hearts, O Lord, to Thee look up,
 Our cries and groans implore Thine aid,
 Behold what clouds our welkin overshade,
 And mark how bitter is our cup.
 Take cognizance of all our ills,
 And draw us from the frightful precipice,
 Before we sink down in the abyss,
 And death our clamorous voices stills.

Our poor tribes fugitive afar,
 Thine altars everywhere o'erthrown,
 Thy torches quenched, Thy flocks dispersed, to moan
 In deserts, and without a star ;
 Here, consciences no longer free,
 There, cherished feelings wronged, and hearts in fears,
 And eyes for ever bathed in tears,
 All, all, call dolefully on Thee.

Our girls in some sad convent pent,
 Our workmen stretched on dungeon-floor,
 Our best as martyrs deluged in their gore,
 Our preachers to the galleys sent,
 Our sick, neglected left to die,
 Our dying who the sacraments have not,
 Our dead on shambles cast to rot,
 Appeal to Thee, look down from high.

'Tis a privilege of Thy Grace
 To bend the stubborn human heart,
 But sacrilegious man usurps Thy part
 And wrongs Thee, Lord, before Thy face.
 Not by persuasions mild
 But tortures, is the conscience forced,—in ways
 Unknown in earlier Christian days,
 And so Thy Spirit is reviled.

What cries and lamentations hoarse !
 May show our children's sad estate !
 Victims of parents' sins,—unfortunate,
 Plucked from their mothers' breasts by force
 And doomed,—oh woeful destiny !
 To bloody Moloch by inhuman hands,
 And to sin's pains and fatal brands,
 Before they know iniquity.

Ah ! Born in such conditions dire,
 To live in fears from day to day,
 Marked by Remorse's furies as a prey,
 The heralds of eternal ire ;
 And then to die beneath the curse,
 And Christ in the heart to the last resist,
 Yea, live and die as atheist,
 O God, can any fate be worse ?

The tyrants weigh us down with chains,
 One woe succeeds another woe,
 They close up heaven, they open hell below,
 Nor care for God, nor heed our pains.
 Who can withstand these men of blood ?
 They gnash on us like ghouls in saint's gore red,
 They hurl us in the furnace dread,—
 Ah ! that the Angel by us stood !

We had a longing, lingering hope
 That spite the torments that we feel,

A peace would come our mortal wounds to heal,
 But now expectance has no scope.
 Our sins have not permitted peace,
 Thy wrath against our crimes, Thy fearful wrath
 New lions sends across our path,
 And our misfortunes never cease.

When all looks dark, behind, before,
 Had we at least, O Lord, Thy Grace,
 We might, assured, have boldly run our race,
 But no, we see Thy Grace no more.
 Ills upon ills press down severe
 Upon us, and Thou deignest not to see ;
 The bricks are doubled by decree,
 But Moses does not yet appear.

Where are Thy favours of the past ?
 Are they, alas ! for ever gone ?
 We loved them, when Thy light upon us shone
 And love them yet, in darkness cast.
 We see Thee, Lord, in vengeance raise
 Thine arm, but still to Thee for shelter fly,
 If in Thy justice we must die,
 Our last thought shall that justice praise.

If to consume us be Thy will,
 We shall retire within Thy breast ;
 Send chains and gibbets, famine, war and pest,
 We shall adore and love Thee still.
 In fears and ills of every sort
 We shall obey Thee, long as reason lasts,
 Well knowing that Thy roughest blasts
 Lead us but quicker to the port.

May this our firm resolve and faith
 Weak brethren help that wisdom lack,
 The fallen raise, the wandering bring back,
 The timid free from fear of death,

Draw down on us Thy favour, Lord,
 And save us also, from foes manifold,
 And in our sorrows make us bold,
 Through Jesus Christ the Incarnate Word.
 Amen.

CLXXXVII.

SONNET.

SENSITIVE GENIUS.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

'Tis not the first man killed by careless blame
 Flung by an idler. Many more have died
 Unseen and bleeding at the left-hand side,
 Struck by some thoughtless archer's random aim.
 A flower requires not storm or lightning-flame
 To blight its beauty. Clumsy hands applied
 Crack the pure crystal to heaven's bow allied.
 A hailstone's mortal to the dove's frail frame.
 And far more delicate than trembling dove,
 Or crystal prized, or flower in beauty bowed,
 Is the poor gifted artist's heart of love.
 But like a selfish headstrong child, the crowd
 Breaks in its play a gem, all price above,
 And then,—“ I did not touch it,”—cries aloud.

CLXXXVIII. L'ENFANT MOURANT.

X. Marmier.

I am tired, my mother, and the day is ending,
 Let me lie softly on thy dear, dear breast,
 But hide thy tears while thus above me bending,
 Sad are thy sighs, they do not let me rest.

'Tis cold. And round us all the objects darken ;
 But while I sleep an angel form I see,
 With brow resplendent shedding rays,—and hearken !
 Is that not music ? And it comes for me.

What songs ! What songs ! Dost thou not hear them ringing ?
 Such songs in heaven we all must hear one day !
 Nor see the angel, garlands for us bringing ?
 He beckons me. Oh, what has he to say ?
 He smiles, he speaks to me, and to none other ;
 What glorious hues ! These are the flowers he throws ;
 Look at his wings. Shall I have wings, my mother,
 And here on earth, as beautiful as those ?

Why dost thou press me in thine arms so tightly ?
 Wherefore these sighs ? I understand them not.
 And whence these scalding tears that channel brightly
 Thy cheek once pallid, now inflamed and hot ?
 My own dear mother thou shalt be for ever,
 But weep not thus, for when I see thee weep
 I suffer too. Adieu ! Oh mourn me never ;
 The angel clasps me. I but fall asleep.

CLXXXIX. SONNET.—HOPE.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Too well I know thee ; thou art very fair,
 Thine eyes are blue and bright, and in their hour
 Armed also with a certain magic power,
 Red are thy lips and smiles are always there ;
 Thou beckonest me thy forest-home to share,
 And in the green pool from this leafy bower
 I see thy face reflected, while the flower
 Lets fall its dewdrops on that mirror bare.
 Without arising, or e'en turning round,
 I see thee thus, and hear thine accents sound

With gracious earnestness. Ah me ! what pain,
 What suffering it has cost my heart to learn,
 That thou O lovely Hope art false and vain,
 And so rest here, and from thy witchery turn.

CXC.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

Théophile Gautier.

Let the rain on the roofs all its wild deluge pour,
 Let the elm by the road feel a shock to the core,
 Lean forward, and totter at the will of the storm !
 Let the heights of the rock roll the avalanche down,
 Let the torrents rave hoarse, and in night's murky frown
 Let old Chaos appear in its primitive form !

Let it freeze ! And with noise, unremitting the hail
 On the closed casement strike, and the wind weirdly wail
 Round and round the old farm like a spirit unblest !
 What matters ! What matters ! Here's my hearth corner gay,
 On my knees a sleek kitten that purrs in its play,
 A book to amuse me, and my sofa to rest !

CXCI.

LE FOND DE LA MER.

Joseph Autran.

In April or October when the weather is fairest,
 And the colours in heaven and on earth are the rarest,
 Who has not often spent long hours by the ocean
 When it lay spread at his feet, without ripple or motion,
 Contemplating dreamily, the picture of wonder
 That smiled in the sunlight the blue mirror under !
 For me, I know not a sight more entrancing.
 Down, down in the wave, first of all, are seen glancing
 Dazzling the eyes with their reflections prismatic
 Gems, whose rich lustre, would make artists ecstatic,

And ravish kings' hearts, and convert with their glory
 A hundred strange ruins, dark, crumbled and hoary, }
 To Aladdin's palaces of the famed Arab story.
 Then looked at minutely,— each gem in its station,
 What hues ! Oh what hues ! blue, orange, carnation,
 Amethyst, onyx, agate, and the ruby that blushes,
 And pearl and carbuncle that send light out in gushes,
 All, by the waves patient polished for ages and ages,
 While carried hither and thither by the wind as it rages.
 Ah ! What flashes of lightning ! What shades soft and tender !
 But these jewels that make the eyes wink with their splendour
 Submerged in the waters with the sun shining brightly,
 What are they ? On the dry land,—mere pebbles unsightly.

After this long ribbon of the gems of the fairies
 Extends the fresh verdure of the ever-green prairies,
 Such as Spring generous with warm breathings never
 Drew forth on soil fertile. Oh lovely for ever
 Are the gardens of ocean that no sunbeams can wither.
 No flower is on earth, but its semblance has hither.
 Look, look at these orchards where each tree is uprearing
 In enamel its crest, with the fruit-clusters peering,
 And its blossoms in shadow, like the Orient's veiled daughters !
 How beautiful all,—in the soft gauze of the waters !

CXCII. FRAGMENT OF A JACOBITE LAY.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Montrose, Claverhouse, where are your people all ?
 Have I not seen, down there, your standards tall
 Girt by the glittering claymores of your bands ?
 No, the last combat has not yet been lost,
 The earth shall shake again, and swords be crost.
 Hark ! 'Tis the pibroch ringing o'er the lands.

Alas ! It was the winds the echoes stirred,
 Across the thickets 'twas the passing herd

Guarded by herdsman slow and taciturn.
 And of our sacred dead, the moss-grown graves,
 Gather around them but a band of slaves,
 Or of nocturnal spectres frowning stern.

Gone are the heroes,—all, in battle slain,
 Those valiant Scotchmen shall not wake again !
 Claverhouse, Montrose, sleep both in the Lord.
 Hope there is none, yet believe O my king,
 His last drop of blood thy servant would wring
 For thee, like his sires, who died on the sword.

CXCIII.

SONNET.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

When the white victim from his meadows brought
 Unto the altar through the court is led,
 Never in pride is lifted up his head
 Though garlands wreathè his horns with gold inwrought ;
 Incense and songs are vain ;—he heeds them not ;
 Nor the rich linen on his flanks outspread ;
 The sharpening axe he sees,—a phantom dread
 Somewhere afar, and shudders at his lot.
 Sullen, with eye oblique, against his chain
 He strives ; the pomp around seems worse than vain ;
 Some instinct makes him in advance to feel
 The Aruspices' fingers in his heart :
 Death's hideous face no splendours can conceal,
 Nor gold, nor flowers ; we see the shade and start.

CXCIV.

L'OISEAU QUE J'ATTENDS.

Hégésippe Moreau.

The bright suns dead will soon be born,
 And lo ! The birds already make

Their nests, on bush, and tree, and thorn,
 And graze the wood, and skim the lake ;
 Each morn a sound of wings goes by,
 And I arise, and hope, and fret;
 The swallows darken half the sky,
 But where's my bird, it comes not yet.

I've known ambition since the day
 I saw an eagle heavenward bound
 Contemplate from its cloudlands gray
 The dusty insects of the ground.
 In tempests black I hear it scream,
 And see its beak in red blood wet,
 But now no more of glory dream—
 Ah, where's my bird, it comes not yet.

The nightingale delights to pick
 A blade, or worm, or bit of bread,
 And hides in woods 'mid foliage thick
 To sing one day ; and then is dead.
 It sings of love—oh irony !
 It only wakes a vain regret,
 What need have I of harmony ?
 My bird, my bird, it comes not yet.

I see the martlet of the shore
 Above a lake of blue and gold,
 As o'er his dreams a poet, soar,
 Then balanced, slumber in the cold.
 Wheel, flutter, sleep, at thy sweet will
 O happy brother ; I have met
 But scorn upon the Muse's hill ;
 Ah, where's my bird, it comes not yet.

O come at last, I pray thee, bird !
 Dark messenger from heaven of good,
 Raven whose croak Elijah heard
 Whose crumbs in deserts were his food ;

Come with the part to me assigned,
 'Tis time, alas ! the shadows set ;
 Past with the prophet ! I can find
 Nowhere my bird,—it comes not yet.

CXCV. SUR LA TERRASSE DES AYGALADES.

Joséph Mériy.

From this high terrace where the roses
 Mount up as if to tempt the hand,
 Three things the horizon-bound discloses,
 The road, the town, the sea-line grand.

The sea says :—Fear me, when wrath urges,
 Yawns terrible for all my deep,
 And those who brave my foam-fringed surges
 Down, down amidst my sea-weeds sleep.

The town says :—Wouldst thou comfort borrow
 From me so full of noise and care ?
 My days are given to toil and sorrow,
 And all my nights want fresher air.

The road says :—Lo, my winding traces
 Lead to the climates of the snow,
 Inhabited by divers races,—
 But Death is in the winds that blow.

Now, life is here, in this sweet shadow ;
 What balm sheds Zephyr as he flies !
 And oh ! what flowers on hill and meadow
 As thick as stars in summer skies !

Around the red-tiled roofs that slumber
 Bathed in an azure light divine,
 Grow olive trees, a countless number,
 And tendrils propped that promise wine.

The mountains stern, as stern Pelides,
 Wear crowns of flowers, and at their feet
 The fair spring of the Hesperides
 A carpet strews for Beauty meet.

The skies rain music, clear and clearer,
 Sweet echoes from the Heavenly court !
 And on the rounded hill-tops nearer
 The gentle sheep and lambkins sport.

What long arcades of birch and hazel !
 How soft the twilight that they cast !
 And what cascades ! The sunbeams dazzle !
 And span them with a rainbow vast.

Peace on these shores herself invites us
 To pass with her the hours away ;
 The very air we breathe incites us
 To keep an endless holiday.

Ah ! Who would not live here for ever,
 From every care and passion free,
 And leave the crowd its vain endeavour,
 Its dusty road and town and sea ?

CXCVI. TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Jean Reboul.

An angel with a radiant face
 Bent o'er the cradle of a child,
 As in a waveless brook to trace
 His own sweet image undefiled.

“ O charming child, that seem’st my shade,”
 Said he,—“ come, come away with me ;
 Oh come, and let no fears dissuade,
 This earth is not a place for thee.

“ Here never is an unmixed joy,
 Distinct from suffering and from pain,
 Nothing, alas ! without alloy ;
 No smile but has its sigh again.

“ Ah ! Not one pleasure here is sure !
 The calmest day,—the brightest sun,
 A murky tempest will obscure
 Perhaps before its course be run.

“ And what ! Shall griefs disturb or fears
 This brow as pure as summer skies !
 And shall the bitterness of tears
 Bedim the lustre of these eyes ?

“ No ! No ! With me through boundless space
 Thou shalt delight, my child, to rove ;
 The great good Father sends this grace
 And spares thee further years, in love.

“ I take thee hence away my flower
 From those that thee have fondly nurst,
 But let them greet the last, last hour
 As joyful as they hailed the first.

“ Let none wear mourning in this home,
 No heart keep sorrow as its guest ;
 For souls as pure as ocean-foam
 The last day is of all the best.”

The angel spoke, and shook his wings,
 And to the Throne eternal sped,
 Whence gush for man Life’s crystal springs.
 —Poor mother ! there thy child lies dead.

Henri Heine.

The good ship's captain, stout Mynheer Van Kock,
 Is seated in his cabin, occupied
 In making up his Balance-sheet account.
 He calculates the cargo's price with care,
 And then the profits likely to accrue.
 "The gum is good, the pepper better still,
 I have three hundred sacks,—and let me see,
 Three hundred barrels nicely stowed below.
 I have too gold-dust, and ivory rare,
 But the merchandise of blacks for slavery
 Is what is worth the most, ta'en all in all.
 I have six hundred negroes I acquired
 By fair exchange, that is, for almost naught
 In verity, on Senegal's wild coast.
 The flesh is firm, the nerves are tough and strong
 As bowstrings strained,—a looker-on may say
 Statues my figures are, of moulded bronze.
 Brandy and gin in barter I have given,
 And beads of glass that look like precious pearls,
 And instruments of steel as bright as sharp.
 Eight hundred for each hundred shall I gain
 I but the half alone remain alive.
 Yes, if there rest for me three hundred souls
 In Rio Janeiro's port, the well-known firm
 Gonzales Perreiro shall to me count out
 A hundred ducats by the head at least."
 All of a sudden, good Mynheer Van Kock
 Is interrupted in his happy thoughts.
 The surgeon of the brave ship enters in,
 Monsieur le Docteur Van der Smissen, named.
 It is a figure dry and thin,—the nose
 Full of red warts. "Ah well! My surgeon-friend,"
 Cries out Van Kock, "how fare my dear, dear blacks?"

The doctor thanks him for his interest,
 And says, "I came here, Captain, to announce
 That the mortality, the night just past
 Has much augmented. On an average
 One with another taken, there have died
 About per day but two. This day have died
 Not less than seven, four men and women three.
 I have inscribed the loss without delay
 Upon the registers ; I have done more ;
 I have examined, and with care minute,
 The corpses, for often will these rogues
 Counterfeit death, in hopes they may be thrown
 Amidst the waves. I took away their chains
 And saw, as is my wont, the bodies flung
 This morning in the sea at break of day.
 Then instantly the sharks came darting forth
 From the blue bosom of the waves ; they came
 Band after band, a serried army fierce.
 They love the black flesh, Captain, oh so much !
 They're my pensioners since a long, long time.
 They have pursued the track of our good ship
 E'en from the day we left the savage coast.
 The rogues ! They scent the corpses,—far, far off,
 With the dilated nostrils of gourmets.
 It is most comical to see them seize
 The dead afloat. This grinds a woolly head,
 And that a foot ; some others swallow down
 Strips of black flesh ; when all have been devoured,
 They joyous dance around the vessel's sides,
 And look at me with great and glassy eyes
 Protruding from their fronts, as if they wished
 To thank me for their breakfast."—Here Van Kock
 Sighing, cut short his words. "How soften down
 The evil, doctor, let me ask you that.
 How stop this progress of mortality ?"
 "Many are lost," the doctor gravely said,

"By their own fault. It is their dirty smell
 That has corrupted the salubrious air
 Of this good ship; and many more are dead
 Of melancholy, and because they felt
 Quite weary of their lives and longed to die.
 A little air, and exercise, and play,
 And music and the dance might be enough
 To heal the evil or to lessen it."

"Good counsel!" Cried Van Kook, "my surgeon-friend,
 You are as wise as Aristotle's self,
 Great Alexander's teacher,—yes, you are!
 The President of the Society at Delft
 For tulip culture and perfectionment
 Is very'able,—yea, a man of men,
 But half your wit he has not. Quick, oh quick!
 Music,—that is it,—music and a ball
 For all the blacks upon the clean-scrubbed deck!
 This shall I have, and then let those beware
 Who are not well amused, or shun the dance.
 We shall rejoice their bosoms with the whip
 Prompt to persuade where milder measures fail."

II.

From the blue pall of heaven spread out on high
 Thousands of stars look down like tender eyes
 Of lovely women,—bright, and large, and full,
 Full of desire and strange intelligence.
 As they have done for æons, they regard
 The blue sea stretching miles and miles away,
 Covered with purple vapours, lit by starts
 With strange phosphoric gleams. Murmur the waves
 Voluptuously around the gallant ship.
 No sail floats on its towering masts. It seems
 Despoiled of all its rigging and its gear.
 But lanterns shine upon the glancing deck
 Where joyful music summons to the dance.
 The pilot plays the violin, the cook

Breathes on the flute, a sailor strikes the drum,
 And Van der Smissen gives the trumpet voice.
 About a hundred men and women dark
 Utter wild cries of joy, and leap and whirl
 In Bacchanal frenzy. At each turn
 Their chains resound in cadence to their steps.
 They beat the creaking planks beneath their feet
 Like folk gone mad, and many an ebon nymph
 Twines with her arms voluptuously the form
 Of some companion stalwart yet though gaunt.
 But ever and anon across the noise
 Tumultuous,—a low, low sob resounds.
 The garde-chiourme, the master of the bands,
 Is master of the ceremonies here,
 And with the lash by fits he stimulates
 The dancers faint, and urges them to joy.
 And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !
 The tumult from the waves' dark depths attracts
 The monsters of the sea, at last aroused
 From their long stupid sleep. But half awake,
 Drowsy and dull, and heavy still, they come,
 The sharks, yea hundreds of the ravenous sharks,
 With eyes fixed on the ship in wonder mute.
 They have perceived, however, that the hour
 For breakfast has not dawned as yet. They gape,
 They open wide the caverns of their throats,
 Demoniac jaws displaying, set with rows
 Of teeth, that look like, and are sharp as, saws.
 And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !
 Still, still the dance whirls furious on. The sharks
 From sheer impatience bite each other's tails.
 I think they love not music. Those do not
 Who are their similars amongst our kind.
 Old Albion's poet world-renowned, has sung
 The man who has no music in his soul
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,

Never on such a creature put thou trust.
 And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !
 The dancee whirls on, and on, and endless on !
 Mynheer Van Kook is seated near the mast,
 The great mast of the ship,—his hands are joined,
 His eyes half closed, as thus devout he prays ;
 “ O good Lord ! For the precious love of Christ,
 Spare, spare the remnant of these sinners black !
 If they have Thee offended, Thou oh Lord
 Knowest, they are as stupid as the kine.
 Spare Thou their lives, and spare for Jesus’ sake
 Who died for us, yea, all of us, and paid
 The ransom full. For oh, if there remain
 Not full three hundred, when I reach the port
 Of Rio Janeiro, then I shall have made
 A sorry business of it, and instead
 Of reaping profit, shall have suffered loss !”

CXCVIII. SONNET.—ISOLATION.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Fall, fall, O snow, from thy thick heavy cloud
 In silent showers ; encumber vales, and plains,
 And heights, with thy white plumes, till nought remains,
 Nor herb, nor tree, without its silver shroud.
 Safe in that shelter from the north-winds loud,
 When Spring, returning, their rude breath restrains,
 More prompt the earth shall smile, in genial rains,
 And leaves start forth in all their splendour proud.
 Blest isolation from the world, I see
 Herein thy emblem ; may thy winding-sheet
 Guard my soul likewise till its latest hour,
 That so through all its journey, it may be
 Patient, until God’s love with generous heat
 In heaven unfolds the blossom into flower.

CXCIX.

SONNET.—FREEDOM.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

By iron bars the lion proud hemmed round,
 The sovereign lion with the terrible eyes,
 Vanquished, yet still invincible, defies
 Not by vain efforts but a calm profound.
 Idle, he sits, as wont, upon the ground,
 His claws drawn in their sheath, and none descries
 In his unchanging front the rage that lies
 Deep in his bosom without sign or sound.
 'Tis sometimes only, when he snuffs the storm
 Sweeping afar, he stirs and lifts his form,
 Savage, magnificent. Then to hear his roar
 The gaolers tremble,—but he drops anew;
 Not long has he to pine on dungeon-floor;
 He chokes for freedom : death must soon ensue.

CC.

SONNET.—OBEDIENCE.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

In thy strong teeth bite hard thy bit of steel,
 Curve on thy chest thy nostrils belching fire,
 Hold in thy strength, and check thy generous ire,
 War-horse impatient in thy battle-zeal.
 Mid the fierce onset where the standards reel,
 And bright swords flash, and cannons thunder dire,
 Fain wouldest thou fly, and there with joy expire,
 Proud in thy blood thy loyalty to seal.
 But where's the signal ? Wait. Thy foam devour,
 Smoothen thy mane, and dull thine eye's red flush,
 With pricked-up ears attent until the hour,
 True to thy Rider's will. So when it rings,
 That glorious hour, thou shalt have leave to rush
 Through space entire, not on thy feet but wings.

CCI.

SONNET.—THE PRESENT AGE.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Vile Sloth and greedy Self-love hunt as game
 Each noble Virtue honored in the past,
 Man grovels in a cess-pool dim and vast
 And hides not now but blazons out his shame.
 So well proscribed is the celestial flame
 That glory's antique hymn is hushed at last,
 And Bard and Prophet with the idiots classed
 Raise mockful laughter more than serious blame.
 'Shall we on laurels feed or dress in flowers ?
 'Go, foolish poet, in thy garret dream !'
 So speak the crowds insatiate in all hours
 For filthy gold. Well ! Let them thus blaspheme.
 Care not for them, but mustering thy powers
 O Soul, well-born, pull hard against the stream.

CCII.

SONNET.—A CHARACTER OF THE
OLDEN TIME.*Le Comte F. De Gramont.*

A valiant heart, simple, correct, austere,
 Hewn from the solid rock, sincere as gold,
 Straight as an iron rod ;—a man of old,
 Whose noble nature never knew a fear.
 Adulterate interests from his duty clear
 He chased afar ; his conscience never sold ;
 Dared dangers terrible and manifold,
 And when they ended, dropped into the rear.
 Under the antique flag, how prompt his lance !
 But not the less his hate of foreign rule,
 Gentleman, subject of the King of France,
 Upon the Rhine, in Lyon's noble school,

In Vendée, and wherever he had chance,
He shed his blood, faithful, and yet no tool.

CCIII.

SONNET.—POESY.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Thou canst not die, my foolish fears are vain,
O Muse ! O Poesy ! My love for aye !
Thou livest and shalt live. The sun, the day,
Are less than thee, the life of hill and plain !
Long as the Spirit makes the heart its fane,
And homewards, Godwards, lifts our eyes, thy ray
Shall light our path, and thy bewitching lay
Our exile charm and mitigate our pain.
And ye, who scorn her art, ye worldly-wise,
Or who profane it, which is guiltier far,
Ye may degrade yourselves, and blind your eyes
And close your ears, but ye can never mar
Her glory with your boastful blasphemies,
Nor quench in heaven the lustre of one star.

CCIV.

SONNET.—HOMER.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

O wild young savage wrapt in Homer's lore
Who fiest the talk of our logicians wise,
And sports, and rich-decked feasts, and beauty's eyes,
What dost thou, night and day, along the shore ?
I wait. For what ?—Grand is that hungry roar
Of storm-vexed ocean as it earth defies,
But grander are these histories.—They are lies,
And wasted hours no penance can restore.—

I care not. I would see as here I roam,
 Astarté rise immortal from the foam,
 Whom in my dreams I worship. Hope commands
 A patient out-look to the sky's dim line,
 For often have I seen upon these sands,
 The impress of her oonch and foot divine.

CCV. SONNET.—MY STRENGTH IS MADE
 PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Cured, but still weak, like him I sometimes feel
 That hath the dropsy; from his burden freed,
 Of help divine who has continued need,
 And cannot march but still appears to reel.
 Happy the blind from birth with holier zeal,
 The paralytic with more faith, who heed
 At once the Saviour's words sublime, and speed
 Clear-eyed and strong, with nothing left to heal.
 But, though less full, unmeasured and not vain
 The grace that's given me. May I watch with care,
 Daily and nightly on the couch of pain,
 Attentive to the Voice that says,—‘ Beware !
 What thou hast done, thou yet may'st do again;
 What others do, thou too might'st rashly dare !’

CCVI. SONNET.

Le Comte F. De Gramont.

Often of old, in Germany and France,
 A knight enamoured' of a fair unknown,
 Put on his mail, and sallied forth alone
 To search her, though the boundless earth's expanse.

His visor down, in rest his glittering lance,
 He left behind the land he called his own,
 And rocks and vales with flowers beloved strewn,
 Until he met his heroine by chance.
 Adventurous thus, in shores beyond the sea,
 My bride of steel I seek, and cares discard,
 And well my heart's whole love may rest in thee,
 Sword, parted from me by a fate too hard,
 For from thy point blood-tarnished flashes free
 A lightning ever, answering my regard.

CCVII.

LA CAVALE.

Auguste Barbier.

O lank-haired Corsican how grand was France,
 In the fair summer month of Messidor !
 A wild steed,—with the lightnings in her glance,
 Free, free, she owned nor king nor conqueror.

No hand had ever touched her. None could dare
 With insult or with outrage wound her pride ;
 Upon her flanks, no housings would she bear ;
 Untameable,—the nations she defied.

A virgin skin ; thin nostrils ; fetlocks made
 For speed and strength ; the mane a flag unfurled ;
 Upon her haunches rising when she neighed,
 A terror ran through Europe and the world.

Thou camest and beheld'st her attitude,
 Her restless croup and supple empty back ;
 One spring ! And then away,—O Centaur rude,
 Thy spur she feels,—choose, choose at will thy track.

Henceforth, as aye she loved the trumpet's sound,
 The smell of powder, and the flash of gun,

For race-course, she had earth without a bound,
For pastime, battles which she always won.

No more repose or sleep ! ‘ Mid sword and brand,
To sweep still on,—her work ! Her iron heel
Trampled on human bodies as on sand,
Till blood rose almost to her curb of steel.

For fifteen years the nations felt her ire,
Prostrate they lay beneath her headlong tread ;
It was an Apocalyptic vision dire,
The steed and rider and the myriads dead.

CCVIII. THE TEARS OF RACINE.

Sainte-Beyve.

When Jean Racine the poet grand,
Loving and true,—a child of light,
Had veiled his lyre, grown mute, to stand
For ever out of human sight,
Though earth he had renounced and fame,
He felt at times song’s sacred flame
Within his heart burn bright and clear,
And then before the Saviour’s feet
He burst in prayers confused and sweet,
Prayers always sealed with many a tear.

Just as the pure heart of a maid
In secret often overflows,
At each domestic cloud or shade,
At each small joy, his tears arose.
To see his eldest daughter weep ;
To see fair children round him leap
And deck his rooms with flowers and leaves ;
To feel a father’s tender cares

'Mid chat of books or state affairs
With Rollin, in the winter eves.

Or if in the loved native place,
The cradle of his touching dreams,
He strayed in fields, until in face
Port-Royal rose 'mid rainbow gleams ;
If he beheld its cloisters cool,
Its long wall and its lonely pool,
As weeps an exiled man he wept ;
To weep was sweet ! What blessed rain
For Champmeslé and La Fontaine
He shed each year the day they slept.

But never gentler tears were seen
To flow in love from any lid,
Than his when brows of fair sixteen
Beneath the shrouding veils were hid,
And when the girls with solemn vows
Acknowledging the Lord as Spouse,
Trod on their festal garlands gay,
And giving up their beauty's crown,
Their long hair, erst let loosely down,
With tears, from parents passed away.

He also had to pay his debt
And to the temple bring his lamb,
Upon his youngest's brow was set
The seal of Him who said I Am.
The wedding-ring her finger graced,
Pale, pale, before the altar placed
Her Lord divine she longed to see ;
While heedless of the pomp and crowd,
Incense, and organ swelling loud,
The father sobbed on bended knee.

Sobs, sighs, that soon to tear-showers led,
As gentle as those tear-showers sweet

That Mary Magdalene shed
 Upon her blessed Saviour's feet ;
As precious as the perfume rare
 Lazarus' sister with her hair
 Long-flowing softly wiped away ;
 Tear-showers abundant as were thine
 Best loved Apostle called divine
 Before thy hallelujah-day.

Dumb prayers from a heart that throbs !
 Holy desires that upward mount !
 What lute shall interpret these sobs
 And sighs and tears that none can count !
 Who shall the mystery explain
 Of this vexed heart that strove in vain
 To hush itself, yet had no tone
 Articulate ;—ah who shall tell
 What winds of autumn in the dell
Among the naked branches moan ?

It was an offering with a cry
 Like Abraham's—a yearning strong !
 It was a struggle last and high
 For her whom he had nourished long.
 It was a retrospective glance
 Upon his past life's vast expanse—
 A sinner rescued from the fire !
 One cry unto the Judge sublime
 That for this victim, every crime
 Might be effaced and quenched all ire.

It was a dream of innocence,
 And this the thought that made him sob,
 He might have stayed here, and from hence
 Heard the world's pulses far off throb.
 Port-Royal might have been his home,
 In its calm vale how sweet to roam

It would have been, amidst its woods
 Of chestnuts with their shadows deep,
 And muse, and pray, and wake, and sleep,
 In its vast parlours' solitudes.

And oh ! If with his eyes still wet
 Snatching his slumbering lute again,
 He has not unto music set
 What then he felt of bitterest pain ;
 As poet, if he has not sung
 The holocaust his tears that wrung ;
 The Master who by name can call
 His sheep, hath less not understood
 The minstrel's wise and silent mood ;
 O mortals blame him not at all.

The Lord unto whose holy throne
 Our prayers ascend, sends He tear-showers
 To sparkle on the lids alone
 Like dew upon the opening flowers ?
 No ! Nor His breath to cause unrest,
 And agitate the human breast,
 Wild music from its chords to draw ;
 His dews awake to life from death,
 Ardent, immense, His circling breath
 Labours the frost in us to thaw.

What matters song with harp and voice,
 What matters if we tread where trod
 The saints. and in the dance rejoice
 Before the holy Ark of God,
 If soon, too soon, at ease the soul
 Cast off her widow's weeds and dole,
 And dissipate what she should feel
 Continually ; and what she pays,
 Poor guilty thing, in thanks and praise,
 From her repentance rashly steal !

CCIX.

CONCLUDING SONNET.

À mon Père.

The flowers look loveliest in their native soil
Amid their kindred branches ; plucked, they fade,
And lose the colours Nature on them laid,
Though bound in garlands with assiduous toil.
Pleasant it was, afar from all turmoi,
To wander through the valley, now in shade
And now in sunshine, where these blossoms made
A Paradise, and gather in my spoil.
But better than myself no man can know
How tarnished have become their tender hues
E'en in the gathering, and how dimmed their glow !
Wouldst thou again new life in them infuse,
Thou who hast seen them where they brightly blow ?
Ask Memory. She shall help my stammering Muse.

N O T E S.

I. The Sleep of the Condor. Leconte de Lisle the author of this piece is a creole born in the Mauritius. A notice of his works by the writer of these pages will be found in the Bengal Magazine, edited by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, for the month of December 1874.

II. Sonnet. Le comte F. de Gramont is one of the best of the modern poets of France. He has written many sonnets in Italian.

III. The Peasant's Dilemma. This piece will be found in the popular collection called *La Lyre Française* by Gustave Masson.

IV. The Young Captive. The heroine of this well-known poem by André Chénier, who was himself a victim of the Revolution, was the beautiful Aimée de Coigny, Duchess de Fleury.

V. Sonnet. This sonnet by Felix Arvers has been praised by the highest authorities, amongst others by Sainte-Beuve and Jules Janin, for its grace, delicacy and passion. It is far superior to the other pieces of Arvers which rarely rise above mediocrity.

VI. Après le Coup D'État. Most readers know that Victor Hugo, perhaps the greatest of living poets, retired from France after the notorious *coup d'état* of Napoleon III, and that he now resides under the flag of England in the little island of Jersey.

VII. Lines. See the preceding note.

VIII. Sonnet.—The Two Processions. Joséphin Soualary's sonnets are among the best in the language. They are elaborated with great care. Each is a pastoral picture, or a little drama of exquisite beauty. He has been called and deservedly the Petrarch of France.

IX. The Emigration of Pleasure. This piece will be found in Gustave Masson's *La Lyre Française*.

X. My Vocation. This song was a great favourite of Thackeray. The reader may perhaps remember his reference to it in his lecture on Goldsmith, and his quotation of the opening lines as peculiarly applicable to that poet :—

“Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif, et souffrant ;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand ;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit ;
Le bon Dieu me dit : Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit !”

XI. Béranger to the Academy. In reference to the expressions “fiddler” and “low-born” in the first stanza of this poem, it is necessary to remember that Béranger claimed them himself,—“ménétrier,” and “vilain et très-vilain.” About the first, the words of Lamartine are worthy to be quoted,—“le ménétrier, dont chaque coup d'archet avait pour cordes les cœurs de trente-six millions d'hommes exaltés ou attendris,”—“the fiddler whose fiddle-stick had for chords the heart-strings of thirty-six millions of men exalted or melted;” and about the second, Béranger's own lines are worthy to be committed to memory.

“Hé quoi ! J'apprends que l'on critique
Le de qui précède mon nom,
Etes-vous de noblesse antique ?
Moi noble ! Oh ! vraiment, messieurs, non.
Non, d'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur vélin,
Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie—
Je suis vilain et très-vilain.”

XII. Epigram.—Against La Bruyère. Jean de La Bruyère —the author of the Caractères.

XIII. The Sleeping Beauty. See note to piece No. LXI.

XIV. Sonnet. Liré—"a small town in the Department of Maine et Loire" is the birthplace of Du Bellay who was the author of "a collection of small pieces called *Les Regrets* which have obtained for him the surname of the French Ovid."

XV. Epigram.—Against Maupou. The author of this epigram is not known.

XVI. Sonnet. Paul Scarron is called by M. Gustave Masson the Homer of grotesque literature. "His infirmities authorised him to call himself *un raccourci des misères humaines.*" He was the first husband of Madame Maintenon.

XVII. To a Certain Marchioness. There is a story not very well authenticated, regarding this piece which is perhaps worth mention. In the salon of the Duchess de Bouillon a young lady once smilingly asked amidst a shower of pleasantries,—what is the plant that best adorns ruins? Madame de Motteville, the celebrated authoress of the *Memoirs*, and a friend of Corneille, had ivy in her hair, and all eyes turned naturally towards her. Thereupon Corneille, who was present, wrote the verses on behalf, and as it were in the place of his friend, and gave them to the young lady on the spot.

XVIII. The Young Girl. Charles Nodier was born at Besançon in 1783 and died in 1844. His strength lay in prose more than in poetry. His stories are charming, and remind one very much of Washington Irving. His "*Souvenirs*" also are very interesting. A very graphic account of his life and works has been given by Alexander Dumas who was a personal friend of his. Nodier travelled in England and Scotland, and some verses addressed by him to Sir Walter Scott after a visit, will be found in one of the earlier numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

XIX. The Lost Path. André Lemoyne was born at St. Jean-d'Angély about 1823. "Honorable and independent"—says a French critic,—"as well as discreet and modest, his life flows in the midst of his family and his friends in the practice of duty and the worship of his art." Admitted as a barrister, he renounced practice and contented himself with an employment in the well-known house of M. Didot. Lemoyne

has not written much but what little he has written is worthy of high praise. Besides the piece we translate here, there are others which may be read with pleasure, and amongst these we may name "Ecce Homo" and "Une Larme de Dante."

XX. The Oxen. Pierre Dupont is the poet of the sorrows and joys of the poor. He is not a scholar, and there is not much art in his poetry, but he has great natural gifts which compensate for all his deficiencies. His "Chant des Ouvriers" has long been popular, and if the reader reads French at all, he must have come across—

"Mal vêtus, logés dans des trous,
Sous les combles, dans les décombres,
Nous vivons avec les hiboux
Et les larrons amis des ombres :
Cependant notre sang vermeil
Coule impétueux dans nos veines ;
Nous nous plairions au grand soleil,
Et sous les rameaux verts des chênes !"

XXI. Colinette. Very sweet in the original. Author unknown. The piece will be found in Gustave Masson's "La Lyre Française."

XXII. The Poet's Apology for his Short Poems. Nicolas Martin is deeply imbued with the grand poetry of Germany. He was born at Bonn, and his mother was a German lady,—a sister of the poet Karl Simrock the learned translator into modern language of the old and magnificent Nibelungen, which Victor Hugo considers to be one of the three great epics of the world,—the other two being the Mahabharatha and the Rama-yana. M. Martin's landscapes are very beautiful, and his German leanings have not spoiled his French at all. It is very clear and idiomatic, and as a French critic has observed, it proves "qu'il est bien des nôtres—un vrai fils de la France."

XXIII. Young and Old. See the preceding note.

XXIV. The Grand Pint. M. A de Châtillon is a painter as well as a poet, a fact which a careful reader of his poetry would perhaps discover without being told. A beautiful portrait of M. Victor Hugo holding between his knees his two

sons in the blouse of schoolboys, which appeared in the Salon of the Louvre in 1836 obtained the artist a celebrity which he had long before merited. In the sale of Victor Hugo's house and furniture in 1852, another picture of his, allegorically representing the slumber of the poet, drew considerable attention. His intimacy with the poets, especially with Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier, insensibly led him to write,—and afterwards to collect his pieces in a volume, thin, but of great merit. Of the piece we give here, his friend Théophile Gautier says—“Son auberge de la Grande Pinte entre autres vaut, par ses tons roux, sa chaude couleur enfumée un cabaret d' Ostade.”

XXV. Romance of Nina. Charles Guillaume Etienne was one of Napoleon's followers. The piece we give here has enjoyed a high reputation,—but a translation cannot do it justice.

XXVI. Dormez—Dormez. The readers of Thackeray's Vanity Fair will remember this piece. Its chief charm is in its music ; the words are commonplace.

XXVII. The Butterfly. Like Charles Nodier's, Xavier De Maistre's strength lay in his prose ; he wrote little in the form of verse. Madame Cottin in her Exiles of Siberia quite spoiled the original and beautiful story of De Maistre. Of the piece given here, we may mention, that it had been translated into Russian, then retranslated into French verse by one of the Secretaries to the Russian Embassy, who did not know its origin. The Fall of the Leaves by Millevoye had a similar destiny.

XXVIII. On the First Page of an Album Belonging to his Friend Auguste Bressier. Emile Deschamps like his brother Antoni Deschamps has paid much attention to foreign literature. His translations from Goëthe and Schiller,—La Cloche, La Fiancée de Corinthe, Le Roi de Thule, may stand side by side with the admirable originals, and his imitations of the Spanish Ballads are as good as those of Mr Lockhart. As an original writer he belongs to the Romantic school founded by Lamartine and Hugo. His complimentary verses in the album of Auguste Bressier, which we give here, are generally considered very happy.

XXIX. Sonnet—The Grave-digger. See note to piece No. **VIII**.

XXX. Fantasy. Gérard de Nerval had a sad history and a melancholy end. His tastes led him towards the legendary, the mysterious, and the supernatural, and German literature, had, as a consequence, a fascination for him. He translated the Faust of Goëthe and the ballads of Bürger and of Koerner. He knew Hebrew and Sanscrit well, and has left us some translations from Calidasa and Solomon. To the modern school of French poetry he did not take kindly. He called Lamartine a "Lakiste"—of the Lake school of English poetry, and Victor Hugo—"un Espagnol." Still, he was in some respects in advance of the modern school, for he wanted to dispense with rhyme in poetry,—at which the greatest innovators in French versification stood aghast! The mystical sonnets he composed in the last years of his life (obscure to any one who has not the key) are very beautiful. "Their obscurity," says Théophile Gautier, "is illumined by sudden starts, like an idol constellated with carbuncles and rubies in the dark shadow of a crypt."

XXXI. The Maiden and the Ringdove. In one of her later volumes Madame Valmore has the following motto on the title page—

"*Prisonnière en ce livre une âme est renfermée.*"

The line contains the secret of her success. Her soul is in her book. She writes from the heart. The music of her verses is very attractive. Charles Baudelaire compares her poems to "un simple jardin anglais romantique et romanesque"—and sets forth his illustration in the following terms—"Des massifs de fleurs y représentent les abondantes expressions du sentiment. Des étangs, limpides et immobiles, qui réfléchissent toutes choses s'appuyant à l'envers sur la voûte renversée des cieux, figurent la profonde résignation toute parsemée de souvenirs. Rien ne manque à ce charmant jardin d'un autre âge : ni quelques ruines gothiques se cachant dans un lieu agreste, ni le mausolée inconnu qui, au détour d'une allée, surprend notre âme et lui commande de penser à l'éternité. Des allées sinuées et ombragées aboutissent à des horizons subits. Ainsi la pensée du poète, après avoir suivi de capricieux méandres, débouche

sur les vastes perspectives du passé ou de l'avenir ; mais ces ciels sont trop vastes pour être généralement purs, et la température du climat trop chaude pour n'y pas amasser des orages. Le promeneur en contemplant ces étendues voilées de deuil, sent monter à ses yeux les pleurs de l'hystérie, *hysterical tears*. Les fleurs se penchent vaincues, et les oiseaux ne parlent qu'à voix basse. Après un éclair précurseur, un coup de tonnerre a retenti : c'est l'explosion lyrique : enfin un déluge inévitable de larmes rend à toutes ces choses, prostrées, souffrantes et découragées, la fraîcheur et la solidité d'une nouvelle jeunesse."

XXXII. Morning Serenade. It would be absurd to make any comment on Victor Hugo in a short note at the end of a book. His name is among the great ones of the earth. With Shakespear, Milton, Byron, Goëthe, Schiller, and the rest, his place has long been marked in the Valhalla of the poets. Sings England's latest poet,—a poet indeed, spite of his many serious aberrations.

“ Thou art chief of us, and lord ;
 Thy song is as a sword
 Keen-edged and scented in the blade from flowers ;
 Thou art lord and king ; but we
 Lift younger eyes and see
 Less of high hope, less light on wandering hours ;
 Hours that have borne men down so long,
 Seen the right fail, and watched uplift the wrong.”

XXXIII. Chanson. See preceding note.

XXXIV. The Memories of the People. In spite of Bé-ranger's coarseness, it is impossible to deny him the title of a true poet—a poet of the people. The piece here given, those entitled, *Le Vieux Caporal*, *Jeanne la Rousse*, *Le Roi d'Yvetôt*, and a hundred others, will always retain their hold on the public mind. See note to piece no XI.

XXXV. The Leaf. The oak alluded to in this poem was Napoleon of whom to the last the poet was a faithful adherent. We append a translation of this piece by Lord Macaulay, taken from his *Miscellaneous Writings*.

"Thou poor leaf, so sear and frail,
 Sport of every wanton gale,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly,
 Through this bleak autumnal sky ?
 On a noble oak I grew,
 Green, and broad, and fair to view ;
 But the Monarch of the shade
 By the tempest low was laid.
 From that time I wander o'er
 Wood and valley, hill and moor,
 Wheresoe'er the wind is blowing,
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing :
 Thither go I, whither goes,
 Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose."

XXXVI. Love's Catechism. This piece is in Gustave Masson's "La Lyre Française." Author unknown.

XXXVII. On the Death of a Young Girl. Parny was born in the Isle of Bourbon. He lost his fortune during the French Revolution. Napoleon granted him a pension in 1813. His admirers surnamed him the "Tibulle Français." We obtain these facts from M. Gustave Masson's book.

XXXVIII. My Normandy. This song of F. Bérat has long been popular.

XXXIX. Sonnet—Deus ex Machina. See note to piece No. VIII.

XL. Gather the Rose-buds While Ye May. This piece bears in the original the title of "La Mère Bontemps" and the author is anonymous.

XLI. The Grand-mother. This is one of the earlier productions of Victor Hugo. See note to piece No. XXXII.

XLII. My Village. The name of the author is Gensoûl. The piece will be found in a little book entitled "Nos Souvenirs."

XLIII. The Mother's Birthday. The author of this piece is unknown. It will be found in the same book as the preceding.

XLIV. Dost Thou Remember, Mary. A very popular Romance. It will be found in Gustave Masson's collection.

XLV. The Captive to the Swallows. This is the well-known song of Béranger named "Les Hirondelles." For notices of Béranger see notes to pieces Nos. XI. and XXXIV.

XLVI. Epigram,—to a Tailor. A free translation. The original epigram is in ten lines.

XLVII. Sonnet,—Believest thou thyself the sole thinker, oh man. For a notice of Gérard de Nerval, the author, see note to piece No. XXX.

XLVIII. Epigram. Included in M. Gustave Masson's collection—"La Lyre Française."

XLIX. Sonnet.—The Broken Bell. Charles Baudelaire the author of this sonnet is a poet and critic of considerable eminence; but he borrows, without acknowledgment, too much from English and German sources. Look for instance at a little piece of his entitled "Le Guignon" consisting of fourteen lines,—not put in the legitimate form of the sonnet. First you find the line.

"L'art est long et le temps est court."

Well! say, "Art is long and time is fleeting" is a proverbial expression, and Baudelaire has as much right to use it as Longfellow, but then come the lines

"Mon cœur comme un tambour voilé

Va battant des marches funèbres."

Does not that remind one rather too strongly of Longfellow's

"And our hearts, though true and brave,

Still like muffled drums are beating,

Funeral marches to the grave?"

Still it turns to a question of dates. Both of them are living poets. Who wrote his lines first? But there is assuredly no question of dates, or question of any kind whatever, immediately after, when you find,

"Maint joyau dort enseveli

Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli

Bien loin des pioches et des sondes;

Mainte fleur épanche à regret,

Son parfum doux comme un secret,

Dans les solitudes profondes."

Can anybody render into French verse, more literally, Gray's beautiful but hackneyed lines !

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

Charles Baudelaire died only a short time ago.

L. The Farmer's Wife. In an eloquent essay on the writings of Hégésippe Moreau author of this piece M. Théodore de Banville broaches the theory that a true poet is ever subject “to the contempt, the hate, the invincible antipathy of the Philistine, who, in the innumerable crowd of versifiers, signals him out with an unerring scent.” “Whoever,”—according to M. Banville,—“ has not been condemned like Corneille, hissed like Racine, called impious like Molière, immoral like La Fontaine, rude and savage like Shakespear, barbarous like Victor Hugo, a libertine like Alfred de Musset, can never be a true poet.” Without attempting seriously to refute a paradox so apparent, and which may nevertheless be supported by many more numerous examples in its favour,—we may simply remark that Hégésippe Moreau has been the butt of as much censure as he has been the subject of praise, and that in his case both the blame and the commendation seem to have been deserved. The fact is, there was a double Moreau, and those who contend for the duality of the human mind could scarcely find a better illustration of their theory, than his life and writings. There was a Moreau, the author of *La Fermière*, of the *Contes*, of the *L'Oiseau que j'attends*, of the *Hameau incendié*, of the ode à mes *Chansons*, and of *La Voulzie*; and there was a Moreau, the author of the horrible and blasphemous *Noées de Cana* and of the *Bohème du quartier Latin*. There was a Moreau simple as a child and pure as an angel whose themes were the beauties of his lovely native land, and a Moreau who revelled in the dreadful world of “jupes retroussées,” of “vin répandu,” of “miroirs cassés” and of “châles aux fenêtres.” The difference between the two Moreaus was so great, that the only wonder is, they could have been amalgamated into one person. Can any thing be more lovely than

the description of the Voulzie which the dwarf green Oberon could cross “ sans mouiller ses grelots,” and which a thirsty giant could drink up at a breath, or than the description of “ l’imprimerie proprette ” where the poet received a hospitality so noble, or than the description of the farm, for ever blessed, where milk and brown bread and fraternal caresses were lavished on the poor wanderer ? And can any thing be more blasphemous, absurd, and horrible, than the “ Noces de Cana ” to which we have already made reference ? Moreau’s mind was by its nature pure, and his habitual delight was in rural scenes of peace and plenty, but he joined in the Revolution of 1830, fought in the barricades, got into bad company, and then tried hard to be a writer of political satires for which he never had any turn, and of libertine chansons from which his better nature revolted. Glimpses of that nature flashed out however, even in his utter debasement, for he could sing, addressing his own soul, when he had already been touched by the cold hand of death, in terms such as these :—

“ Fuis sans trembler : veuf d’une sainte amie,
 Quand du plaisir j’ai senti le besoin,
 De mes erreurs, toi, colombe endormie,
 Tu n’as été complice ni temoin.
 Ne trouvant pas la manne qu’elle implore,
 Ma faim mordit la poussière (insensé !) ;
 Mais toi, mon âme, à Dieu, ton fiancé,
 Tu peux demain, te dire vierge encore,
 Fuis, âme blanche, un corps malade et nu ;
 Fuis en chantant vers le monde inconnu !”

He died in great poverty, in a public charitable hospital.

LI. The Lake. It would be as absurd to give a lengthened notice amongst these Notes of Lamartine as of Victor Hugo. He himself in his own magnificent language has related what every body knows about his infancy and his youth. He was born in the most sombre period of French history, and in a respectable and religious family. The province in which his early days were past, is one of the most beautiful in all France, — “ an enchanted land.” Of his education, his travels, his

memorable part in the Revolution,—when threatened on all sides by levelled guns and bayonets he preserved his coolness, and made an oration which brought down the “drapeau rouge” already hoisted and prevented a massacre,—his subsequent poverty and distress,—the loss of those he loved,—the death which at last came,—who that is at all familiar with the literature of France—does not know? Read his life by himself and his travels, dear reader, if you have not done so, and thank us for the recommendation. His poetry has been criticised and reviewed times innumerable both in French and English literary periodicals, and there is very little new to be said about it. In fancy, in imagination, in brilliancy, in grandeur, in style,—in all that makes a poet—excepting purity,—he must yield to Victor Hugo. In purity he yields to none. His mind is essentially religious. He never forgot what he learned at a sainted mother’s knee,—a mother whom he has a thousand times lovingly commemorated in his writings. There is much in Victor Hugo,—far greater poet though he be,—which it would not be wise to put into the hands of young people whose principles have not been sufficiently formed,—but Lamartine may be placed indiscriminately in the hands of all. The “*Lectures pour tous*”—a selection by himself of his own writings,—has not a line over which the most delicate maiden or most innocent child need blush; and it is delightful reading,—only (for the truth must always be told)—a little dull here and there. Lamartine married an English lady—a grand-daughter of Governor Holwell who was incarcerated in the Black Hole by Surajah Dowlah, in the early days of British rule in India. Of the piece we give here, “The Lake,” Alfred de Musset has said;—

“ Qui de nous, Lamartine, et de notre jeunesse,
 Ne sait par cœur, ce chant, des amants adoré,
 Qu’ un soir, au bord du *Lac*, tu nous as soupiré ?
 Qui n’a lu mille fois, qui ne relit sans cesse
 Ces vers mystérieux où parle ta maîtresse ;
 Et qui n’a sangloté sur ces divins sanglots,
 Profonds comme le ciel et purs comme les flots ?
 Hélas ! ces longs regrets des amours mensongères,

Ces ruines du temps qu'on trouve à chaque pas,
 Ces sillons infinis de lueurs éphémères,
 Qui peut se dire un homme et ne les connaît pas ?”

LII. Sonnet.—Awake in bed I listened to the rain ! M,
 Sainte-Beuve was one of the greatest literary authorities and
 critics in France, and his review of a new book often sealed its
 fate. The articles he contributed to the “Constitutionnel,” the
 “Moniteur,” and the “Revue des deux mondes” may easily be
 recognised by their style. His “Causeries de lundi” have a
 world-wide celebrity. No man could paint a literary por-
 trait so well. We are glad to see that a translation of the re-
 views of English celebrities in his works is announced. It will
 give an insight to the English reader of his vast acquaintance
 with foreign literature, his scholarship, and his discrimination.
 His prose has to some extent done harm to his poetry. The
 constant composition of critical or political articles does not
 seem to be agreeable to the Muse who resents any worship but
 her own. And of this fact, he himself was aware, for he said,
 “the poet in me,—shall I confess it ? has sometimes suffered
 from all the indulgences even, accorded to the prose writer.”
 Poet, critic and romance writer, it is difficult for any man to be
 all three with impunity, and to succeed equally well in all.
 Some poetical lines of his furnished matter for the daily gaiety
 of the newspaper press in Provincial France, as well as in the
 Metropolis. One of these, is—

“Assis sur le penchant des coteaux modérés.”

Now “coteaux modérés” may be ridiculous enough,—but
 an unfortunate couplet on which his malignant critics fastened
 and to which they clung for a long time throws the “coteaux
 modérés” quite into shade.

“Pour trois ans seulement, oh que je puisse avoir
 Sur ma table un lait pur, dans mon lit un œil noir.”
 We doubt if the oft-quoted

“Let law and learning, trade and commerce die
 But give us still our old nobility.”
 of the English poet and statesman has run the gauntlet of so
 much sarcastic and contemptuous criticism, as “la table au lait

pur" and "le lit à l'œil noir." Still, it must not be supposed that M. Sainte-Beuve is a bad or even a mediocre poet. Though he does not belong to the first class, and has no title to be ranked with the Hugos and the Lamartines, he takes a high place in the second. His first poetical work was Joseph Delorme. And who and what was Joseph Delorme ? "He did not"—says a critic M. Hyppolite Babou (whom we may almost hail as a countryman for is he not a Baboo ?) "announce himself as a darling of the Muses, an archangel of genius fallen from heaven, or a poet volcanic burst out from Pandemonium. He was an invalid, and he had died. His interrupted chants were but the vague echoes of a voice beyond the tomb ; he had lived in obscurity, in poverty, in doubt, —he had died in isolation and despair. A friend had collected the sad relics of this unfortunate son of René, of this brother or cousin of Werther, Adolphe, Oberman, and he offered them timidly to the faithful, not surrounded by the triumphal laurel, but protected and consecrated by the palm of the martyr. Yes, Joseph Delorme was a martyr of Life and of Poesy ! But when people were chanting the *De Profundis* over the open grave, the coffin was perceived to be empty, the dead had risen and not only risen, but was present at his own funerals, and had even contributed largely to its expenses. A modest and proud talent had played at the moribund to conquer without danger the means to live." Joseph Delorme was no other than Sainte-Beuve himself. His other works are "Consolations," and "Pensées d'Aût." There is considerable talent in all. The sonnet was a powerful and a delicate instrument in his hands, and he translated some of Wordsworth's best, worthily. His verses on "rhyme" are very pretty—(yes, pretty is the word) but inferior to those of Amédée Pommier on the same subject. There is considerable similarity in the two pieces though the measure is very different, and the greatest credit must attach to the poet who wrote first, but on this point we have no information. The familiar acquaintance of M. Sainte-Beuve with English literature gives a tone to his poems which would make them more liked and appreciated in England than the works of

much greater poets of France. Other pieces of his will be found further on in this volume. Sainte-Beuve died in 1869.

LIII. *S'il L'avait Su.* See note to piece No. XXXI.

LIV. To a Young Poetess. The verses we cite here from Victor de Laprade are not in his usual vein. They are graceful and musical as become verses addressed to a young lady and a poetess. His ordinary vein is very different, nervous, powerful, lofty and religious—one would say the poems of a spiritual athlete.

In truth Laprade is one of the great poets of France, and may take rank with the greatest names of the time. The first work of Laprade "Les parfums de Madeleine," induced his friend M. Quinet to advise him to relinquish the bar and take up literature as a profession, and to enable him to follow the advice Quinet offered to procure an appointment for him. Then came "Psyche." It "lightened the antique heathen legend with the Christian idea." Psyche is the "pagan Eve." Like Ballanche in his "Orphée," like Quinet in his "Prométhée," like Wordsworth in his "Laodamia" he caused a nobler and a higher sentiment—a sentiment unknown to the ancients—to gleam darkly forth from the story for which he was indebted to them. The sentiment was a little vague, but it was there, and though the vulgar accused him of pantheism, the initiated could follow him, especially with the aid of the able preface. After the publication of this work in 1837, Laprade undertook a journey to the Alps. "Here," says his French biographer M. Ch. Alexandre, "Nature made him drunk with her beauties on the high tops of the mountains." He has often made the voyage since with a sack and a stick like a mountaineer. "Forez" continues M. Alexandre, "had made him a poet rustic and domestic, the family,—a poet religious of the past, Provence,—a poet Athenian, but Switzerland made him the poet of Nature." He descended from the Alps quite transfigured

"Ceux qui m'ont vu gravir pesamment la colline
Ne reconnaîtront plus l'homme qui descendra."

He brought back with him a work of great freshness and force, the Odes and Poems which appeared in January 1843. Of this

work M. Alexandre says—"Nature had never been sung about, as it was in this book. Weber, alone, in music has this strange friendship for the elements. It is a sort of poetry at once *végétale et marmoréenne*. It has the whiteness of the marble and the sap of the oak."

"The poet,"—we continue our quotation from M. Alexandre, merely translating as before his French,—"went to enjoy his success at Paris, and make acquaintance with the great masters of the time. He penetrated to the Abbaye-au-Bois guided by Ballanche, and saw Lamartine, Lamménais and George Sand. He was eager (*affamé*) to contemplate all the grand poets. In 1835 not being able to see Victor Hugo from the Place Royale, where he had posted himself before the poet's house, he seized a nail and bore it off in triumph as a relic. He has got it still. Vive l'enthousiasme!"—Sir Walter Scott carrying away in triumph the wine-glass out of which his Majesty George the Fourth had drunk, and Laprade carrying away the nail from the bolted door of Victor Hugo might form capital companion pictures.

His subsequent publications are an essay on the sentiment of nature in Homer, "*Poèmes Evangéliques*" in 1852, "*Les Symphonies*" in 1855, and last of all a satire on the times, in which he abandons his old vein, and handles the weapon of Juvenal. The *Poèmes Evangéliques* and the *Symphonies* were both 'crowned' by the French Academy; and although the former has not been very popular, it is an excellent work. "One would love," says his French critic, "to follow with the poet these holy figures painted with pious art and that recall the frescoes of Flandrin." The *Symphonies* have been liked better by the public. It consists of three poems one of which "*Rosa mystica*" shines "comme une rosace au soleil couchant," and another "*Herman*" rings out with the power and sustentation "of an Alpine horn." The views which Laprade puts forth in "*Herman*," are not popular views, such as find favor with readers of newspapers,—for he does not believe in the progress, the moral progress of the world, but they are the decided views of a deliberate, sober and deep thinker to whom the Bible "is

as a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path." In the dedication to his father he says

"Je n'ai vu de progrès que dans l'ignominie,
Et n'attends rien, pour fruit des âges qui naîtront,
Que des hontes de plus à porter sur le front."

Laprade and Lamartine are the only great modern poets of France whose works are essentially and eminently pure and religious, and it is remarkable that they both are deeply indebted for the tone of their minds to their mothers, women of prayer, large minded and self-denying.

LV.—The Swallows. Jean Pierre Claris de Florian was born in 1755 at Basses-Cevennes. He suffered great hardships during the first French Revolution. He was thrown into prison, and contracted in captivity the illness of which he shortly after died. His fables are well-known.

LVI.—Chanson de Fortunio. Alfred de Musset is a name too well known to require detailed notice in this place. He is one of the most popular poets of France, and his countrymen regard him as their Byron. In truth he possesses the spirit, the power, the wit, the brilliance, and the love of nature sometimes real and sometimes affected, which mark the writings of the English poet. Like Byron, he has no great depth of thought. Like Byron, he is sometimes eccentric and wild. His landscapes, like Byron's, seem to have been elaborated more often in a study, under the fumes of wine, than in the open air and under the blue sky. But his passion, like Byron's, has often the true ring. His epigrams, like Byron's, sparkle. And his pathos, like Byron's also, is sometimes profound.

In early life he considered himself above the power of Love and wrote the well-known lines.

"Si jamais par les yeux d'une femme sans cœur
Tu peux m'entrer au ventre et m'empoisonner l'âme,
Ainsi que d'une plaie on arrache une lame,
Plutôt que comme un lâche on me voie en souffrir,
Je t'en arracherai quand j'en devrais mourir."

But his boasting was premature ; he was attained by the arrow of the god at last, and thenceforth his life became a

dreary desert, without joy and without hope. It is not known whom he loved or why his love was unsuccessful. His proud heart ever guarded the mystery of his torment. "Not one confidence, not one indiscretion, not even an involuntary confession, or a portrait of the lady, is to be found in the whole of his works," and yet there can be no question that he suffered greatly, for after this time, for many long, long years, he lived like a blasted tree, forgotten by a generation that had before adored him.

The verses we give here have much of the manner of Byron, and a touch of sincerity which has made them a general favorite.

LVII.—*Omnia Vincit Amor.* The Marquis de Belloy was born in Waterloo year. Possessed of great wealth, like his friend and countryman, the Count F. de Gramont and like Lord Byron and Rogers in England, he might have well kept himself aloof from the struggles of the literary arena, and simply patronised men of letters and received their homage, but he preferred to enter the lists himself and he has done his *devoir* like a gallant knight and true gentleman.

An idea may be formed of his extensive patronage of poor and unknown but meritorious authors by the number of books good, bad, and indifferent, dedicated to him. M. De Balzac inscribed his name at the beginning of the best of his *contes philosophiques*, and thought himself honoured to be permitted thus to hang up his *ex-voto* to one, who was at once a munificent patron of literature and a poet and scholar of consummate ability.

The Marquis de Belloy's works are *Karl Dujardin* a play in one act of which Théophile Gautier said, it was worth "the trouble of a journey by post through the snow and sleet from any part of France to the Odeon;" *Pythias et Damon ou l'Oreille de Denys* a drama of great merit, a volume of fugitive poems mingled with the biography of an imaginary personage le chevalier d' Aï, and then his principal work the *Legendes fleuries*, consisting of five poems of which *Orpha* (the *Orpha* of the book of Ruth) is the best.

M. de Belloy has also translated into verse some of the comedies of Terence, and published a satirical poem.

LVIII.—To My Children. Jules Lefèvre-Deumier is one of the most fertile and the most persevering of the French poets of the nineteenth century. He was the brother-at-arms and friend of the valiant phalanx consisting of De Vigny, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and several others, who after many heroic battles established the new school of poetry, which is now admitted to be the best, in France. He has written much, and written admirably well, but his name has never come out of the shadow which seems to be the unfortunate lot of so many poets worthy of distinction.

In his earlier poems he drew much of his inspiration from England. *Le Parricide* and *Parisina* are in the vein of Byron. *Le Retour* is an imitation of Sir Walter Scott. And even when his genius was matured by travel and experience, after a long residence in Italy, when he published the *Cloche de Saint Mire*, it had still the Byronic ring, and reminded one of Childe Harold.

Not till Lefèvre-Deumier published *Les Confidences* in 1833 did he shake off his English yoke and assert his own perfect originality. Twelve years after, or thereabouts, came two big volumes, *Œuvres d'un Désœuvré*, a collection of prose and verse. On these Confidences and *Œuvres*, will no doubt rest his fame with future generations. *Les Confidences* is the history of a passion as ardent as unfortunate, and the perpetual elevation of tone, and the sustained nobility of the sentiments, impart a penetrating accent to the grief and the despair of the lover. *Œuvres d'un Désœuvré*—presents us pieces of the most diverse kinds heaped pell-mell in the most rich and gorgeous confusion. "Reveries, meditations, satires, all figure there without any other order, but the date of birth or transcription." The volumes abound with classical, scientific and philosophic erudition rare to see united to such high poetic gifts.

The piece we produce here,—"*A mes Enfants*,"—which terminates the last volume (*The Curfew*) published by Lefèvre-Deumier, is a "vrai testament" of the poet. With the simplicity

of the *School Mistress* of Shenstone it unites a pathos profoundly moving. "Posterity," says his French critic, "will hear the prayer which he has only addressed to his family. It will take care of this noble name,—it will protect it from an ungrateful oblivion. It will make in his numerous works a selection, severe perhaps, but salutary on the whole, and at this price it will certainly perpetuate the renown of one of the highest poetic intelligences of our times."

LIX. Loneliness. See note to piece No. LI by the same author.

LX. Nice. Madame Ackermann is the widow of a great "savant" formerly tutor to the nephews of the King of Prussia. She is a scholar of the first order herself, and is acquainted not only with all the modern languages but with Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Sanscrit, and even (so it is reported) Chinese. No English authoress, not even Mrs. Browning, is her equal in point of erudition. On the death of her beloved husband, whom she assisted greatly in his literary undertakings, she retired to Nice, where she leads a life of great seclusion. The scenes of her principal stories are laid in India, and she says in one of her poems,

" L'Inde me plaît, non pas que j'aie encore
De mes yeux vu ce rivage enchanteur ;
Mais on sait lire, et même, sauf erreur,
On a du lieu déchiffré maint auteur."

" Ind pleases me, not that I've seen as yet
With my own eyes, its shores renowned in story,
But I can read, appreciate, and have met
Its bards in spirit, with their brows of glory."

LXI. Sonnet.—Michael Angelo. During the Revolution of 1830 appeared the Curée; and the effect was overwhelming. Auguste Barbier was then in his twenty-fifth year and this was his first work. It placed him at once on the pinnacle of popularity. The poem is indeed written with great power, greater power by far than that displayed in the Marseillaise, which owes its popularity more to its glorious music than its

words. But there was a coarseness mingled with the power in the *Curee* which is damaging at the present day. Barbier wrote several poems afterwards, and although some of them have great merit, none had the popularity of his first-born. In fact his reputation declined with his years. This was hardly just to him,—but it was the natural consequence of a too sudden elevation.

LXII. The Roses of Saadi. See note to piece No. XXXI

LXXIII. Soleil Couchant. See note to piece No. XXXII. It is impossible to do justice in translations to Victor Hugo's beautiful pieces, but it is next to impossible to abstain from an attempt every now and then.

LXIV. The Cow. See note to piece No. XXXII.

LXV. Sonnet.—Rimembranza. See note to piece No. V1II.&c.

LXVI. Oh Desert of the Heart. See note to piece No. LII.

LXVII. Sextine. We have already given a sonnet by le Comte F. de Gramont (see piece II and note). The Sextine is something new in English versification. The thought in the piece translated, seems rather obscure,—remains, at it were, in a half-shadow,—and we have not attempted to drag it into clearer light than that in which it was placed by the author.—The poems of le Comte de Gramont have a masculine vigour, a loftiness of rhythm and tone, and an austere beauty, which place them in the highest rank amongst modern French poems. Some of his sonnets have almost the trumpet note of Milton.

LXVIII. The Solitary Nest. See note to piece No XXXI. Madame Desbordes-Valmore's Solitary Nest, like most of her pieces of the same *genre*) has a music which a translation can never adequately render.

LXIX. Fallen Women, See note to piece No. XXXII.

LXXX. Lights. Louis Bouilhet is a great poet of the order of Victor de Laprade, only not so religious. His two principal works are *Melænis* and *Les Fossiles*. *Melænis* is a Roman story which in a small frame gives ample scope to the author for the display of his high classical knowledge, as well as his intimacy with the human heart, and the springs of human action. The scene is in Rome, the time the reign

of Commodius, "when Roman society had become rotten to the core." A tone of light irony pervades the book and pleasantly replaces the ordinary indignation of satires. The *Fossiles* is a work on the creation. Science enters largely into it, but without spoiling it. The combats of the antediluvian animals classed in the two families of the plesiosaures and the pterodactyles are described with a scientific precision and a poetical vigour which is simply wonderful. M. Bouilhet has also written two dramas, *Madame de Montarcy*, a historical picture, and *Hélène Peyron* a picture of contemporary Parisian life. Both the dramas are strong in situations and characters, and are written with great care in his masterly style, but they never attained popularity. Between the intervals of these dramas M. Bouilhet published another volume of lyrical poetry under the simple title of *Poesies*. This volume contains a great diversity of subjects and is rich in descriptions of nature.

The piece we cite here is taken from the *Poesies*. The last stanza is not in the original, but has been added by the translator to suit the taste of the English reader, to whom, a satire however keen may be the irony, on an age long gone by, without a modern application or a latent significance would appear unmeaning and unnecessary.

LXXI. A Page from the Bible. Arsène Houssaye cannot be called a great poet, but his descriptions of rural scenery have a freshness that is charming. He has written some pieces about Greece which are admired, but his strength lies in pastoral France. We have given one of his pieces already, See No. XI Béranger to the Academy.

LXXII. The Child on the Sea-shore. Auguste Vacquerie is a very pure poet, pure both in his life and his works. Like Wordsworth he thinks that a poet's life must conform to his works, otherwise those works can never be sincere; and he is right. M. Vacquerie is a devoted admirer of Shakespeare, and a great friend of Victor Hugo who calls him in *Les Châtiments* "the brother of his sons." He has written a comedy entitled *Tragaldabas*. He has also translated some plays of Shakespeare in conjunction with a friend M. Paul Meurice. It is no

disparagement to him to say, that these translations of Shakespeare are far inferior to those of an honored friend of the present writer, Le Chevalier de Chatelain of Castelnau Lodge, the school-fellow and friend of Victor Hugo, for that is tantamount only to saying they are inferior to the best translations of Shakespeare in the French language,—but they are still, by no means common or contemptible translations. M. Vacquerie's principal poetical works are "*l'Enfer de l'Esprit*" and "*Demi-Teintes*." In criticism, he has written a volume sparkling with spirit, gaiety and good sense, called *Profils et Grimaces*. His contributions to reviews and journals have been very numerous.

LXXIII. Sonnet.—A Vision. For a notice of the Marquis de Belloy see note to piece No. LVII.

LXXIV. Cheval et Cavalier. Gustave Nadaud, born at Roubaix in 1821, is a "chansonnier." He composes his own music, and sings his own songs, which have great merit, and delight the poor in their gatherings on the fields, as well as the rich in their decorated salons. Light, pleasant, often witty, never tiresome, sometimes with a dash of pathos, what more need one require of songs? M. Charles Alexandre commenting upon them says, "*l'esprit est le fond, le sol de cette muse positive, le sentiment flotte sur elle comme la vapeur bleue sur les montagnes.*" If there is no depth of thought, no passion, no sublimity,—ah! it is because the "chansonnier" has his "rôle fatal." He must please. This poesy which lives only in the present, cannot wait for the future. The *chanson* aspires only to a fugitive success, the light popularity of the salons and the streets. And the Public is like the Sultan of the Arabian Nights. It must be amused,—amused under any circumstances,—amused under pain of death, and it would never pardon the "chansonnier" if he were to tire it by poesy pure, or poesy of a high order, or poesy with a moral.

LXXV. Les Saintes Amitiés. Ulric Guttinguer born in 1785 was one of the pioneers of the modern school of French poetry, of which Victor Hugo afterwards became the avowed and worthy leader. He tried timidly at first, and more boldly

afterwards, though never very boldly, to break through the vapid commonplaces which passed for poetry in the eighteenth century. A French critic compares his part to that of Moses, who led the people of Israel to the promised land, and had a sight of it, but could not enter in it. His prose has been considered superior to his poetry. A novel named *Arthur*, illustrative in part of his own life, throws much light on his poetry, and is, from all accounts, written with considerable power. M. Sainte-Beuve has said that “*Arthur vivra, et fera vivre le nom de son auteur.*”

LXXVI. In Praise of Women. Auguste Brizeux came of an Irish family settled in France after the Revolution of 1688. He was born in 1803. Passionately fond of Brittany the province, and Lorient the town in which he was born, after long and repeated residence in Italy, he used to hail his native place, as the best in every respect on earth ; and in one of his poems he says of the town

“Dans notre Lorient tout est clair dès qu'on entre ;
De la Porte de Ville on va droit jusqu'au centre :
Ainsi marchent ses fils au sentier du devoir.”

It is remarkable that Brizeux never condescended to write in prose. Whether he felt that he was born to be a poet, and would degrade himself by being any thing else, or whether he had any diffidence in the matter, it is certain, that while every other poet wrote romances, essays, histories, criticism, he rigidly held to his lyre, and excepting one poor attempt in early life, would not even try the field of the drama. His two best poems are *Marie* and the *Fleur d'Or*. There is a pastoral beauty, a chastity, a delicacy, in these flowers of his creation, which can scarcely be too highly praised. It has been a moot question, whether Brizeux personally knew and loved this *Marie* with the naked feet

“Cette grappe du Soorff, cette fleur du blé noir.”

A school-fellow of his says, she never existed, except in his imagination. A brother, on the other hand, avers, that she lived, that he had known her, and that he was a witness of the

principal scenes related in the poem. Did Brizeux see her after she had been married, and was the mother of a family? There is a light, a halo about this Marie, like that which circles around the Jeanie Morrison of Motherwell, and one feels a wish to know more about her. The rest of Brizeux's poems fall far short of these master-pieces. They want the Virgilian charm, the Theocritan "souffle." He died at Montpellier far from his native soil in 1858.

LXXVII.—The Rose and the Tomb. See note to piece No. XXXII.

LXXVIII. Sonnet.—Oarystis. See note to piece No. VIII.

LXXIX. A Flame. Charles Coran born 1814, a friend of Auguste Brizeux, noticed in note No. LXXVI, is the author of two volumes of poems named respectively *Onyx*—1841, and *Rimes Galantes*—1847. He has not written any thing during the last fifteen years, and leads the quiet and delicious life of a dilettante. The last of his two published poems is superior to the first, in which he had been, to some extent, groping about to find out his vocation. He cannot by any means be called a poet of a high order. Love verses, unless very superior, appear ridiculous now-a-days. One can read a chanson by Victor Hugo or Tennyson, but a mediocre love-lyric! Still Coran has one great merit. He is thoroughly French. It is on this account rather difficult to translate his poems. They lose their principal charm in the process. The "duvet" on the peach does not bear to be handled. There is a very pretty Rondeau of his commencing with the words "Bergère rose," which seems to toss up its head with a disdainful air, like a pretty miss, every time we attempt to render it in English.

LXXX. The Foundling Alexandre Soumet lived between the Classical and Romantic schools of French Poetry. He had been brought up in the old school, and could not therefore join the new, except in a timid and hesitating way, although he felt the superiority of it. His first success was in the dramatic line, "Clytemnestre" and "Saül," tragedies which opened to him the doors of the French Academy. He next tried his hand at Epic poems, *Jeanne d' Arc*, pronounced by a very competent

French critic to be a complete miscarriage, a poem of which “the plan is defective, the color false, and the tone declamatory”—and *La Divine Epopée*, on the subject of the Redemption, a subject which as already handled by Milton in the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, would have been avoided as likely to provoke damaging comparisons by a wiser writer. Soumet is said to have always kept the plume of an eagle on his desk, not to write with; but “to have always present to his thoughts that a poet such as he aspired to be, must build his eyrie on the highest summits,—must wheel in the regions of the sky.” “This cursed plume of the eagle,” —says M. Léon de Wailly—“was his ruin.” Had he not attempted so much, he would have left a more durable reputation. He had sufficient means to defray a moderate ambition; but he wasted his patrimony in mad enterprises, like many another conceited literary spendthrift. As it is, writers with less merit and less ambition, placed in circumstances more propitious, have, simply by attempting what was in their power to accomplish, acquired titles more real and more durable than Soumet, to the esteem of posterity.

La Nuit de Noël, and the piece we give here, *La Pauvre Fille*, have been much admired, and have been quoted in almost every book of Selections, but the feeling in them, does not seem to be very genuine, and much of their success must have arisen from the very nature of the themes.

LXXXI. *A la Grâce de Dieu*. Gustave Lemoine the author of this piece must not be confounded with André Lemoyne, the author of “The Lost Path” (Piece XIX). There is a homely but sincere pathos in this short poem, very inadequately rendered, which reminds one of Wapping Old Stairs, Blackeyed Susan, and pieces of the same stamp in English literature. Another piece of Gustave Lemoine is No. III in this book.

LXXXII. *Chanson*. Like pieces Nos. VI. and VII. this poem is an extract from Victor Hugo’s masterly work *Les Châtiments*. When the Empérör was a prisoner in Germany, and the Empress had fled to England, the appearance of Victor Hugo at the French legislative assembly, gathered to resolve

"that the throne had been abdicated and to form a new Government," was hailed with one long cry of "Les Châtiments, Les Châtiments."

LXXXIII. Roland. There are some poets whose fame rests on a single, and not unfrequently, a very small poem,—a sonnet or a few couplets. In France, the fame of Félix Arvers rests on the well-known sonnet,

"Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère," which is given here as piece No. V. In England, the fame of Sir Egerton Brydges who has written volumes on volumes of both prose and verse rests on a single beautiful sonnet—Echo and Silence, commencing with the line,

"In eddying course when leaves began to fly,"—Blanco White's fame rests on a single sonnet (Night and Death) considered by Coleridge the best in the language,

"Mysterious night! when our first parent knew"—The Rev. C. Wolfe's fame rests on the lines called the Burial of Sir John Moore—magnificent lines which every schoolboy knows by heart,—though they embody only the simple details given in Colonel Napier's history,

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."—Similarly the fame of M. Napoléon Peyrat rests on this one poem of one hundred and twenty lines. It is difficult to convey in a translation an idea of the rapid movement, "rapid as the course of the traveller addressed, or the gallop of the horses of Musa el Kevir," and the vivid colouring of the original piece. We have done our best, but our best is bad. Any traveller who has followed the same itinerary as the poet will at once recognise that the country described has not been dreamed of and created out of the depths of his own powerful imagination by some grand magician of a poet, but is a country seen, taken in, and admirably rendered by a few strokes of the brush of a master painter, "*La vermeille Orléans, Limoges aux trois sveltes clochers, l'Aveyron murmurant entre des pelouses pleines de parfums, les grèves pensives du Tescoud, le Tarn faure, la Garonne aux longs flots, aux eaux convulsives où nagent des navires bruns et des flots verdoyants, Toulouse, jetée comme une*

*perle au milieu des fleurs, les blancs chevaux à la crinière argentée,
dont le pied grêle a des poils noirs comme des plumes d'aigle,
Fénélon le cygne aux chants divins,*

Qui nageait aux souroes d'Homère !

et à la dernière strophe, les armées passant par Roncevaux :—
soldats, canons, tambours, chevaux, chants tonnant dans l'espace &c.”
“Voilé bien”—says a French critic, M. Charles Asselineau,—
“l'art de 1833 ; l'art d'enchaîner savamment l'image dans le
vers et de tout combiner pour l'effet, et le son, et la figure, et
le rythme, et la coupe, et la place et l'enjambement.”

The author wrote under the *nom de plume* of Napol le Pyrénéen, and his real name was long unknown. At last M. Paul Boiteau, published it with some details of the life of the poet. He is a protestant pastor and was the friend of Béranger and Lamennais. He lives still and has a charge in a village “avoisinant Saint-Germain.” He wrote other poems in his youth when he chanted nature, and the heroes of his mountains. What has become of these chants? Nobody can say. The author has chosen, it is said, the life of shadow and humility,—he is devoted to an earnest and a great work, and thinks very little of these pastimes of his earlier days.

LXXXIV. The Awakening. See note to piece No. LXXXII.

LXXXV. To Those Who Sleep. See note to piece No. LXXXII. The third stanza reminds the writer of Lord Lytton's beautiful lines in Aurora Clair.

Sword

And shield lack never where'er there be
A soldier ready to use them. He
Who, having a cause for which to fight,
Hath also courage and will to smite,
Finds waiting for him in pebble or reed
Just such a weapon as serves his need.

LXXXVI. The Voulzie. See note to piece No. L.

LXXXVII. The Political Prisoner. See note to piece No. LXXXII.

LXXXVIII. Moses. Alexander Smith the author of Dreamthorp, himself a poet of no mean order, and who has written a neglected novel named Alfred Haggart's Household, which is as sweet as any thing that has appeared since the Vicar of Wakefield, says of England's Poet Laureate, "Mr Tennyson does not imitate so much as he is imitated, but even in his ear there have lingered notes from the other side of the Atlantic." Then quoting the last stanza of the famous garden song in *Maud*,

She is coming, my own, my sweet :
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthen bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,—
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

he observes, "in these lines a quick ear detects Poe's music ringing like a silver bell."

With much greater reason than Alexander Smith we might ask if the lines most often quoted from the Poet-Laureate's *Tithonus*,—and the whole piece itself in all its beauty,—is not an echo of Alfred de Vigny's *Moïse*? Let the reader judge. Sings the Poet-Laureate,

" Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,"

and again,

" _____ When the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy mea that have the power to die
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me and restore me to the ground."

Now hear the poet of France,

" Mon Dieu ! Vous m'avez fait puissant et solitaire,
 Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre,"

and again,

“ Vos anges sont jaloux et m’admirent entre eux.
 Et cependant, Seigneur, je ne suis pas heureux.”

 “ J’ai marché devant vous, triste et seul dans ma gloire.”

 “ L’orage est dans ma voix, l’éclair est sur ma bouche ;
 Aussi, loin de m’aimer, voilà qu’ils tremblent tous,
 Et quand j’ouvre les bras, on tombe à mes genoux.”

Alfred de Vigny’s *Moïse* is indeed a poem of great beauty, and may stand side by side with *Tithonus*. “ It is not the true Moïse,—historically perhaps,”—says his French critic M. D’Aurrevilly,—“ the Moïse Hebraic and Biblical, but what a beautiful human Moïse it is. What a weariness in the man who has penetrated into every thing ! What a prodigious fatigue of his superiority ! What a disgust of life, in an eternal celibacy of power ! What a weight at the heart ! What sorrow for his high function, ever near God, where the air is not respirable for a human creature in the flesh ! What an overwhelming sublimity—throughout !”

Of the other pieces of M. Alfred de Vigny the beautiful poem of Eloa is the best. Eloa is the angel of pity in heaven. She was born from the tear of our Lord at the grave of Lazarus. She compassionates the prince of the fallen angels when she first hears of him as

—————“ Qu’à présent il est sans diadème,
 Qu’il gémit, qu’il est seul, que personne ne l’aime !”
 Then she falls in love with him and perishes.

Next to Eloa is le Cor,—

“ Oh que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois !”

Dolorida which is much admired in France, is of the Byronic school, far inferior to both the last mentioned pieces,—melodramatic—nay verging on the absurd. The Death of the Wolf which we give further on, is wanting in condensation, and teaches a very questionable philosophy.

M. de Vigny is also an excellent novelist, but his *Cinq-Mars* which is generally considered his best work, and finds a place

in every library, seems to us to be cold and dull compared with his *Servitude et Grandeur militaires*.

LXXXIX. Pantoum. This is a miserable little piece to cite from so great a poet as Théophile Gautier. We shall give a longer notice of him should we have occasion to give the translation of a poem more worthy of his genius and high fame.

XC. The Universal Republic. See note to piece No. LXXXII. &c.

XCI. The Dawn. See note to piece No. LXXXII.

XCII. Sonnet. See note to piece No. XXVIII.

XCIII. The Ocean.—An Address to the People. See note to piece No. LXXXII, and other notes on Victor Hugo.

XCIV. The Rest of Evening. See note to piece No. XX.

XCV. Sonnet. Antoni Deschamps, the brother of Emile Deschamps, has not much resemblance to him as a poet. Antoni is stiff, cold, uniform, austere, sometimes sublime, whereas Emile is varied, supple, changing and graceful. Antoni has written little or no prose, Emile has written a great deal of prose as well as verse. Antoni has devoted himself to the poetry of Italy, Emile has fluttered about from the poetry of Germany to the poetry of England, of Italy and of Spain. Antoni's translation of Dante in which he has wished to give according to his own expressions "an idea of the tone and manner of Dante," is a noble work,—a model for all who undertake the work of translation. He abstains from all notes and commentaries and endeavours to produce with a religious fidelity "the color and especially the accent" of the poetry of the great master,—and his success is wonderful. His other works are, "Etudes sur l'Italie," in which the influence of his attentive study of Dante is always apparent, and "Elégies" in which his own private life and its sorrows are laid bare with a power that fascinates, and 'Resignation' (his last work, we believe) a sort of sequel to the "Elégies," not unworthy of the fame he had previously won.

Antoni never married,—never even fell in love ; all his love was for his books; hence a lonely life, a life so forlorn that he

seems weary of it. The following verses may give some idea of his feelings. The original has considerable pathos.

The world for me was as if it were not,
 The real, the common, never I sought,
 The fanciful for me was all in all,
 The rest for the poor and vulgar who crawl ;
 And now remark, while still, still in my prime,
 All pleasure to me, seems almost a crime,
 Distasteful and weary. Of other clay
 I thought I was made, exempt from decay,
 Formed, vivified, as few spirits have been
 With an essence more powerful, subtle and keen
 Than the herd. O folly ! O sin ! O pride !
 Pity me all those that will not deride !
 Behold like a brute I eat and I range,
 And the brute itself with me would not change,
 For it has nurplings to feed in its den,
 And I've none at my hearth, the most lonely of men.

XCVI. Napoléon le Petit. See note to piece No. LXXXII. &c.

XCVII. Flytfaglarne. *Flytfaglarne* means birds of passage in the Swedish language. The poem in fact is Swedish ; and its author is the poet Stagnelius. M. X, Marmier has translated it into French prose in his beautiful novel "*Les Fiancés du Spitzberg,*" which we most heartily recommend to all readers. The book has been "couronné par l' Academie Française" and is a masterpiece. The only poem of Hayley, Cowper's friend, which still lives, and deserves to live, is very much in the vein of this piece. Perhaps the reader may remember some of Hayley's lines, the echo of which still rings in our ears.

"Ye gentle birds that perch aloof
 And smooth your pinions on my roof,
 Preparing for departure hence
 Ere winter's angry threats commence ;
 Like you my soul would smooth her plume
 For longer flights beyond the tomb."

XCVIII. . The Plesiosaurus. The Plesiosaurus is an antediluvian animal. A notice of L. Bouilhet will be found in note to piece No. LXX. Although a Frenchman would faint away at the idea of *blank* verse, which is not allowed in French poetry, we have not hesitated to render this piece in that form as well as the one that follows, and some others that come after.

XCIX. Maxima Debetur Pueris Reverentia. Amédée Pommier is not a great poet, but his verses are always very musical. A piece entitled *La Rime* is delightful.

C. Marie. For a notice of A. Brizeux see note to piece No. LXXVI.

CI. Advice and Reply. See note to piece No. LXXXII and other notes on Victor Hugo.

CII. The Wine of Jurançon. For a notice of Charles Coran see note to piece No. LXXIX. We do not know if there is an equivalent for *piquette* in English,—it means,—the bad wine pressed out of grapes after they have been squeezed, and water poured upon them.

CIII. The Ocean's Song. See note to piece No. LXXXII. and other notes on Victor Hugo.

CIV. The Butterfly. See note to piece No. LI.

CV. Qu'aimez-vous ? Charles Dovalle was born at Montreuil-Bellay a small town in the department of Maine-et-Loire on the 23rd June 1807, and his infancy and boyhood were passed joyously in the liberty of a country life, amidst picturesque rural scenes full of old recollections and ruined castles that spoke of feudal grandeur. He came to Paris to seek his fortune in his twentieth year, “with a portfolio and his brain full of rhymes.” In the course of two years, during which he wrote a good deal in the papers—he died,—the victim of a duel. With a great deal of immaturity,—there is much promise in his poems. M. Charles Asselineau says, his works “are a pale dawn—like all dawns,—but with the certain and assured signs of a glorious and bright noon.” The greatest poet of France in our days,—perhaps the greatest poet in the world now living, has honored Dovalle’s memory with a notice, written soon after the pistol bullet had traversed the portfolio which he always

carried about with him,—and reached his heart. Says Victor Hugo—“A poesy quite young, childish at times; now the desires of a cherubim; now a sort of creole carelessness; a verse with a gracious carriage; not very metrical, or rhythmic according to rule; but always full of a harmony more natural than musical; joy, voluptuousness, love,—woman especially,—woman turned into a divinity; woman worshipped as a Musè; —and every-where flowers, fêtes, spring, morning, youth—behold, what was found in the portfolio of lyrics, torn up by a pistol ball.” These words would be poor Dovalle’s passport to the temple of Fame, if he needed any passport besides his remains.

CVI. My Utopia. See note to piece No. XCIX.

CVII. Stances. See note to piece No. XXVIII.

CVIII. The Resting-place of the Kine. This piece will be found in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1864 Vol. XLIX Page 959. For a notice of Auguste Barbier see note to piece No. LXI.

CIX. Patria. See note to piece No. LXXXII and other notes on Victor Hugo. The song is married in the original to Beethoven’s glorious music. Vide Appendix.

CX. A Souvenir of the Night of the 4th. Like Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*, *Les Châtiments* of Victor Hugo harps upon one subject. A great sorrow inspired the muse of the one, a great public wrong that of the other. But in Tennyson’s poem, exquisite as it is, the monotony palls at last, while in Hugo’s the variety is infinite; hence the superiority of the latter. Disdainful, sarcastic, pathetic, sublime, by turns, the book is a master-piece of its kind. The piece translated here is about the child killed in the Carrefour Tiquetonne on the 4th December 1851, during the street-fights consequent on the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. Victor Hugo alludes to the event in another piece in the *Châtiments*,

“Victoire ! ils ont tué, carrefour Tiquetonne,
Un enfant de sept ans !”

CXI. Hope. For a notice of M. Sainte-Beuve see note to piece No. LII.

CXII. France, à l’Heure où tu te Prosternes. See previous

notices of Victor Hugo in notes to pieces Nos. CX, LXXXII, VI. &c.

CXIII. The Fall of the Leaves. Sainte-Beuve has remarked that there exists or has existed in every man be he a poet or not, "a certain flower of sentiment, of vague desire, and of reverie," which expires and vanishes under "prosaic labours" and the every-day occupations of life. There exists, he thinks, in all men, or in the vast majority of men, "a poet who dies young while the man himself lives on." Millevoye the author of this piece is in Sainte-Beuve's opinion "the personified type of the young poet who cannot live but must die in each of us at the age of thirty years more or less." The criticism is just. Millevoye is a poet of a secondary order. He lived when a great change was coming over French poetry, and he had not courage or genius to leave the old beaten tracks. "Charles Millevoye," said his friend Nodier, "would have made new and successful invasions in the domains of Poesy if he had not made *de si bonnes études*." But these *bonnes études* were not the only obstacles, it seems, in his way. He wanted vigor, imagination, originality. He could write sweetly in the old style and that was all. The little poem we give here has been called, oddly enough, *la Marseillaise des mélancoliques*. It has been translated into several languages, and was once retranslated into French from the Russian, by a Frenchman who did not know its origin.

CXIV. The Clarions of Thought. See notes to pieces Nos. CX, LXXXII, VI, &c.

CXV. La Chanson des Adieux. M. André Theuriet has been a valued contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since 1857, and he contributes to that periodical largely still, both in verse and prose. His poetical pieces, which show a great love for the beauties of nature and a very high talent for description, have also much tenderness and feeling. These pieces were collected together in a volume entitled *Le Chemin des Bois* in 1867, and received, and deservedly, the approbation of the French Academy. M. Theuriet is the author also of a drama in verse *Jean-Marie*, which was acted at the Odéon in

1871, and of several novels such as *Nouvelles Intimes*, *Modemoiselle Guignon*, *Une Ondine*, &c., of considerable power, but like most French novels, of doubtful taste if not of doubtful morality.

CXVI. Souvenir d'un Vieil Air. M. Valery Vérnier is a constant contributor, like the subject of the preceding note, to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

CXVII. October. M. Emile Augier was born at Valence, and became known to the world of letters by a drama of two acts in verse, entitled *La Cigüe* which was acted with the most brilliant success at the Odéon in 1844. His other dramas in verse are, *Un Homme de Bien* a comedy in three acts, *L'Aventurière* a comedy in five acts, *Gabrielle* a comedy in five acts, *Le Joueur de Flûte* a comedy in one act, *Diane* a play in five acts, and some others, besides several dramas in prose. His collection of fugitive pieces entitled simply *Poésies* was published in 1856. He is connected as a contributor with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was made a member of the French Academy in 1858.

CXVIII. Watteau. See the preceding note in respect to M. Emile Augier the author of this piece. Watteau's pictures are too well known to need any remark in this place.

CXIX. Chinoiserie. These small poems scarcely convey, as we have already remarked in the note to piece No. LXXXIX, an adequate idea of the poetical genius of M. Théophile Gautier which is of a very high order. For correctness and chastity of style he has few equals. Never infringing the rules of French versification, as greater poets than himself, notably Victor Hugo, have sometimes done, he has yet been able to add to the power of the language by his majestic and harmonious combinations. His word painting is exceedingly vivid, and at the same time exceedingly natural ; and the only discord that jars in his magnificent utterances is that taint of—shall we call it irreverence or infidelity—which is unfortunately too common even amongst the best French modern poets. The lines addressed to Gautier by his friend Théodore Banville do not give him more than his due meed of praise.

“ Pas de travail commode !
 Tu prétends, comme moi,
 Que l’Ode
 Garde sa vieille loi,
 Et que, brillant et ferme,
 Le beau Rhythme d’airain
 Enferme
 L’idée au front serein.

* * * * *
 Et toi, qui nous enseigne
 L’amour du vert laurier,
 Tu daignes
 Être un bon ouvrier.”

CXX. Orso.—A Pastoral. See note to piece No. CXVII for a notice of the author, Émile Augier.

CXXI. The Retreat from Moscow. Victor Hugo has been noticed in notes to pieces Nos. CX, LXXXII, VI, &c. But for a vivid historical account of the Retreat see Hazlitt.

CXXII. The Forts of Paris. The last poetical work of Victor Hugo *L’Année Terrible*, from which this piece is taken, shows no diminution of his wonderful powers.

CXXIII. To my Grand-children. This piece is taken from the work mentioned in the preceding note.

CXXIV. Sonnet—The Foot-print on the Sand. See note to piece No. VIII.

CXXV. The Death of the Wolf. This piece has not the ordinary condensation of Alfred de Vigny—who is great both as a poet and as a novelist. See note to piece No. LXXXVIII.

CXXVI. The Message. The reader will perhaps feel a little surprised to find a poem by Henri Heine in a collection gleaned in “French fields.” But Henri Heine was neither a German nor a Frenchman. He was a Jew who embraced Christianity, and afterwards turned infidel, or at all events preserved only a very modified sort of belief. Born in Germany he lived in France, or rather in the French capital.

Though he wrote in German and had a power over that language which few have shown since Goëthe and Schiller, his predilections and tastes were all French. This piece and several others were translated by himself into French and published in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* under fictitious signatures. His command over the French language was great for a foreigner, though not so marvellous as his command over the German.

CXXVII. Sonnet. Down there. See note to pieces No. VIII. We may simply add here that M. Joséphin Soualary holds some humble office in one of the public departments of France.

CXXVIII. Sonnet. The Divine Antithesis. See notes to piece Nos. VIII and CXXVII.

CXXIX. Ni Haine ni Amour. See note to piece No CXXVI, and compare this poem with piece No. V by Félix Arvers.

“Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle suit son chemin, distraite et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas,
A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle :
“Quelle est donc cette femme ?”, et ne comprendra pas.”

CXXX. On the Barricade. This is a poem from the veteran poet's recent work *L'Année Terrible*. See notes to pieces Nos. CX, CXXII, &c.

CXXXI. Sonnet.—Necessity. See notes to pieces Nos. II, and LXVII.

CXXXII. La Ménagère. See note to piece No. CXV.

CXXXIII. To Little Jeanne. See notes to pieces Nos. CX, CXXII, CXXX, &c.

CXXXIV. The Black Point. See note to piece No. XXX.

CXXXV. The History of a Soul. M. Eugène Manuel is a Parisian by birth and the author of three collections of verse, *Pages Intimes* (1866.) *Poems Populaires* (1872.) and *Pendant la Guerre* (1872.) He has also written a drama *Les Ouvriers* which was acted in 1870 at the *Théâtre Français* with the most brilliant success. His poetry is full of thought. Judging from his style as well as matter he must have read the English poets

a good deal. His mind has many of the traits of Longfellow's.

CXXXVI. The Doves. See notes to pieces Nos. LXXXIX, and CXIX.

CXXXVII. Promenades et Intérieurs. François Coppée, born in Paris, is the author of several collections of poems, and also of several dramas in verse. Among the former we may mention *Le Reliquaire*, *Les Poèmes Modernes*, *La Grève des Forgerons*, *Lettre d'un Mobile Breton*, *Plus de Sang*, and *Les Humbles*; and among the latter, *Le Passant*, *Deux Douleurs*, *Fais ce que Dois*, *L'Abandonnée*, *Les Bijoux de la Délivrance* and *Le Rendezvous*. The small piece given here reminds one pleasantly of Shenstone's *School-Mistress*.

CXXXVIII. To the Swallow. M. Sully Prudhomme contributes largely still to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is the author of *Stances et Poèmes*, *Les Solitudes*, *Les Destins*, and *Les Épreuves* a collection of sonnets. He has also translated classical works in verse with great ability.

CXXXIX. A Mother's Heart. M. Louis Ratisbonne's translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, a work of great ability was honored with the approbation of the French Academy. He is an acute critic and a very popular essayist, and some of his dramas have had well-deserved success on the stage, notably *Héro et Léandre*, and *La Comédie Enfantine*. His poems are, *Printemps de la Vie*, (1857) *Les Figures Jeunes* (1865,) *Les Petits Hommes* (1868) and *Les Petites Femmes* (1872.)

CXL. Sonnet —The Miracle of the Virgin. See note to piece No. CXXXIX.

CXLI. The Sower. This is one of Victor Hugo's earlier poems. See note to piece No. XXXII &c.

CXLII. Sonnet.—A Dream. See note to piece No. CXXXVIII.

CXLIII. Sonnet.—Autumn Sunset. See note to piece No. I for an account of Leconte de Lisle. We append here an extract from the article in the *Bengal Magazine* referred to in that note.

"His principal works are *Poèmes Antiques* published in 1852,

Poëmes et Poësies published in 1855, and *Poësies Complètes* published in 1858, besides a heap of contributions to various reviews, especially the *Revue Contemporaine*, which are still to be collected, and are worth the collecting.

“The faults generally attributed to all Asiatic or half caste poets, writing in the languages of Europe, are weakness, languor, conventionalism, and imitation. From most of these defects Leconte de Lisle is singularly free. He is wonderfully vigorous, and very often thoroughly original. Not only is he very well read, not only has he meditated much, but he has that gifted poetic eye which can seize at once and extract poetry from the meanest objects. He has in a word

‘The vision and the faculty divine.’

“Of his style a French critic of no mean repute—himself a poet—Charles Baudelaire, thus writes: “Leconte de Lisle possesses absolute rule over his idea; but this would not amount to much if he did not possess also the dexterous use of his tool. His language is always noble, decided, strong, without any shrill clamorous note, and also without any false prudishness. His vocabulary is very extensive, and his arrangement of his words is always remarkable, as framing clearly and distinctly what he has to say. His rhythm has great breadth and certainty, and his instrument has the soft but large and profound accent of what musicians would call the alto.”

* * * * *

“The descriptive pieces in his poems are the best. The fields at mid-day,—the desert,—the ocean in its magnificence,—an animal, say a tiger, in its fury or in its repose,—the beauty of a peasant girl in the far, far East,—these are the sorts of topics in which he excels.”

CXLIV.. Reverie. Auguste Laeauasseade was born in the island of Bourbon about 1815. He has published a remarkable translation of Macpherson’s Gaelic poems, and was for sometime the literary secretary of M.Sainte-Beuve. His principal poetical works are *Poëmes et Paysages*, and *Les Epaves*. He lives honourably by his pen in Paris, and is or was the Editor of the *Revue Européenne*.

With the melancholy music of Millevoye he unites a force a passion, a pathos of his own which sets him, not indeed in the first rank of the French poets, but in a position far more elevated than Millevoye's. *Les Soleils de Juin* and *Les Soleils de Novembre* are pieces which are often to be met with in collections of French poetry, and which fully deserve the praise they have received.

CXLV. Intérieur.—À ma Mère. See note to piece No. CXV. With one or two strokes a true poet can sometimes give us a picture. Shakespeare's description of evening was

“Light thickens,

And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.”

This is M. André Theuriet's description of a midsummer dawn.

“Je m'endors, et là-bas le frissonnant matin
Baigne les pampres verts d'une rougeur furtive,
Et toujours cette odeur amoureuse m'arrive
Avec le dernier chant d'un rossignol lointain
Et les premiers cris de la grive....”

M. Theuriet is not a Shakespeare, but these five lines are sufficient to show that here we have a poet indeed,—a poet worthy of all honor.

CXLVI. Choir of Satyrs. M. Autran was born at Marseilles. In 1832 he published an ode to Lamartine which brought him to the notice of the literary world. His works are *Les Poèmes de la Mer*, *Ludibria Ventis*, *Milianah*, *Laboureurs et Soldats*, *La Vie Rurale*, *Epîtres Rustiques*, *Le Poème des Beaux Jours*, besides a tragedy *La Fille d'Eschyle* acted in the Odéon in 1848, and *Le Cyclope* after Euripides published in 1863. M. Autran is a member of the French Academy and is celebrated for his knowledge of the classics.

CXLVII. The Hope in God. For a notice of Alfred de Musset see note to piece No. LVI. Pascal and Locke and even Kant are hardly treated with justice in this poem. It is good to be terse and epigrammatic but not at the expense of perfect fairness and accuracy.

CXLVIII. Man and the Sea. See note to piece No. XLIX.

CXLIX. Christmas. See notes to pieces Nos. LXXXIX. and CXIX.

CL. Sonnet. Avaritia. See notes to pieces Nos. VIII and CXXVII.

CLI. The Sword of Angantyr. See notes to pieces Nos. I and CXLIII.

CLII. Le Convoi d'une Pauvre Fille. See note to piece No. LXXVI.

CLIII. What the Swallows Say. See notes to pieces Nos. LXXXIX and CXIX.

CLIV. Landscape. M. Georges Lafenestre, the author of this piece published a collection of poems under the title of *Les Espérances*. He has contributed largely to the periodicals of the day, and his critiques on literary and artistic subjects are held in high estimation.

CLV. The Swan. See note to piece No. CXXXVIII.

CLVI. Night. Madame Emile de Girardin was a great beauty in her time "with blue eyes and golden hair," and she lived in the midst of a fashionable circle that all but worshipped her.

"Elle avait tant d'espoir en entrant dans le monde,
Orgueilleuse et les yeux baissés."

Of her poetry Lamartine said:—"Les vers de jeunesse de Madame de Girardin ont, tout ce que l'atmosphère dans laquelle elle vivait comporte; c'est de la poésie à mi-voix, à chastes images, à intentions fines, à grâces décentes, à pudeur voilée de style. Le seul défaut de ces vers, c'est l'excès de l'esprit; l'esprit, ce grand corrupteur du génie, est le fléau de la France."

CLVII. Romance. Châteaubriand's prose is poetry, but he has written very little verse, and that little is not of a high order. Few are gifted to excel in both.

CLVIII. Dante. See note to piece No. LXI.

CLIX. The Willows. See note to piece No. XXII.

CLX. On the Death of his Daughter. See note to piece No.

XXXII, &c. Have we not here the same cry that thrilled the hearts of hearers three thousand years ago !

तिष्ठेष्ठोके विना सूर्यं ग्रस्यं वा सखिकं विना ।
न तु रामं विना देष्टे तिष्ठेत् मम शीवितम् ॥

CLXI. The Dream of Lucretia. M. François Ponsard, born at Vienna in the Dauphiné, is the author of the tragedy of *Lucrece* which was acted for the first time at the Odéon in 1842, and which made his name at once famous. He has written comedies as well as tragedies subsequently. His dramas are, *Agnès de Méranie*, (1846.) *Charlotte Corday*, (1850) *Horace et Lydie*, (1850) *Ulysse*, (1852.) *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, (1853.) *Ce qui Plait aux Femmes*, (1860) *Le Lion Amoureux*, (1866.) *Galilée* (1867.)

CLXII. Sonnet.—The Pyrenees. Guillaume de Saluste Seigneur du Bartas, born near Auch, was so celebrated amongst his contemporaries that in ten years, namely between 1574 and 1584, his poem of *The Week or the Creation of the World*, divided into seven cantos, corresponding to the seven days of the creation, passed through more than thirty editions. Besides this poem Du Bartas composed *Judith* a tragedy, *The Triumph of Faith* a poem, and several lyrical works of considerable merit.

CLXIII. Les Hurleurs. See note to pieces Nos. I and CXLIII.

CLXIV. After the Battle. See notes to pieces Nos. XXXII. &c. A good account of Victor Hugo's father the hero here mentioned, and a colonel in Napoleon's army will be found in the poet's life published in England under the title of *Victor Hugo, a life related by one who has witnessed it*, 2 Vols.

CLXV. To Pépa. See notes to pieces Nos. LVI and CXLVII. for notices of Alfred de Musset.

CLXVI. In the Orchard. This piece is taken from a book entitled "Olivier" published only last year by M. François Coppée. Of course it has lost some of its charm taken out of its beautiful setting. See note to piece No. CXXXVII.

CLXVII. Sonnet—La Laitière. We may give here an extract from an article on M. Joséphin Soualary by M. Léon

De Wailly which was translated by us for the Bengal Magazine.

"There is no need to be of the trade, to appreciate all that there is of sentiment, of grace, and of delicacy in these compositions. We use with a purpose the last word, bandied about too lavishly and inconsiderately now-a-days, for M. Soulary does compose, which is a very rare thing with modern poets,—and does compose exceedingly well. He is wholly bound in the condition of his art, *ut pictura poesis*. Each of his ideas has passed through and submitted to the operation, which transforms prose to poetry. It has been clothed with a body. The Word,—we say it not in any irreverence,—has become flesh. The greater part of his sonnets form a little picture, or a little drama, and this with a measure perfect, without ever falling into the theatrical, or verging on the falsely romantic and sentimental.

M. Soulary has two merits in our eyes, two great merits albeit they be negative. He is not eloquent, and he is not abundant. People have complained under these heads of old, in reference to advocates in politics. How much more had they and have they reason to complain of the poets ! Praised be the heavens, M. Soulary's verses do not flow as from a fountain. That which flows, flows, flows as from a fountain is only clear water, whereas his verses are impregnated with thought. There is not a word which has not its value,—and which has not been carefully and curiously searched until happily it has almost always been found. M. Soulary is a delicate carver. He is the Benvenuto Cellini of the sonnet. Is there in a carver or chaser the stuff to make a sculptor ? Why not ? But after all, what does it matter ? He does admirably what he does. What has the Perseus added to the glory of Cellini ? Let people say if they will, that M. Soulary makes nothing but statuettes. We guarantee that these statuettes will fairly survive many statues that we know. Moreover, he appears to us to have too much sense to let himself be tempted out of his way. If he comes out of it, it will be in good earnest, and with every advantage, and we shall stand security for his success * * * * *

As to a certain obscurity that one may be tempted to re-

proach in some of M. Soulary's sonnets, it has for us rather a charm. His idea, even then, is always just, and to find it out quite clearly, only a little closer inspection is required. Now, Poesy is a pleasure refined, and we do not dislike to see her, like a goddess as she is, enveloped sometimes in a slight cloud to escape the eyes of the profane vulgar."

CLXVIII. At the Ford. See the note above and note to piece No. VIII.

CLXIX. Advice to a Young Poet. See note to piece No. LXXII.

CLXX. A Lover's Wish. Théodore De Banville is essentially a lyrical poet. He distinguished himself early. His first volume "Les Cariatides" was published in 1842, when he was only twenty-one. Since then he has published "Les Stalactites," "Les Odelettes," "Les Odes Funambulesques" and a number of dramas besides a treatise on French poetry.

CLXXI. The Two Roses. See note to pieces Nos. VII and CLXVII.

CLXXII. Sonnet—The Retreat. See notes to pieces Nos. VIII and CLXVII.

CLXXIII. An Epitaph. This epitaph is in M. Gustave Masson's book "La Lyre Française."

CLXXIV. The Last Day of the Year. There is not much merit in this common-place piece, but Madame Tastu's poems seldom rise above the barren level of mediocrity. She wants strength and stamina, and her best efforts are only pretty pieces of embroidery. She has written several educational works for the young which are deservedly popular.

CLXXV. Greece. Pierre Lebrun is better known as a dramatist than as a poet, but his poetry is excellent. The antique and classical is his line. His poem "Voyage en Grèce" has much merit, and some of his small pieces, such as *Le Ciel d'Athènes*, are charming. He was admitted into the Academy in 1828 and died in 1873.

CLXXVI, Epigram. This epigram by Déville will be found in M. Gustave Masson's "La Lyre Française."

CLXXVII. Sonnet.—For days, weeks, months, and long wearisome years. See notes to pieces Nos. VIII and CLXVII.

CLXXVIII. *Le Fond du Cœur.* For a notice of Henri Heine see note to piece No. CXXVI.

CLXXIX. Rhyme. It is difficult, almost impossible, to preserve in a translation the verve of pieces like this. M. Pommier, if not a great poet, is certainly a master of French versification. We have given two of his pieces before, Nos. XCIX and CVI.

CLXXX. *La Chanteuse.* See note to piece No CXXXV.

CLXXXI. Under a Statue of Love. These lines were written by Voltaire when he lived as a guest in the Castle of Cirey and passed much of his time in making experiments in Natural Philosophy.

CLXXXII. Sonnet—A Noble Exile. See notes to pieces Nos. II and LXVII.

CLXXXIII. The Cedars of Lebanon. There is no evidence that the Cross was built of cedar. For a notice of Lamartine see note to piece No LI.

CLXXXIV. Sonnet—To my Mother. See note to piece No. CXXVI.

CLXXXV. Reveries. See note to piece No. LII.

CLXXXVI. The Complaint of the Afflicted Church. "This is one of the numerous poems," says M. Gustave Masson in *La Lyre Française*, "suggested by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It was found a few years ago on the fly-leaf of an old family Bible, and published in the *Bulletin de la Société du Protestantisme Français*, 1853." The reader will find it in "La Lyre Française" (pp. 8—12), and we have great pleasure in referring him to that volume as no translation can do adequate justice to the pathos and power of the original poem.

CLXXXVII. Sonnet.—Sensitive Genius. It would almost seem as if the poet had Keats in his mind's eye when he wrote this sonnet. For notices of Le Comte F. De Gramont, see notes to pieces Nos. II and LXVII.

CLXXXVIII. *L'Enfant Mourant.* Besides the beautiful novel of "Les Fiancés du Spitzberg" noticed in note to piece No.

XCVII. M. Marmier has published a History of Literature in Denmark and Sweden, and some fine translations from Goëthe, Schiller, and Hoffman, and of the Popular Songs of the North. The piece we give here bears a close affinity to a poem in the "Dutt Family Album" written by its Editor, which we have much pleasure in inserting here, with a French translation by a friend.

THE CHILD'S FAREWELL.

"Papa, papa, am I yet dead?"
 Thus spake the child from slumber waking;
 "No dear, we all are round your bed,
 And see, the glorious day is breaking."
 "If I still live, whence come these here
 These lovely figures that surround me?
 Behold! on all sides they appear—
 White robes and wings! What spell hath bound me?
 "Lo! rainbow tints; lo! golden zones;
 Afar off, lo! a gleaming portal!
 And music, hark! what melting tones!
 They speak of life, of life immortal.
 "Hands beckon me, and voices say—
 Listen, for you may hear them clearly—
 'Come little child, come, come away;'
 I go, but yet I love you dearly."
 She said, and smiled, and then she slept.
 Can Death assume so sweet a semblance?
 The parents by the bedside wept,
 And treasured up each fond remembrance.
 Soon at the door was heard a knock,
 In stepped the old and faithful servant;—
 "Our lamb is gathered to the flock;
 'Tis ours to weep, and pray more fervent."

“Hath she indeed then passed away ?
 I’ve hastened, for, no form beholding,
 Her little arms, at break of day
 Around my neck I felt her folding.

“She kissed me as she oft was wont ;
 I knew, I knew, it was no other ;
 Grey hues had streaked the night’s black front”—
 “Just then she left us,” said the mother.

LES ADIEUX D’UN ENFANT.

Suis-je morte à présent, dis-moi, mon petit père ?”
 C'est ainsi que parlait l'enfant à son réveil ;
 “Non, tout près de ton lit, vois nos figures chères,
 Et du beau jour naissant les premiers feux vermeils.”

“Mais d'où vient tout ceci, puisque je vis encore,—
 Quels sont autour de moi, ces êtres ravissants
 Tous de ce côté-ci dirigent leur essor ?
 Ils ont des ailes blanches. Oh quel enchantement !

Des couleurs d’arc-en-ciel, et des sphères dorées,
 Un portail lumineux, là-bas, dans le lointain !
 Et des accords divins et des voix éthérées !
 J’entends parler de vie, oui,—d’une vie sans fin.

Du geste et de la voix à venir on m’invite ;
 Les voix disent,—écoutez, d’ici on les entend—
 “Viens, ma petite enfant, viens vers nous, viens bien vite;
 Avec eux je m’en vais—je vous aime pourtant.”

Puis elle s’endormit, la bouche souriante.
 Eh, quoi ! Était-ce là l’image de la mort ?
 Les parents ça et là d’une main frémissante
 Saisirent quelqu’objet, triste et précieux trésor.

La servante parut, fidèle et dévouée ;
 Elle voulait sa part des joies et des douleurs ;—
 “Au troupeau la brebis est enfin retournée,
 Laissons couler nos larmes et prions le Seigneur.”

"Partie, partie ! Mon Dieu," dit-elle, avec tristesse ;
 "Et moi, qui, ce matin, longtemps avant le jour,
 Ai senti d'un enfant les aimables caresses,
 Et ses deux petits bras m'etreindre avec amour.

" Ce baiser doucement posé sur mon visage
 C'était bien son baiser d'amour et de candeur,
 Un faible crépuscule éclairait les nuages"—
 "Elle nous quittait alors,"—réprit la mère en pleurs !

CLXXXIX. Sonnet.—Hope. See notes to pieces Nos. II and LXVII.

CXC. The Chimney Corner. See note to piece No. CXIX
 CXCI. Le Fond de la Mer. See note to piece No. CXLVI.

CXCII. Fragment of a Jacobite Lay. See notes to pieces Nos. II and LXVII. It would appear from this piece that Le Comte F. De Gramont's ancestors were British Jacobites like those of the present President of the French Republic.

CXCIII. Sonnet.—When the white victim from the meadows brought. See notes to pieces Nos. II and LXVII.

CXCIV. L' Oiseau que J'Attends. See note to piece No. L.

CXCV. Sur la Terrasse des Aygalades. Joséph Méry, a Provençal poet, born about the end of the last century, has written a very large number of works jointly with M. Barthélemy, and the two names Barthélemy and Méry are always joined together in France, like those of Beaumont and Fletcher in England. Among their works may be mentioned "Napoleon en Egypte" and "Waterloo." In connection with Gérard De Nerval, whose Sanscrit attainments have already been mentioned in another note, Méry published a translation of the Sanscrit drama "Mritsakati" or "Le Chariot d'Enfant," which thus after two thousand years transplanted from its native soil, had a new lease of vitality in the centre of civilisation,—Paris. Méry's greatest merits are fecundity and diversity. All languages and lands seem familiar to him, and he flies from one to another without ever appearing to be out of his native region. His pictures of past times are generally very vivid, and his

historical figures are not always mere automata, but very often living and breathing men and women.

CXCVI. To a Bereaved Mother. Reboul was a baker or "boulanger" at Nîmes, and is the author of "Poesies" 1836, "Le Dernier Jour" (1840). "Les Traditionnelles" (1857) and a tragedy "Le Martyre de Vivia." Lamartine honored him with a notice and in reference to Reboul's humble profession said that Homer was a beggar, Virgil a shepherd, and Moses a child abandoned on the waters. Reboul knew well what to answer

"Chantre ami, qu'à toi seul en retourne la gloire !

Mes chants naquirent de tes chants."

Alexandre Dumas also honored Reboul in his "Impressions de Voyage" with a flattering notice which is so interesting that we must desire the reader to hunt out the book and read it. In the morning Dumas found the poet in his shop selling his loaves—"You come to see the poet and not the baker—is it not so? Now, I am a baker from five o'clock in the morning to four in the evening. From four o'clock to midnight I am a poet. Would you buy nice little loaves? Then stay. I have excellent ones. Would you have verses? Come back at five, I shall supply you with bad ones." "I shall come back at five." At five accordingly Dumas saw the poet in his little garret above a granary heaped up with mountains of wheat of diverse qualities, and learnt from him the secret of his art. "Are you of a distinguished family?" "I am the son of a common labourer." "Did you receive a good education?" "None at all." "What made you a poet?" "Misfortune." 'I looked around me,'—writes Dumas; 'every thing appeared so calm, so quiet, so happy in the little chamber that the word misfortune, ought not, I thought to have found any echo there. You want an explanation of what I have just said, is it not so?' Continued Reboul. "And I do not find it, I confess." "Have you never passed over a tomb unconsciously?" "Ah yes; and there I have found the grass more green and the flowers more fresh." "Ah! Well, it is just that. I had married a woman whom I loved.—My wife is dead." I gave him

my hand. "And now do you understand," he continued, I felt a great sorrow which I vainly searched to pour out to somebody. Those who had surrounded me up to that time were men of my class, gentle, pitiful, but common souls. Instead of telling me, 'Weep, and we shall weep with you,' they tried to console me. My tears which only asked to flow went back towards my heart, and inundated it. I sought solitude, and finding no human souls able to understand me, I cried to God alone. These solitary and religious cries took an elevated poetic character, which I had never remarked in my words; my thoughts formulated themselves in an idiom almost unknown to myself; and as they had a tendency to float up to heaven for want of sympathy on earth, God gave them wings, and they mounted, mounted up to Him." "Yes, it is that," —I exclaimed, as if he had explained to me the simplest thing in the world,—“and I understand all now. True poets become thus what they are. How many men there are of talent who only want a great misfortune to become men of genius. You have told me in a single word the secret of your life. I know it now as well as you yourself.”

These flattering notices and the beauty of some of Reboul's small poems, such as the verses addressed, “A une Chouette,” “La Bergère et le Papillon,” and “La Confidence,” attracted public attention to him, and gained him influence and position.

At the same time, it must be noted that Reboul was neither a man of great genius nor of a high education. He resembles some of the peasant poets of England and Scotland, Clare or Thom,—not Burns for that was a Master Spirit. In his more ambitious efforts Reboul utterly fails. It was only in his occasional inspired moods that he succeeded in dashing off the little pieces which charm us and will always charm by their simplicity, modesty, melancholy, and even pathos.

The piece we give here has often been translated into English. The reader will find one version of it in Longfellow, and another in the Dutt Family Album.

CXCVII. The Slaver. It would have been far better to have kept the measure of the original in this piece, but we

found it impossible to do so. There is a scathing bitterness of sarcasm in some of Heine's pieces, this, among the rest, that appals and verges on the sublime. See note to piece No. CXXVI.

CXCVIII. Sonnet.—Isolation. See notes to pieces Nos. II. and LXVII. and XCI.

CXCIX. Sonnet.—Freedom. See as above. The reader will no doubt think of Wordsworth's famous sonnet headed "Eagles—composed at Dunnollie Castle in the Bay of Oban," when he reads this piece by Le Comte F. De Gramont. To our mind the English poet bears away the palm. His concluding lines are verily magnificent.

"Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures, that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

CC. Sonnet—Obedience. See notes to pieces Nos. II, and LXVII. and XCI.

CCI. Sonnet.—The Present Age. See notes as above.

CCII. A Character of the Olden Time. This character is probably intended for that of the poet's father. See notes as above.

CCIII. Sonnet.—Poesy. See notes as above.

CCIV. Sonnet.—Homer. do.

CCV. Sonnet.—My Strength is made Perfect in Weakness.
See notes as above.

CCVI. Sonnet.—Often of old in Germany and France.
See do.

CCVII. La Cavale. See note to piece No. LXI.

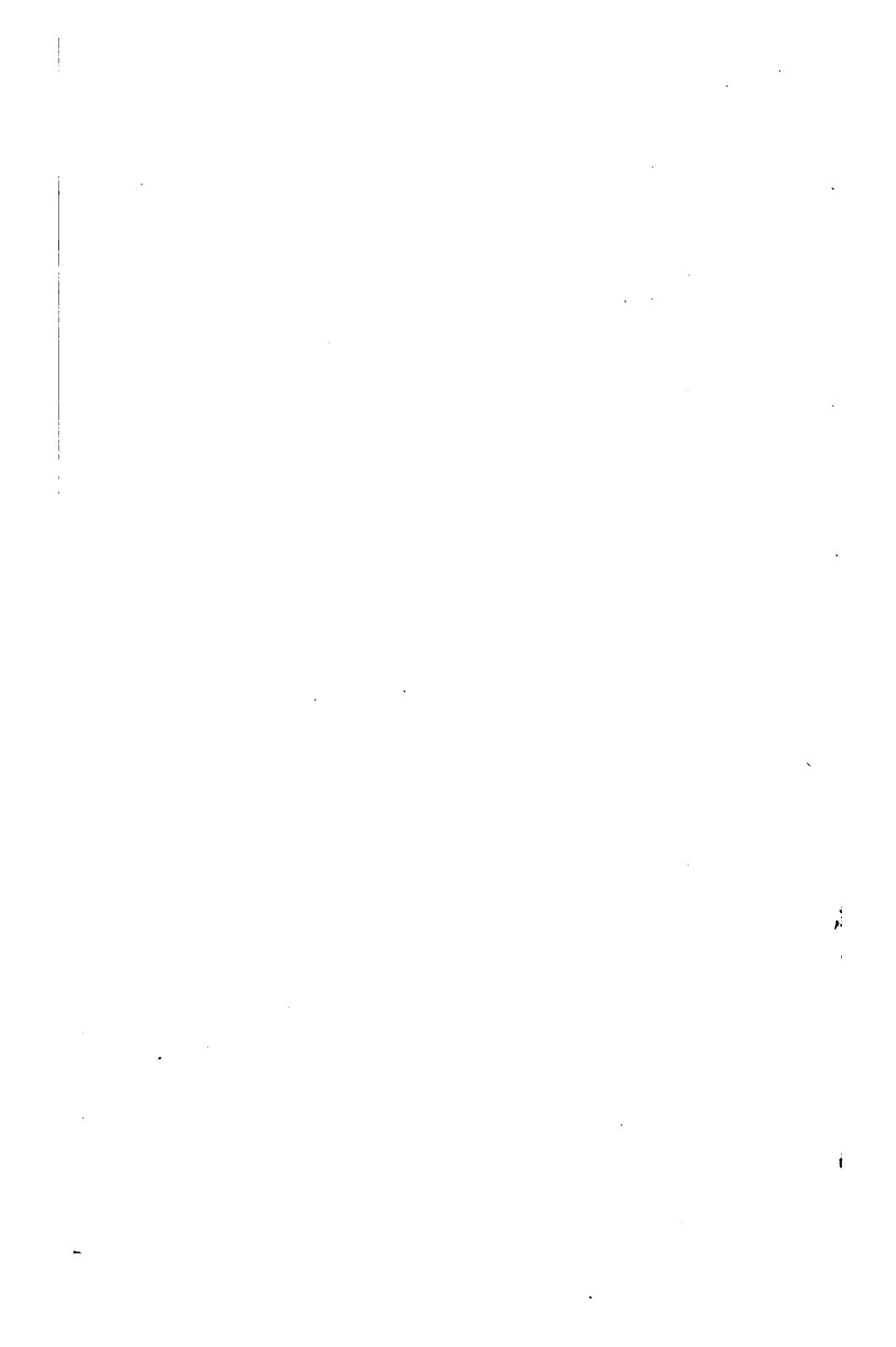
CCVIII. The Tears of Racine. See note to piece No. LII.

CCIX. Concluding Sonnet. The writer of these pages has only to add here, that the pieces signed A are by her dear and only sister Arù, who fell asleep in Jesus on the 23rd July 1874, at the early age of twenty years. The last piece she translated was Colinette. Had she lived, this book with her help

might have been better, and the writer might perhaps have had less reason to be ashamed of it, and less occasion to ask for the reader's indulgence. Alas!

“ Of all sad words of tongue and pen
The saddest are these,—it might have been.”

FINIS.



Appendix.

f Andante.



rit Or wo - man fa.....ir? Sombre yet soft is the



FIN.

